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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR,

AND

POCKET COMPANION.

BY

A SOCIETY OF GENTLEMEN.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:

Printed by C. Whittingham, Dean Street, Fetter Lane,

FOR H. D. SYMONDS, NO. 20, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1800.

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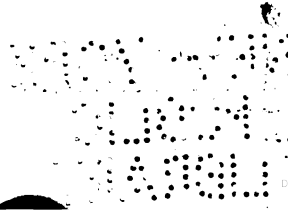

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PREFACE.

AT the commencement of the *Ninth* Volume of the MONTHLY VISITOR, it is not, we presume, necessary to explain the nature and design of our Publication. Its merits, we trust, are well understood, and the valuable purposes to which its Pages are appropriated, both felt and acknowledged. Our Correspondents, indeed, have not unfrequently spoken in flattering terms of the Plan on which it is conducted; and its extensive utility is evinced by the degree of success which, during the past Year, has been experienced.

Original Communications and Valuable Extracts comprise the whole of our Work. Their union constitutes a portion of information and entertainment which cannot fail of being acceptable to the lovers of Virtue and Morality.

With respect to ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, both in *Prose* and *Poetry*, a few remarks may not be improper. We would be understood to mean, that we cannot pretend to insert *every thing* which is sent to us under this denomination. We are often troubled with *rubbish*, which a regard for our own reputation, and a sense of the Duty we owe the Public, oblige us to consign to the flames. This is a circumstance indeed mortifying to the vanity of a young writer, who may easily be supposed to contemplate with an over-weening fondness his own imperfect productions. But the Editors, in rejecting such communications, perform a kindness to the individual, in preventing the exposure of himself, though they find this kindness to be the most thankless part of their office. Truly meritorious Corref-

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pondents, however, (and of many ſuch we have to boaſt) will not be diſpleaſed at this mode of conducting the VISITOR—for *their* pieces we ſhall always feel grateful, and *they* may reſt aſſured of an early inſertion.

With regard to VALUABLE EXTRACTS from *New Books*, or even from *Old Books*, when they are forgotten—*their worth* is indiſputable. We intend, therefore, for the future, to introduce a greater abundance of them into our Miſcellany. Publications of every kind are expenſive in theſe times, nor are there many individuals whoſe leiſure can command an entire peruſal of them. Theſe circumſtances impart an additional value to ſuch Extracts, and we *know* them to be the moſt intereſting portion of our Miſcellany.

To the Public we expreſs our obligation for the liberal Support with which we have been honoured. We are proud of the extenſive Patronage we have received. Our exertions to inſtruct and pleaſe our numerous Readers, have been unwearied; though at the ſame time we well know, that to imagine that *every* article will pleaſe *every* Reader, would be a moſt unreaſonable ſuppoſition. We can only, therefore, add, that we ſhall not relax our efforts in the honourable cauſe of Knowledge, Virtue, and Religion. *This cauſe*, with whatever attacks it may be combated, we are aſſured will be finally triumphant, and every revolving year haſtens its conſummation. Happy indeed ſhall we deem ourſelves in contributing our mite towards the arrival of a period, when mankind, freed from the empire of Ignorance and Folly, ſhall be placed in the poſſeſſion of ſubſtantial felicity.

London,
January 1, 1800.

THE

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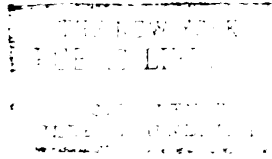

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Lord Bridport K.

Published by H.D. Symonds 20 Paternoster Row. Feb. 1. 1800.

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JANUARY 1800.

SKETCH

OF

LORD BRIDPORT.

IN this eventful period of our hiſtory, we cannot be at a loſs to ſelect characters for the purpoſe of adorning our Miſcellany. In the literary world, in the departments of civil life, and both in the army and navy, individuals are to be found whoſe talents and virtues reflect an honour on our country. Independent of religious or political prejudices, we would wiſh to aſcertain the extent of real merit, and beſtow the palm of approbation where it is juſtly deſerved.

In our paſt labours we have not confined our attention to any one claſs of men; we have ranged through the ſeveral ſtations of life, and have marked the traits of celebrity which have excited the notice of mankind. Our province is to bring forward characters who, in various ways, appear to have been uſeful to their country. This is the centre to which all our efforts are directed—this is the point in which all our exertions are concentrated. Our private and public actions ought either immediately or remotely to promote the welfare of the community.

We make no apology, at the ſame time, for the frequent introduction of naval characters. Our *ſea girt iſle*

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iſle is a proverbial expreſſion; and to nautical exploits we are indebted for the greateſt portion of our glory. The portraits of ſuch perſons, and the particulars of their biography, muſt be acceptable to the lovers of their country.

On a former occaſion we preſented our readers with the Memoirs of Howe, Duncan, Nelſon, Warren, and others of the ſame deſcription, whoſe names make a figure on the roll of fame. We now add BRIDPORT to the liſt—he is worthy of the acceſſion.

LORD BRIDPORT is the ſon of a reſpectable clergyman in Devonſhire, and was, we have reaſon to believe, educated by his parent, who took particular pains in forming his mind to virtue. Where parental inſtruction can be procured, it is to be preferred; but every parent is not furniſhed either with leiſure or ability for diſcharging of this important duty.

So early as the year 1746 did this veteran officer ſtep forward in the ſervice of his country. He was at this period made lieutenant; and ten years after he was promoted to be captain, a ſtation for which he was well fitted, having ſerved in the Mediterranean, under the command of Rear-admiral Saunders, where he exerted himſelf with uncommon activity. During this time, however, he was not much known; but he paſſed through the uſual progreſſive ſituations in the navy neceſſary to the attainment of diſtinction. A mind of ability ſhews itſelf by a manly patience; ſubmitting to thoſe reſtraints without which no real celebrity can be attained. Whereas a ſuperficial mind diſplays a raſhneſs and impatience by no means calculated to advance its welfare. Such a precipitancy, in any ſtation, renders the character ridiculous, and not unfrequently terminates in its ſudden and utter deſtruction.

About the commencement of his preſent Majeſty's reign, a circumſtance occurred in LORD BRIDPORT'S hiſtory, which greatly attracted the attention of his country. It was an engagement between his ſhip, the Minerva

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Minerva frigate, of 32 guns, and a Frenchman of 34. The fight was obſtinate and terrible. The Minerva ſuffered ſeverely in the engagement, but came off victorious. The ſpirited behaviour of her commander rouſed the officers and ſailors to extraordinary exertion. Their exertion was crowned with ſucceſs in a degree far beyond the moſt ſanguine expectation.

The next employment of LORD BRIDPORT was to convey her Majeſty from Germany to England. The very appointment to ſuch an affair was deemed a mark of favour; for it was not to be ſuppoſed that the King would truſt to the care of a common officer, the future Queen of England.

He ſerved alſo under Admiral Keppel in the year of 1778, and took a conſiderable part in the famous action with the French fleet off Uſhant. The Robuſt of 74 guns, of which he was commander, ſuffered ſeverely, being greatly damaged by the fire of the enemy. It is well known that Admiral Keppel was afterwards tried on the occaſion, but was honourably acquitted. Lord Bridport (then Sir Alexander Hood) took an active part in this buſineſs, for which he incurred much cenſure from certain quarters, but that circumſtance is now almoſt forgotten. Such altercations between the officers, either of the army or navy, are extremely unpleaſant, and ought to be carefully avoided. Peace and harmony are neceſſary to the welfare of ſociety, and the ſecurity of theſe bleſſings ſhould be the great object of our ambition. The want of unity, indeed, is an evil to be ſeriouſly deprecated; its miſchiefs, oftentimes, come not within the reach of human calculation.

In 1780 the ſubject of our Memoir was promoted to be Rear-admiral of the White, and ſoon after went under Lord Howe to relieve Gibraltar. The year 1793 ſaw him elevated to the ſtation of Vice-admiral of the Red. He took a very active part in the glorious buſineſs of the 1ſt of June, having the command of the Royal

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Royal George. On each day he braved every danger, and contributed greatly to the annoyance of the enemy. After his return from this famous encounter, he was presented with the gold chain and medal, which were also distributed to other officers of merit, who had distinguished themselves on that memorable occasion.

It was not till the year 1796 that LORD BRIDPORT was made a peer of Great Britain; an honour to which he was entitled on account of his long and laborious exertions in the service of his country.

On the resignation of Lord Howe, lately deceased, he was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet in 1797; a station which he has ever since retained with reputation.

His Lordship has been twice married, and his virtues in private life entitle him to distinction.

We might have entered into a longer detail, and might have furnished the reader with a sketch of the several actions in which this brave officer has distinguished himself. But these conflicts with the enemy stand inscribed on the page of history, and there will be contemplated with admiration. No effort in behalf of our beloved country will be suffered to steal silently into oblivion. Fame stands ready, with her "obstreperous trump," to proclaim such deeds; and the historic muse conveys them to the latest generations.

A prominent trait in the character of LORD BRIDPORT must not be forgotten. We have been assured, on the best authority, that he has uniformly paid the greatest attention to the officers and seamen who have been placed under him. Far from assuming a forbidding sternness either of aspect or demeanour, he treats them with parental kindness, which does great honour to his head and heart. It were to be wished that every individual in an exalted station was equally attentive to this species of professional excellence. By this means a much greater portion of happiness might be diffused among the lower classes, and their exertions rendered

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rendered more really useful to society. Every station has its peculiar duties, and the diligent discharge of our obligations is urged by the weightiest considerations. An attention to the wants of our fellow creatures carries with it its own reward; nor will it cease to operate in our favour at the great and final day of retribution.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXV.]

METAMORPHOSES OF OVID.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.
Ye Gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete,
And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth to CÆSAR's times.
DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION.

AMONG the classic authors of antiquity, OVID holds no mean rank, and by many scholars is thought to be entitled to particular distinction. His ideas indeed are ingenious, his imagination fervid, and his sentiments, in general, abound with useful matter. This poet died A. D. 17, in banishment, whither he was driven by the Roman emperor, for a crime, the specific nature of which has not been ascertained by posterity. But it is certain that he was a free liver, and, of course, not scrupulously careful either of his temper or conduct. This failure is to be regretted; it is genius and virtue that confer real distinction.

The critics assure us that the METAMORPHOSES alone, had he written nothing else, would have conferred immortality upon him; and indeed it was chiefly from this work that he expected it. It was the last of his compositions previous to his exile, and no sooner was

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was the cruel ſentence announced that baniſhed him to Tomas, on the ſhores of the Euxine Sea, than he threw it into the fire. He undoubtedly would have deprived the world of this charming production, had it not happened that there were ſeveral other copies diſperſed abroad, beſides that individual copy which he deſtroyed. This Poem, however, was never finiſhed, and he himſelf has in one place alluded to its want of correctneſs.

The *Metamorphoſes* relate, in eaſy and elegant language, the fabulous changes of antiquity. The work contains, therefore, a body of mythology, equally calculated to impart both entertainment and inſtruction. The claſſical reader who peruſes it in the original, muſt be charmed with its ſpirit and variety.

At firſt we were at a loſs for an appropriate ſelection, by which a fair judgment might be formed of the work. But recollecting the commencement of the NEW YEAR, we are tempted to tranſcribe OVID'S account of the CREATION, which blends both beauty and ſublimity. It has been much and juſtly admired. We take it from the tranſlation of Dryden.

Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature; if a face,
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs:
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds; and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.

For

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For hot and cold were in one body fix'd;
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end:
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driv'n,
And groſſer air ſunk from æthereal heav'n.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin, contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky:
Then air ſucceeds, in lightneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a num'rous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along,
About her coaſts unruly waters roar;
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part, in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans diſembogu'd, are loſt.
He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' æthereal regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles, complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the wat'ry ſurface move:

Thick

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Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſt'ring brethren left at large,
On ſeas, and ſhores, their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs as they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent;)
And eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward, the wanton zephyr wings his flight;
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, iſſues forth
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſphere;
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholeſome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer ſpace for heav'n deſign'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid æther flow;
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the pow'r diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads, from underneath the maſs;
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn their heav'nly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends the plains to ſhare:
New colonies of birds to people air:
And to their oozy beds, the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was MAN deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The god of nature did his ſoul inſpire,

Or

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Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And, pliant, ſtill retain'd th' æthereal energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthy mother tend,
MAN looks aloft; and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies!
From ſuch rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

We have given the entire extract, for it is curious to obſerve the account which the *heathens* have tranſmitted us of the *origin of all things*. It reſembles, in many reſpects, the *Moſaic account*, with which it is not improbable that OVID was acquainted. The latter part of the above ſketch, where MAN is delineated, has been the ſubject of particular commendation. The open and elevated aſpect of the human ſpecies is finely depicted, and no feeling individual can read it without being impreſſed with his own dignity. A powerful incentive to virtue is the conſideration of our ſuperiority over the brute creation.

Though we reprobate the licentiouſneſs of this poet, yet it muſt be confeſſed, in the words of a critic, that "His ALLEGORIES in this work, whether phyſical, moral, or hiſtorical, always contain ſome inſtructive precept, wrapped up with much art, and developed with peculiar ſagacity. Under the *firſt* of theſe heads is to be claſſed the fable of *Apollo and Python*, in the explanation of which the mythologiſts have recogniſed the ſalutary effects produced by the heat of the ſun in the diſpelling of miſts and exhalations. Under the *ſecond* are to be ranked the ſtories of *Acteon*, torn to pieces by his own hounds, and *Eriſicthon*, ſtarved by hunger; figurative illuſtrations, which plainly indicate that extravagance and luxury conſtantly end in want. Of the *third* kind is the rape of *Europa*, who was carried away

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by the Candians, in a galley, the ſtern of which was adorned with a bull, in order to be married to one of their kings, called Jupiter.

"Indeed if a few objectionable paſſages of the METAMORPHOSES be excepted, the work muſt be allowed to be an excellent treatiſe on morality. The ſtory of *Deucalion and Pyrrha*, teaches us to believe that piety and innocence always obtain the divine protection, and that the only irreparable loſs is that of our probity and juſtice. The fable of *Phæton* intimates the folly and even the criminality of too great a portion of parental indulgence; that of *Bancis and Philemon*, the happineſs reſulting from a life ſpent in the exerciſe of virtue; that of *Tireus*, that one crime lays the foundation of many, and, laſtly from that of *Midas*, we learn that ſcarce any thing can prove more fatal to us than the completion of our wiſhes, that he who has the moſt deſires, will certainly meet with the moſt diſappointments; and that as VIRTUE is its own reward, ſo AVARICE is its own puniſhment."

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXVII.]

A REQUEST TO THE LADIES.

FROM the preſent ſcarcity of *linen rags*, and the conſequent advance in the price of paper, it is particularly recommended to ladies, and every perſon employed in needle-work, not to *burn* even the ſmalleſt pieces, which they may cut from either linen, cotton, or other drapery, whether coloured or not.

The rags annually collected in this kingdom, amount in weight to ſeveral thouſand tons, doubtleſs a much greater quantity might be preſerved by the *care of individuals*; the paper manufacturers would not then depend

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depend on the uncertain importation from foreign countries, for an article which could so easily be procured in our own; thereby not only preventing a further advance, but also eventually causing a reduction in the price of paper.

DUELLING.

A SINGULAR mode of determining a point of honour, was lately hit upon in America; a person, who had been a carpenter, having received a challenge from an officer in the army, on account of some imaginary affront, and not attending to it, was waited on by his antagonist, to know his determination; he observed, that being allowed by the laws of chivalry to choose his weapons, he had only waited to avail himself of that privilege; then taking the challenger into an adjoining apartment, where two large *gimblets* lay upon a table, "There, sir," said he, "those are my weapons;" "I don't know what you mean, sir," said the officer. "I mean, sir," said he, opening his bosom, "that if you can bore a hole sooner than I can, the matter is settled." It is hardly necessary to say that this proposal was not accepted.

ANECDOTE.

THE word *bourn*, written and pronounced *burn* in Northumberland, means there only a rivulet. There is a place not far from Hexham, called Wark's Burn, where live an untaught race of labouring men.—A rough lad from the Burn's side, came before the late Bishop to be confirmed. His Lordship seeing him very unpolished in his appearance, wished to know if his mind was equally neglected, and asked him to repeat the Lord's prayer. The boy began it—he could not finish it. "What!" said the Bishop, "young man, cannot you say the Lord's prayer?"—"Only a bit on't," replied the lad, "but up the burn and down the burn we ha' it among us!"

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COMICAL DOG.

ONE of our dramatic critics obſerves, that Edwin *was a more comical dog than any now on the ſtage.* This is an odd phraſe; but Plutarch has in a degree juſtified it: he ſays, "There was at Rome a dog, belonging to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, in the performance of which he undertook to inſtruct the actors, by teaching them the ſeveral imitations proper for repreſenting the paſſions. Among the reſt, there was one who was to drink a ſleepy potion, and after he had drank it to fall into a deadly drowſineſs, and counterfeit the actions of a dying perſon. The dog, who had ſtudied ſeveral of the other geſtures and poſtures, obſerving this with greater attention, took a piece of bread that was ſopped in the potion, and in a ſhort time after he had ate it, counterfeited a trembling, then a ſtaggering, and afterwards a drowſineſs; then ſtretching himſelf out, lay as if he was dead, and ſeemed to offer himſelf to be dragged out of the place, and carried to burial, as the plot of the play required. But afterwards, entering fully into the ſpirit of what had been ſaid and acted, he began gently to ſtir, as if waking out of a profound ſleep, and lifting up his head gazed around him, and then, to the amazement of all, roſe up and went to his maſter with all the ſigns of joy and kindneſs; ſo that the ſpectators, and even Cæſar himſelf (for old Veſpaſian was preſent in Marcellus's Theatre) were highly delighted with the ſight."

CARDINAL MAZARINE.

CARDINAL DE RETZ tells us, that in the adminiſtration of Mazarine (almoſt as oppreſſive and wicked a miniſter as has ever appeared), a peaſant riding upon a lean and half ſtarved mule, at every falſe ſtep the poor beaſt made, curſed Cardinal Mazarine: upon which

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which he aſked what connection there could poſſibly be between the ſtumbling of his mule and the *miniſter?* "The Cardinal," replied the fellow, "is the ſole, the only cauſe of the jade ſtumbling; he has taxed barley—barley is my beaſt's provender: this tax makes me unable to feed it as before; want of good food makes it weak, and weakneſs produces ſtumbling; *twenty thouſand curſes light on the Cardinal!*"

INGENUITY.

A LAME Duck, who is advertized for eloping with the money of his principal, left a couple of laconic notes behind him. To his wife he wrote a very *affecting* epiſtle.—"My dear wife, I leave you cheerfully to the arms of the man you love." To the gentleman, whoſe money to the amount of 10,000l. he had carried off, he wrote a billet to this effect—"Dear ſir, I have complete proof of your criminal correſpondence; in the moral and correcting ſpirit of the courts, I ſhould certainly get a verdict to the whole amount of the ſum in my hands—in kindneſs therefore to you, I take the money at once, and ſave you both the *expence* and the *ſhame* of a law-ſuit."

ANECDOTE FOR LORDS OF MANORS IN ENGLAND.

WHEN the celebrated Duc de Longueville was preſſed by ſome of his ſycophants to proſecute ſome neighbouring gentlemen who hunted upon his manors, he replied, "Pray let them alone; I prefer having *friends* to having *game.*"

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INSCRIPTION TO BE SEEN ON THE WALLS OF THE BRIDEWELL, AT ROCHESTER.

RICHARD WATTS, Esq.
By his Will, dated August 23, 1579,
Founded this Charity,
For Six poor Travellers, who, not being
Rogues or Lawyers,
May receive, *Gratis*, for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment, and Four-pence each—
In Testimony of his Munificence,
In honour to his Memory,
and Inducement to his Example,
NATHANIEL WOOD, Esq. the present Mayor,
Has raised this Stone,
Gratefully to be Renewed, and Inscribed,
A. D. 1771.
The Mayor and Citizens of this City, and Dean and
Chapter, Church-Wardens and Commonalty
of the New Bridge, are
to see this Executed for Ever.

A NEW WAY OF ACQUIRING THE DUTCH LANGUAGE.

THE great Erasmus mentions a man, one Philario, an Italian, who, in Holland, was very much afflicted with worms. While the worms were in his body, he spoke the Dutch language fluently. When his physician cured him of the disorder, he could not speak a word of that language. The Dutch worms and the Dutch language left Philario together!

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

TELLS us, that in 1333, he saw persons beyond the land of Cathy, who were "wild, with horns on their heads, very hideous, and speak not, but rout as swine!"

ELEANOR

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ELEANOR AND MARY.

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

ELEANOR and MARY were two ſiſters, born of very reſpectable parents, in the South of England. An excellent education had been beſtowed upon both of them, but the difference of their diſpoſitions rendered the benefits ariſing from it extremely various. Eleanor, the younger, was of a quick and lively temper; ſhe loved the company of the faſhionable and the gay—to be admired at a ball, or praiſed for the clearneſs of her voice, were amongſt the firſt objects of her ambition. The pleaſures of the country in which ſhe lived, were all loſt upon her; her mind was too light to meditate with comfort on ſerious ſubjects, and often did ſhe wiſh to have an opportunity of diſplaying her imagined elegance of form and muſical abilities, in the wider range of metropolitan company. Happy in reality would Eleanor have been, had that opportunity never offered. The temper of Mary was of a different caſt; ſhe cordially loved the cheerful companion, but deteſted that idle *frivolity* which is generally ſo conſpicuous in the company of the young. She was affable, ſerious, and devout; ſhe had made great proficiency in drawing, muſic, and the other faſhionable accompliſhments, but ſtill regarded them in a *due light*, and deemed them *fit* to paſs the jovial *moment*, not to *engroſs* the *hour*. Frequently would ſhe reprimand, and almoſt quarrel with her ſiſter, for devoting ſo much time to what periſhes in the uſing. She had gained an intimate knowledge of that uſeful language the French, which Eleanor thought too laborious to acquire; ſhe ſtudiouſly endeavoured to obtain thoſe graces and virtues which might befriend her in future years; and whilſt Eleanor acted in her purſuits, as though ſhe thought

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thought to-morrow will be for ever *as this day, and that more abundantly*, Mary wisely looked forward to that period in which it was probable she would become the mother and the wife, and prepared herself for the proper fulfilment of those offices. The sneers of the thoughtless and the gay could avail nothing to draw her from the road of sense and virtue; when the butterflies of the day would teaze her with their buzzing, she teazed them by her noble indifference; whilst Eleanor, surrounded by flattery, and puffed up by fulsome adulation, grew vain, and beheld her acquaintance with contempt, Mary felt herself still a mortal, and was always ready to relieve the distresses of her fellow creatures. In short, she was at once a pattern for the young and the delight of the aged. Though both these young ladies were beloved by their parents, in an equal proportion as they were equally related to them, yet the reader must easily imagine, there was hope in the future prospect of the elder, which, (in spite of all their admonitions) was not to be found in the younger. Mary was a plant on which they much depended, nor was their confidence misplaced; in process of time the bud unfolded and *spread its fragrance all around!*

The difference of their age was about two years, and just as the eldest had attained her twentieth year, they were invited to spend a few months with a friend in London. Now it was that Eleanor felt enthusiastic pleasure; now an opportunity offered for the gratification of her vanity. Her beauty and tinseled perfections, soon as might be expected, paved her way into what is styled the *polite circle*, and gained her a long list of adventuring admirers. Amongst them was a gentleman of fortune, who, having been once or twice in her company, was so smitten with her beauty and voice, as to demand her hand; and she, taken with the splendour of his equipage, yielded to the offer.

In vain did her friends reason with her on the necessity of *real* affection for *real* happiness; in vain did they

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they comment on the frequent inconſtancy of *firſt love*; ſhe thought herſelf wiſer than them all, and ſuffered herſelf to be conducted to the altar by a man of fortune without principle. But, alas! how ſoon did ſhe find her error, then too late to be retrieved! Her huſband daſhed from one kind of gaiety to another, till the odious gaming-table touched his all. Unable to ſupport the concert, the ſweetneſs of the voice could no longer charm; unable to drive the carriage, the ſplendid equipage ſunk into oblivion, and coldneſs and diſguſt taking the place of momentary affection, he entirely forſook her. To add to her misfortune, ſhe found herſelf likely to become a mother. What could ſhe do? Ruin ſeemed inevitable, and Eleanor, juſt before the beautiful and gay, was now the wretched and forlorn. What would have become of her God only knows, had not her offended father, who had never ſeen her ſince her marriage, hearing of her diſtreſſed ſituation, ſent to invite her home. Thither ſhe then retired from the deluding world, happy to find herſelf again under her paternal roof. In due time ſhe was delivered of a boy, which, (perhaps happily for herſelf and family, ſince, had it lived, it would have been the conſtant memento of her imprudence) was ſhortly removed by Providence to the regions of felicity.

Thus widowed in the prime of life, and retired to her native place to end her days in penitence and peace, let the reader leave her, and return to contemplate with delight her contraſt, in the character of her ſiſter.

MARY, who upon her ſiſter's marriage, had returned to her father's, a ſituation more congenial than London to the growth of her purſuits, received, at the age of two and twenty, the offers of a gentleman of reſpectability in the neighbourhood, with whom ſhe concluded an alliance at once honourable and happy. In the courſe of a twelvemonth her family increaſed, and the whole five ſons and three daughters, of which it was compoſed, were entirely attended through their puerile

years

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years by their inestimable mother, she being thoroughly convinced *a child is too precious a creature to be trusted to mercenary hirelings!* All their little passions were watched with an anxious and unceasing eye; all their little wants were supplied with a benevolent and unwearied hand; all their little humours, however refractory, brought into subjection, not by the unnatural stroke of a rod, left to a servant's discretion, but by the milder and equally effectual method of maternal vigilance and care. Often has she exclaimed, that it was greater pleasure to her to see her children comfortably put to rest, than to be at the most brilliant assembly. Would to God, O Britain! that all thy mothers were like her. She thought *(and let her name be venerated for the thought) parents* cannot from duty do *too much* for their children. It would be foreign to the subject to enlarge here; I shall therefore only remark, that unless parents discharge to the utmost their duties to their children, they have no just claim on their children for support, when the evil days draw nigh. I should wish *young married* people to impress their minds with this suggestion. Having chosen to instruct the male part of her family till they were beyond the power of a mother to teach, they were then put under the care of a clergyman in the neighbourhood; here they received such instruction as, with their parents' assistance, enabled them to fill future stations in life with happiness to themselves and honour to their connections. The daughters, Mary entirely instructed herself, and having seen the danger to which polite accomplishments carried to excess, expose young women, in the fate of her sister, she was more anxious to make them sensible and virtuous, than vain and accomplished. This she fully effected; and after outliving, some years, the partner of her labours, she was gratified at being supported through the end of life by her obedient children, all of whom, before her death, she saw happily settled in the world;

Rever'd

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Rever'd and honour'd, lovely like herſelf,
And good, the grace of all the country round!

Thus have I briefly given (for *brief* articles are read when *long eſſays* are paſſed by unnoticed) the different characters of two ſiſters; and I have pointed out the particular circumſtances of their lives, in which the advantages of the acquirements of the one, ſhone beyond thoſe of the other. I am ſure no mother of ſenſe will read the narrative, without feeling it her duty and pleaſure not merely to act like Mary, but to endeavour to have her daughters MARYS alſo; and I would truſt, young people of each ſex will perceive the neceſſity of attaining, at an early period, a large portion of *ſteadineſs and caution*, that they may ſee through the artifices of the world, diſcharge life's progreſſive duties with ability, and lay, by theſe means, a ſolid foundation for comfort and ſatisfaction.

Hackney. J. F.

STATE
OF
THE ANCIENT CITY OF JERUSALEM,
IN THE YEAR 1797.

[*From Browne's Travels into Egypt and Syria.*]

I MUST confeſs the aſpect of JERUSALEM did not gratify my expectation. On aſcending an hill, diſtant about three miles, this celebrated city roſe to view, ſeated on an eminence, but ſurrounded by others of a greater height, and its walls, which remain tolerably perfect, form the chief object in the approach. They are conſtructed of a reddiſh ſtone. As the day was extremely cold, and ſnow began to fall, the proſpect was not ſo intereſting as it might have proved at a more favourable ſeaſon.

Mendicants

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Mendicants perfectly swarm in the place, allured by the hope of alms from the piety of the pilgrims. The religious of the *Terra Santa* retain great power; and there is one manufacture that flourishes in the utmost vigour, namely, that of reliques, crucifixes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, chaplets, and the like. Yet the church of the Holy Sepulchre is so much neglected, that the snow fell into the middle; the beams, said to be cedar, are falling, and the whole roof is in a ruinous state. The Armenian Convent is elegant, and so extensive, as to present accommodation for no less than a thousand pilgrims.

During twelve or thirteen days, a very deep snow lay upon the ground. The Catholic Convent has a large subterraneous cistern, into which the snow melting from the roof, and other parts, is conveyed, and supplies the monks with water for a great portion of the year.

The best view of JERUSALEM is from the *Mount of Olives*, on the east of the city. In front is the chief mosque, which contains, according to the tradition of the Mahomedans, the body of Solomon. From the same Mount may be discovered, in a clear day, the *Dead Sea*, nearly south-east, reflecting a whitish gleam. The intervening region appears very rocky.

The *Tombs of the Kings*, so denominated, are worthy of remark, being of Grecian sculpture, and on a hard rock. There are several ornaments on the sarcophagi, of foliage and flowers, and each apartment is secured with a massive panneled door of stone. Great ravages have been made here in search of treasure. These tombs have, probably, been constructed in the time of Herod and his successors, kings of Judea.

At about the distance of two hours, or six miles, stands BETHLEHEM, in a country happy in soil, air, and water. The latter is conveyed in a low aqueduct, or stone channel, which formerly passed to Jerusalem. The *fons signatus*, is an exuberant spring; it is received

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ceived ſucceſſively by three large ciſterns, one of which is well preſerved. In coming from the ciſterns, and at a ſmall diſtance, is ſeen what is termed the *Deliciæ Solomonis*, a beautiful rivulet, which flows murmuring down the valley, and waters in its courſe ſome gardens of excellent ſoil. The brinks of this brook are adorned with a variety of herbage. Olives, vines, and fig-trees, flouriſh abundantly in the neighbourhood. The olive trees are daily decreaſing in number, as they are ſacrificed to the perſonal enmities of the inhabitants, who meanly ſeek revenge by ſawing down in the night thoſe that belong to their adverſaries. As this tree is of ſlow growth it is ſeldom replaced. A more pleaſing object ariſes in the convent here, which contains under one roof the different tenets of Latins, Armenians, and Greeks.

About the ſame diſtance from Jeruſalem towards the wilderneſs, is the Convent of St. John, ſituated in the midſt of a romantic country, ſtudded with vines and olive trees. In the village of St. John and its diſtrict, the Mahomedans form the greater part of the population.

The mode of agriculture here purſued may be worthy of obſervation. As the country abounds in abrupt inequalities, little walls are erected which ſupport the ſoil and form narrow terraces. Small ploughs are uſed, drawn by oxen, and it requires no ſlight dexterity in the driver to turn his plough and avoid damaging the walls. The ſoil, thus ſecured, is extremely favourable to cultivation. The breed of black cattle is, in general, diminutive. Horſes are few in number, and aſſes, reſembling the European, are chiefly uſed for travelling.

We may ſafely eſtimate the preſent population of JERUSALEM, at from eighteen to twenty thouſand. It is governed by an Aga, appointed by the Paſha of Damaſcus; but he is allowed ſo few troops, that all Paleſtine may be regarded as in the power of the

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Arabs. The Chriſtian women, who abound in Jeruſalem, wear white veils as a diſtinction from the Mahomedan, who wear other colours. Arabic is the general language, except among the Armenians and Greeks.

A

WONDERFUL STORY

FOR A

WINTER'S EVENING.

[*From Plot's Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire.*]

SOON after the death of Charles I. a commiſſion was appointed to ſurvey the King's Houſe at Woodſtock, with the manor, park, woods, and other demeſnes to that manor belonging; and one Collins hired himſelf under a feigned name as ſecretary to the commiſſioners, who, upon the 13th of October, 1649, met, and took up their reſidence in the *King's own rooms.* His Majeſty's bed-chamber they made their kitchen, the council hall their pantry, and the preſence-chamber was the place where they ſat for the diſpatch of buſineſs. His Majeſty's dining-room they made their wood-yard, and ſtored it with the wood of the famous Royal Oak, from the High Park, which, that nothing might be left with the name of King about it, they had dug up by the roots, and ſplit and bundled up into faggots for their firing. Things being thus prepared, they ſat on the 16th of the ſame month for the diſpatch of buſineſs, and, in the midſt of their firſt debate, there entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a dreadful howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and then crept under a bed and vaniſhed. This gave them the greater ſurprize, as the doors were kept conſtantly locked, ſo that no real dog could

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could get in or out. The next day their ſurprize was increaſed, when, ſitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noiſe of perſons walking over their heads, though they well knew that the doors were all locked, and there could be nobody there. Preſently after, they heard alſo all the wood of the King's Oak brought by parcels from the dining-room, and thrown with great violence into the preſence chamber, as alſo all the chairs, ſtools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room; the papers, containing the minutes of their tranſactions, were torn, and the ink-glaſs broken. When all this noiſe had ceaſed, Giles Sharp, their ſecretary, propoſed to enter firſt into theſe rooms; and, in the preſence of the commiſſioners, from whom he received the key, he opened the doors, and found the wood ſpread about the room, the chairs toſſed about and broken, the papers torn, the ink-glaſs broken (as has been ſaid) but not the leaſt track of any human creature, nor the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect one, as the doors were all faſt, and the keys in the cuſtody of the commiſſioners; it was therefore unanimouſly agreed, that the power that did this miſchief, muſt have entered the room at the key-hole.

The night following Sharp, the ſecretary, with two of the Commiſſioners' ſervants, as they were in bed in the ſame room, which room was contiguous to the room in which the Commiſſioners lay, had their beds' feet lifted ſo much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once, with ſo much violence, as ſhook the whole houſe, and more than ever terrified the Commiſſioners. On the night of the 19th, as all were in bed in the ſame room, for the greater ſafety, and lights burning by them, the candle inſtantly went out with a ſulphureous ſmell, and that moment many trenchers of wood were hurled about the room, which, next morning, were found to be the ſame their honours had eaten on the day before, which were all removed from the

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pantry, though not a lock was found opened in the whole houſe. The next night they fared ſtill worſe, the candles went out as before, the curtains of their honours' beds were rattled to and fro with great violence; their honours received many cruel blows and bruiſes, by eight great pewter diſhes, and a number of wooden trenchers being thrown on their beds, which being heaved off, were heard rolling about the room, though in the morning none of theſe were to be ſeen. This night, likewiſe, they were alarmed with the tumbling down of oaken billets about their beds, and other frightful noiſes, but all was clear in the morning as if no ſuch thing had happened. The next night the Keeper of the King's houſe, and his dog, lay in the Commiſſioner's room, and then they had no diſturbance. But on the night of the 22d, though the dog lay in the room as before, yet the candles went out, a number of brick bats fell from the chimney into the room, the dog howled piteouſly, their bed-clothes were all ſtripped off, and their terror increaſed. On the 24th they thought all the wood of the King's Oak was violently thrown down by their bed-ſides; they counted 64 billets that fell, and ſome hit and ſhook the beds in which they lay, but in the morning none were found there, nor had the door been opened where the billet-wood was kept. The next night the candles were put out, the curtains rattled, and a dreadful crack, like thunder, was heard, and one of the ſervants running in haſte, thinking his maſter was killed, found three dozen of trenchers laid ſmoothly under the quilt by him.

But all this was nothing to what ſucceeded afterwards. The 29th, about midnight, the candles went out, ſomething walked majeſtically through the room, and opened and ſhut the windows; great ſtones were thrown violently into the room, ſome of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and about a quarter after one a noiſe was heard as of 40 cannon diſcharged together,

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gether, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance. This alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who, coming into their honours' room, gathered up the great stones, fourscore in number, and laid them by in the corner of a field, where, in Dr. Plot's time, who reports this story, they were to be seen. This noise, like the discharge of cannon, was heard through all the country for sixteen miles round. During these noises, which were heard in both rooms together, the Commissioners and their servants gave one another over for lost, and cried out for help, and Giles Sharp snatching up a sword, had well nigh killed one of their honours, mistaking him for the spirit, as he came in his shirt from his own room to theirs. While they were together, the noise was continued, and part of the tiling of the house was stript off, and all the windows of an upper room were taken away with it. On the 30th, at midnight, something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming pan violently on the floor, at the same time a large quantity of broken glass, accompanied with great stones and horse bones, came pouring into the room with uncommon force. These were all found in the morning to the astonishment and terror of the Commissioners, who were yet determined to go on with their business.

But on the 1st of November the most dreadful scene of all ensued. Candles in every part of the room were lighted up, and a great fire made; at midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the bursting of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed about by it, even into their honours' beds, who called Giles, and his companions, to their relief, otherwise the house had been burnt to the ground. About an hour the candles went out as usual, the crack, as if of many cannon, was heard, and many pailfulls of green stinking water were thrown upon their honours'

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beds; great ſtones were alſo thrown in as before, the bed curtains and the bedſteads torn and broken, the windows ſhattered, and the whole neighbourhood alarmed with the moſt dreadful noiſes; nay, the very rabbit ſtealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were ſo terrified, that they fled for fear, and left their ferrets behind them. One of their honours this night ſpoke, and—*in the name of God aſked what it was, and why it diſturbed them ſo?* No anſwer was given to this, but the noiſe ceaſed for a while, when the ſpirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it *ſeven devils worſe than itſelf.* One of the ſervants now lighted a large candle, and ſet it in the door way between the two chambers, to ſee what paſſed; and as he watched it, he plainly ſaw a *hoof* ſtriking the candle and candleſtick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three ſcrapes over the ſnuff, ſcraped it out. Upon this the ſame perſon was ſo bold as to draw a ſword, but he had ſcarce got it out, when he felt another inviſible hand holding it too, and pulling it from him, and at length prevailing, ſtruck him ſo violently on the head with the pummel, that he fell down for dead with the blow. At this inſtant was heard another burſt like the diſcharge of the broadſide of a ſhip of war, and, at about a minute or two's diſtance each, no leſs than nineteen more ſuch, theſe ſhook the houſe ſo violently, that they expected every moment it would fall upon their heads. The neighbours on this, as has been ſaid, being all alarmed, flocked to the houſe in great numbers, and all joined in prayer and pſalm ſinging, during which the noiſe ſtill continued in the other rooms, and the diſcharge of cannon was heard as from without, though no viſible agent was ſeen to diſcharge them. But what was the moſt alarming of all, and put an end to their proceedings effectually, happened the next day, as they were all at dinner, when a paper, in which they had ſigned a mutual agreement to reſerve

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reſerve part of the premiſes out of the general ſurvey, and afterwards to ſhare it equally among themſelves, (which paper they had hid for the preſent under the earth, in a pot in one corner of the room, and in which an orange tree grew) was conſumed in a wonderful manner, by the earth's taking fire, with which the pot was filled, and burning violently with a blue flame and an intolerable ſtench, ſo that they were all driven out of the houſe, to which they could never be again prevailed upon to return.

This *wonderful* contrivance was all the invention of the memorable Joſeph Collins, of Oxford, otherwiſe called *Funny Joe*, who having hired himſelf as ſecretary, under the name of *Giles Sharp*, by knowing the private traps belonging to the houſe, and by the help of *pulvis fulminans*, and othet chemical preparations, and letting his fellow-ſervants into the ſcheme, carried on the deceit without diſcovery to the very laſt, inſomuch, that the late Dr. Plot, in his Natural Hiſtory, relates the whole for fact, and concludes in this *grave manner* —"That though tricks have often been played in affairs of this kind, many of the things above related, are not reconcileable with juggling; ſuch as the loud noiſes, beyond the power of man to make, without ſuch inſtruments as were both there; the tearing and breaking the beds, the throwing about the fire, the *hoof* treading out the candle, and the ſtriving for the ſword, and the blow the man received from the pummel of it."

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS ON SYMPATHY,

IN A

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM always happy when I have an opportunity of recommending any of those feelings of the heart which do honour to humanity. To "weep with those that weep," to lighten the burden of human woe, and to administer comfort to the dejected soul, are offices, to the exercise of which we have frequent calls. I live, Mr. Editor, in a small country village; and from my situation in life, am sometimes called to houses in which poverty and affliction seem to have taken up their abode; yet, believe me, sir, I never return from those houses with greater pleasure, or with more heartfelt satisfaction, than when I think I have contributed my share in wiping away the falling tear, or whispering peace to the troubled breast. Small however as the village is, it produces two characters as opposite almost in their features, as the darkness of a stormy night is to the splendour of meridian day. These characters allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, under the names of *Austerus* and *Humanus*; the former a man of callous soul, the latter one who thinks, and feels while he thinks.

Austerus possesses a fortune of three thousand pounds a year, has an elegant house, and keeps a large retinue. His lands yield abundant crops, and his flocks are heard bleating on the neighbouring hills. His tenants are pretty numerous, his dependents many. One at first would be induced to imagine that this man was destined by heaven as a blessing to that part of the country in which he is placed; that the families around him would hail him as their liberal benefactor, and that his domestics would bless the hour in which they entered the spacious hall. However natural this conclusion, it would,

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would, in fact, be far from being well founded. Extremely paſſionate, he rages and ſtorms; and even after the ſtorm has ſubſided, his face betpeaks the anger which he can ill conceal. Sour and auſtere, haughty and overbearing, he is dreaded by his ſervants and deſpiſed by all. His tenants, whoſe lands are rented to the full, barely ſubſiſt; regret the moment they were ſo unfortunate as to tread the ground of hard oppreſſion *, and even curſe him to their hearts. But what adds an indelible ſtigma to the character of Auſterus, is, that he is inexcuſable to the poor, and unfeeling to the ſons of diſtreſs. It is a painful truth, that his cane has been often lifted up over the head of poverty, as it has approached his lordly door to beg a pittance. What! O hardened Auſterus! were riches given thee to indulge thy pampered carcaſe, and to ſteel thy heart againſt thy poorer *brethren!* for let me tell thee, that ſhivering beggar there is ſtill thy brother.

Beſides the poor, the afflicted who are toſſed on the bed of ſickneſs, implore his aſſiſtance in vain. Pity is even denied them. I ventured once to recommend to him a family in the pariſh, on whom affliction's rod had long continued to lie; and I found, ere I had finiſhed my ſad narration, a tear, ſomehow or other, had forced its way down my cheek. He heard me with a ſhocking indifference, ſaid *he would think of it*, and turned away rudely from me, though I aſſured him (what was too true, and aggravated his ſhame) that they reſided in a corner of his own eſtate; and that their ſituation admitted of no delay. As he retired, I could perceive that he was indignant at my freedom, a circumſtance which forced from me the exclamation of the *Patriarch* —"Curſed be his anger, for it was fierce; and his wrath, for it was cruel!" I envy not his crimſon bed of ſtate, nor his "faring ſumptuouſly every day,"

* A remark too applicable, for few are the farmers in northern counties who meet with a generous encouragement.

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while he poſſeſſes a niggardly ſoul. Better, infinitely better is that man, who, though his ſhare of wealth may be more ſcanty, is bleſſed with a noble, a liberal heart! and ſuch is Humanus.

Humanus honours me with his acquaintance and his confidence. I know his heart and its feelings almoſt as well as he knows them himſelf. Deſcended from worthy anceſtors, he retains no ſmall portion of their virtues. Poſſeſſing a moderate fortune, he has no idea of extravagance. What he thinks of is to do good with the little which he enjoys. His benignity is indeed wonderful. It often puts me to the bluſh, when I reflect how far I fall ſhort of it. It was but the other day, "Come," ſays he, "let us make a ſhort excurſion." I followed him. We entered a thatched cottage, I ſhall never forget the ſight, nor the part my friend acted on that occaſion.

On a low bed lay the very picture of wretchedneſs. Death ſeemed to have little more to do than to cloſe the eyes of one who appeared to ſay, "I fly to the grave as the end of my ſorrows." The feeling Humanus, whoſe very ſoul is ſympathy, with a ſoft ſtep approached the bed of the ſufferer, his eyes full of tears, his heart oppreſſed with grief; "Live," he cried, "Heaven is kind—Who can tell what happineſs is in reſerve for you? I go to ſend for the phyſician, and ſhall immediately return." Humanus haſted home to give directions to his ſervant, and came quickly back. His intentions to the afflicted mother (for ſhe was a poor widow, having four children) were now renewed; ſome wine which he had brought with him, was adminiſtered with ſucceſs; and the arrival of the Doctor, who expreſſed hopes of her recovery, changed, I could perceive, the face of my friend, the joy of his heart ſhone forth in his countenance; and never did he appear in my eyes more worthy or more amiable. "Happy Humanus," ſaid I to myſelf "the rewards of virtue are ſure. Thou already enjoyeſt thoſe within thy own

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own breaſt, and heaven has ſtill greater ones in ſtore for thee—may thy laudable example become more univerſal!" He repeated frequently his viſits to the humble dwelling; nor were theſe viſits dropped till he ſaw there was leſs occaſion for them. The fact is, great fatigue of body, and ſtill greater of mind, had brought a violent fever on the forlorn widow, which the ſympathy of Humanus, more than the preſcriptions of the phyſician, had tended to remove. She now lives uſeful to her children, and is often heard to pray heaven's richeſt bleſſing on the head of her compaſſionate friend and generous benefactor. Such are the charming effects of beneficence, and ſuch the diſpoſition of Humanus.

I have finiſhed my ſtory, Mr. Editor, and upon a review of the two characters, would ſimply aſk you, "Whether would you be an Auſterus or an Humanus; a ſordid ſelfiſh being, or one who poſſeſſe. a generous, a heaven-born ſoul?"

BENEVOLUS.

Auguſt 13th, 1799.

SINCERITY

IS in itſelf lovely, exalted, and endearing; lovely becauſe it comprehends that which is beautiful and exalted, becauſe that which is good is likewiſe great; and conſequently its fair ſublimity renders it an object endearing to thoſe finer feelings implanted in our natures.

Sincerity is the firm foundation whereon *truth* rears her dauntleſs front—it is the characteriſtic of a great ſoul, the indicator of real worth, and the ſhield of virtue: whereas inſincerity is the parent and nurſe of falſehood, the groveling ſupport of mean actions, and the cloak of vice; and where is the man poſſeſſed of that dignity attached to an immortal ſoul, who is not ſenſible of this? or where the inſincere who act with a noble conſiſtency of character?

The

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The more we practiſe ſincerity, the more are we in love with it. Sincerity is a fair ſource of numerous and valuable virtues—delightful are its paths, ſelf-approving its heavenly dictates, and all harmonious its attendant graces. Like the majeſtic oak that firmly ſcorns the hurricane, ſo doth ſincerity ſcorn the creeping wiles and evaſions of its enemies. Sincerity is the parent of genuine liberty, and hence thoſe glowing emotions that warm the patriot's breaſt. Say, is there not ſomething in it inexpreſſibly engaging; liſten to the converſation of a candid man, and your very ſoul is warmed with admiration. Obſerve his actions, are they not conformable to the dictates of pure morality? O! there is in candour a ſtriking reſemblance to the ſportive lamb, the innocent dove, and the tranſparent ſtream. Sympathy and charity go hand in hand with this amiable companion—indeed they lean on her for ſupport.

National and domeſtic affairs owe their tranquillity to love and ſincerity; when thoſe virtues are uncultivated, alas! how deplorable the conſequences! Sincerity retorts on itſelf, and like ſtreams that overflow their banks, doth inſincerity grovel in a falſe channel.

Where riches have diſſeminated a luxurious mood, little, very little true candour is to be found. Commerce is too frequently tainted with duplicity; not that we wiſh to throw an odium on every merchant and tradeſman; no! for there are amongſt this reſpectable claſs of men, thoſe who are ornaments in ſociety, and an honour to human nature; yet it is amongſt the ſwains we muſt expect to find the greateſt proportion of true ſincerity. Although this noble principle may be cultivated everywhere, yet rural ſolitude is beſt adapted to its ſteady diffuſion—a diffuſion mild as are the ſun's departing rays, or ſplendid as his oriental vegitation. Since then ſincerity is of ſo important a nature, and ſo valuable an acquiſition, it behoves

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hoves us to cherish this disposition, pregnant with happiness.

J. C.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite, but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

GOLDSMITH.

IN a gay and flourishing city in the north of England, resided young Steinfort and Eliza, characters equally celebrated for their personal accomplishments, but whose dispositions were the reverse of what they were represented by the world. Steinfort, in whom a detestation of the frivolous pursuits of fashion, was supposed a detestation of every thing sacred and excellent, appeared to the eye of the world as a sullen misanthrope; though it was secretly whispered that his private hours were spent in secret revels and sensual gratifications. Eliza, in whom united a masculine understanding, with the most feminine sweetness, owed the false colouring of her character to neglected beaux and slighted admirers, who concluded that nothing but a miracle of affectation and coquetry could have remained insensible to their forced sighs and studied exclamations. Such were the opinions of the world of two amiable characters, who had been mutually stricken with each other's person, with no further acquaintance than a casual meeting in their walks, or sitting in the same box at the theatre; and had secretly lamented an incongruity of disposition which unfitted them for that happiness which each had eagerly anticipated from the ties of matrimony. Steinfort being one evening in a mixed

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company, who freely handled the reputation of their neighbours, perhaps even without a superficial acquaintance, heard his fair Eliza pictured as the child of caprice and the dupe of flattery, insomuch, that every sentence which magnified her charms or extolled her virtues, was answered with the sigh of desire, and a look that seemed to thirst for more.

Revolving these thoughts in his mind, he strayed into a neighbouring grove to ruminate on the deception of appearances, and lament that personal beauty should be the companion of mental deformity. Having seated himself beneath an embowering oak in a remote part of the wood, he began to philosophize on his present state of mind. Those principles which had hitherto been his sole motives to action, seemed sensibly to have lost their influence, and he endeavoured in vain to rally them to the combat. He pictured the perishable charms of beauty in the most contemptible light that ingenuity could devise, but all to no purpose. Eliza still appeared as an exception, and threw a charm over the foibles of her sex, that rendered them less insupportable. Finding he attempted in vain to divest himself of a partiality which seemed fraught with future evils, he started from his mossy seat, and with hasty steps was leaving the grove, when he beheld the object of his contemplation at a small distance, among the trees, and pensively walking towards him, with her eyes fixed on the ground. He gazed on her for a moment with doubtful admiration, irresolute whether to advance or retreat. At length love seemed to conquer, and undecided, he found himself mechanically moving towards her. She had now stopped, and was leaning against a tree for support, in an attitude that rendered loveliness more lovely!

The melancholy posture in which she stood, the silence of the scene around, and the placid sweetness which was imprinted on her features, conspired to heighten his admiration, and he had just resolved to address

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addreſs her, when he perceived himſelf obſerved. The ſituation admitted of no alternative, but abruptly returning or paſſing near each other. A moment's heſitation determined the choice of Eliza, and ſhe again came forward. As they approached each other, ſhe viewed him with a look full of tenderneſs and pity, which, while it cheriſhed his hope, checked his preſumption, and he involuntarily paſſed her, curſing his own irreſolution. Having proceeded a few paces, he ventured to turn and take another look, the ſame motives appeared to have actuated Eliza, and their eyes again met. It was but for a moment, the next ſaw them continue their walk, equally abſorbed in reflection.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he "and can ſuch ſweetneſs of expreſſion, ſuch chaſtity of demeanour, be the aſſociate of wantonneſs? why am I not fully convinced? why did I not addreſs her in the language of adulation, the world gives her credit for flexibility, and the reſult would prove a ſpeedy cure for my paſſion. He now took a circuitous turn in the wood, reſolved to embrace the firſt opportunity of aſſuming the flatterer, and informing himſelf of her depravity. Anticipating the ſucceſs of his laſt reſolve, he was a ſecond time quitting the grove, when, abruptly turning a corner, he again met the object of his thoughts, heſitating how to croſs a gap of the earth for want of aſſiſtance. A faint bluſh ſuffuſed her cheek as ſhe encountered his eye, and ſhe was haſtily retreating, when Steinfort politely ſtepped forward and tendered her his hand. Politeneſs would not ſuffer her to refuſe him, and ſhe accepted it. He had no ſooner handed her over, than he again ſtaggered in his purpoſe; her beauty appeared more tranſcendently victorious, and he deſiſted for fear of giving offence. Her hand, which he ſtill retained in his, ſhe now endeavoured to withdraw, and he found he muſt quickly reſolve or loſe the opportunity. He repeatedly eſſayed to ſpeak, but as repeatedly failed, till ſhe ſome-

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what relieved him by making a polite acknowledgment of his ſervices, and informing him that her road lay to the left hand.

His reſolution now revived, and with a reluctance he could ill conceal, he replied, "Madam, the brilliancy of your charms, and the acknowledged ſuperiority you bear over the females in this part of the world, would make it preſumption in me to offer my ſervices any farther, yet the ſun condeſcends to ſmile on all; and would, that beauty, which is equally divine, were equally impartial?" He now pauſed, expecting, doubtleſs, to trace in her look the approbation of the lady, but encountered the inſulted dignity of the woman. The chagrin with which ſhe had liſtened to this rhapſody of libertiniſm, was evidently depicted in her countenance, and, ſnatching her hand indignantly from his graſp, ſhe replied, "Sir, this is perfectly conſiſtent with your character, which however faſhionable in the world, is a character which I muſt ever deſpiſe." He endeavoured to explain, but ſhe was gone with "a countenance more in ſorrow than in anger." The juſtneſs of her reproof had rivetted him to the ſpot, and he could only follow her with his eyes.

(To be continued.)

ON

DISSATISFACTION.

IN almoſt every ſtage of a man's life, there appears ſomething wanting to complete his happineſs. The mind is ever on the wing in queſt of ſome object, the attainment of which, it is vainly hoped, will produce permanent felicity. But thoſe perſons purſue an imaginary phantom.—Were all our wiſhes gratified we ſhould feel unhappineſs; for nothing indeed can be more dreaded, than that ſtate of exiſtence where the mind

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mind has nothing to wish; when no charming hopes beguile the hours of life, and no previous solicitude gives the zest to subsequent gratification.

The tradesman who has toiled for years to gain an independence, vainly imagines to enjoy, in the autumn of life, perfect tranquillity. The melody of birds, the fragrance of meadows, the coolness of groves, the rippling of streams, and the charming sight of rural nymphs and swains at their early toil, in anticipation already he enjoys. But view him retired from business—does he now experience those exquisite delights? Alas! after the novelty is over, his passion for those objects is abated, his mind, accustomed to regular avocations, is now exposed to the ravages of languor, without fondness for books, and destitute of an early fund of information, he now experiences a sensation perfectly new to him—want of employ. Independence proves to him a source of anxiety, and, if it were not for shame, he would relinquish his country seat, and abandon for ever those charms which he fondly thought existed in rural life, for the charming enjoyments of trade, that leave no time unemployed, and which, by its fatigues, like the wand of Morpheus, impart sweet repose. The insufficiency of worldly distinctions to produce happiness, is unquestionable. Though the laurel soon fades on the brow of the conqueror, and though the civic crown of honour quickly loses its brilliancy, yet men are daily seen pursuing, with unabating ardour, the means to gain those transitory enjoyments. What is the acclamation of the multitude but a momentary impulse? like the sunny rays of an April morn, short in their duration. The mass of mankind are changeful, and torrents of disapprobation and invective overwhelm the man who seeks for felicity from such precarious sources.

Happiness is, in many instances, ideal. Does not the industrious cottager, if he is blest with health, enjoy as much felicity as the gentleman of extensive landed

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property? The sun smiles with as much benignancy on the thatched shed, as on the noble mansion. The meadow flowers shed their odours as lavishly to the peasant as the lord; and though he cannot claim the possession of the domain, they afford to the beholder the same enjoyments. In short, every thing in nature gives, in a certain degree, to the untutored and to the refined, the same sensations. Happiness does not consist in titles, possessions, honours, fame, &c. it depends upon the mind; if that is well regulated, if the passions are properly subordinate to reason, every man will enjoy a due portion of it.

He, it is true, that is placed by Providence in an independent situation, however moderate, with cultivated mind and disciplined passions, is like a fortress situated on the summit of a rock, which braves the impetuosity of the tempest, and defies the attacks of any external enemy, and is only vulnerable to the assaults of time, at whose fell grasp the massy ramparts and lofty towers crumble into dust, and the most stupendous monuments of art moulder into ruins!

But still it must be admitted, that change of situation gives birth to thoughts and actions, of which the mind had no previous suspicion.

Few are the number of those whom prosperity has not made arrogant, and fewer those who have preserved a manly dignity and independent spirit in adversity. Hence it appears that scarcely any change, except from poverty, disease, and sorrow, is conducive to happiness. The capacities of most men are, in general, suited to their situations, and few would appear with honour and respectability were their wishes to be gratified.

How often do we see wealth united to meanness, ignorance, and folly, and insolence, their associates? The poor man is docile, industrious, and virtuous, but grant him his desire, make him rich, how is his mind changed? Indolence, arrogance, and voluptuousness sway his breast. Why then do most men desire a change in their

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their situation, for the number is fewer that are thereby happier? To better their condition in life most are desirous, it is the spur to industry; so far it is unexceptionable, but here it never rests—the wish for ease and luxury generally follows, new wishes multiply, desires are stimulated and inflamed, religion is abandoned, and every solid joy, every wish for never-fading felicity is relinquished for fleeting sensual gratification.

Oh! when will man be wise? when fix the boundaries to inordinate wishes, when draw the line of demarcation to hostile irrational desires? what, in reality, does he want? Food, apparel, an habitation, and social friends. Possessed of these, why does he murmur? why does the sigh of discontent heave his bosom? nothing, indisputably, can excite it which justifies the conclusion, that uniformity of condition is not calculated for, or rather does not produce happiness. The eye loves variety—the brilliant views of nature are lovely, even to the dull.

But there are some so infatuated with this love of change, that no situation, however calculated to please a rational man, can give them any solid satisfaction.

Place them amidst the most beautiful scenery of nature, which a few years past they panted to enjoy, and ask them whether they feel those emotions of delight they formerly anticipated. The answer will prove favourable to the assertion, that the most valuable acquisitions impart to the possessor, after a certain period, no real happiness—extinguishes not the desire of change—the love of variety—the thirst for something not yet attained.

The votaries of dissipation are not exempt from this malady of the mind; pleasurable gratifications may be varied a thousand ways, in proportion to the ingenuity, taste, and power, of those who seek for them. But what is ultimately the result? a debilitated body and an enfeebled mind, a tasteleſsness for rational pleasure, and an incapacity to enjoy it.

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This disregard to the happiness in our possession, this illicit desire for something new, embitters every enjoyment, poisons the pure springs of happiness, and produces perfect imbecility of mind; every other idea is absorbed in this, every generous impulse is disregarded; the direction of judgment is spurned, the admonitions of reflection and reason are unheeded, and nought but the visionary scenes of Elysium, pictured by vanity, is regarded.

The bold navigator, who roams over trackless oceans in quest of worlds unknown, is, perhaps, as much impelled by motives of curiosity or love of something new, as by patriotism. The wish to see regions peopled by beings of different habits, customs, language, and laws; to view the appearances of nature in another dress, to survey the animals, birds, and botanic species, in another climate, is, perhaps, one of the strongest incitements to a mariner of understanding. Accustomed to behold the scenery of Europe, he no longer views them with enraptured eyes, he sighs for other objects, he pants with ardour for unknown scenes, which no eye has yet explored—to traverse those realms on which not one of his countrymen has yet trodden. But what are his emotions when he arrives? what addition to his felicity has he accumulated? After the eager thirst of public curiosity is gratified, he is no longer the object of applause and admiration, but like Columbus he will be, perhaps, ultimately neglected and disgraced.

Thus it appears that almost every station has its enjoyments lessened by the encouragement of this childish disposition; instead of being smothered in its infancy, it is nursed with care, and suffered to grow to a gigantic stature—it powerfully influences the heart, and gives the rein to imagination, which often hurries us to the brink of misery.

May every one reflect on the folly of this state of mind, and reject it with indignation! May they steadily cultivate

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cultivate virtue, and it will, inevitably, produce fruits of unperiſhable felicity:

Place me, thou great Supreme! in that bleſt ſtate,
Unknown to thoſe the ſilly world call great,
Where all my wants may be with eaſe ſupply'd,
Yet nought ſuperfluous to pamper pride;
But more than nature aſks my boſom craves,
Or ſorrow's ſons may meet untimely graves.
Oh! may my breaſt no dire extremes controul,
Nor wealth nor poverty diſtract my ſoul.
The love of fame, ambition's luſt repel,
With humble happineſs O! let me dwell;
Nor let me quit theſe ſcenes, till time has ſpread
His ſnowy honours on my aged head;
Then cheer'd by hope, by faith ſuſtain'd, I'll bear
The ſtroke of ghaſtly death without a tear.

Fort Street. J. S.

AN

EPITOME

OF

GEOGRAPHY.

LATELY DRAWN UP FOR A SEMINARY OF EDUCATION IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

GEOGRAPHY is a ſcience which explains the properties of the earth, both in reſpect to land and water; for of theſe two parts the terraqueous globe is compoſed.

The roundneſs of the earth may be proved by a variety of arguments. 1. When we are on board a ſhip at ſea, we may be out of ſight of land when the land is near enough to be viſible, if it were not hid from our eye by the convexity of the water. In this caſe the tops of hills or cliffs, ſteeples, towers, &c. &c. firſt appear to our

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our view, next, the building, and, at laſt of all, the ſhore, which can proceed from nothing elſe but the roundneſs of the earth, whereby the lower objects are longer hid from the ſight than thoſe which are higher. 2. The higher the eye is, the farther the view will be extended: it is very common for ſeamen on the top of the maſt to diſcover land or ſhips at a greater diſtance than thoſe can do who ſtand upon the deck; the object being hid from the latter by the convexity of the water. 3. When we ſtand upon the ſhore, the higheſt part of a ſhip is viſible at the greateſt diſtance; if the ſhip is going from us out to ſea, we ſhall continue to ſee the maſt after the hull or body of the ſhip diſappears, and the top of the maſt will be ſeen the longeſt; but if the ſurface of the ſea were flat, every part of an object would be equally viſible; and not the higheſt, but the largeſt part of an object would be viſible at the greateſt diſtance, ſo that we ſhould be able to ſee the hull of a ſhip farther off than the maſt: but this is contrary to experience; conſequently the earth is round. 4. The convexity of the water may be ſeen in calm weather, and where the fluid is unruffled by the agitation of the ſtream, provided it be a mile or two in a ſtraight line, for a little boat upon the water may be ſeen by a perſon whoſe eye is a ſmall height above the water; but if he ſtoops down and lays his eye near the ſurface, he will find that the boat is covered by the convexity of the water. 5. Several navigators have ſailed round the earth; not in an exact circle, the winding of the ſhores preventing them from ſailing on in a direct courſe; but by ſailing continually to the weſtward, they have reached the place from whence they at firſt departed. This was performed by Magellan, Cavendiſh, Sir Francis Drake, Lord Anſon, Bougainville, Commodore Byron, the Captains Carteret, Wallis, Cook, and others. All the appearances of the heavens, both at land and ſea, are the ſame as they would

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would be were the earth a globe, which proves that it really is ſuch, and, laſtly, eclipſes of the moon, which are cauſed by the ſhadow of the earth falling on that planet, demonſtrate that the earth is of a globular figure; for this ſhadow is always globular, whatever ſituation the earth may be in at that time: now a body muſt be globular which always caſts a circular ſhadow. Nor are the little unevenneſſes on the earth's ſurface, ariſing from hills and valleys, any material objection to its being conſidered as a round body; becauſe the higheſt mountains bear a leſs proportion to the bulk of the earth, than the little riſings on the coat of an orange bear to that fruit; or a grain of ſand to an artificial globe of nine inches diameter: and accordingly, we find that the mountains and vallies on the ſurface of the earth, cauſe no irregularities in the ſhadow during a lunar eclipſe; the circumference thereof being even and regular, and appearing as if caſt by a body truly regular.

The methods made uſe of to meaſure the earth are very plain and eaſy to be underſtood. But it will be neceſſary to obſerve that every great circle, and conſequently the circumference of the earth, is divided into 360 equal parts, called degrees, and every degree into 60 equal parts, called minutes, &c. It was neceſſary to give the preference to ſome number, and, probably, that of 360 was fixed upon for this reaſon, that it admits of ſeveral convenient diviſions, as well by the figure 2 as 3. Thus the half is 180, the quarter 90, and the half quarter 45. Alſo the third of 360 is 120, the third of which again is 40. Few other numbers can boaſt of this advantage, eſpecially as every number in both the above diviſions is alſo further diviſible by five.

As every circle is divided into 360 degrees, if at two places, ſituated north and ſouth of each other, the altitude of the ſun be taken on the ſame day at noon, and the ſun be found to be one degree nearer to the zenith

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zenith at one place than the other, thoſe two places are one degree aſunder. Now if the diſtance between theſe two places be meaſured by a chain, or otherwiſe, we ſhall know the length of a degree, and conſequently of any part of a degree, in Engliſh meaſure. This has been done by ſeveral geographers, particularly by our countryman Mr. Richard Norwood, who, in the year 1635, obſerved the difference of latitude, and meaſured the diſtance between London and York, by which it appeared, that 367,200 Engliſh feet, or 69 miles and a half, and 14 poles, make a degree. Hence the whole circumference of the globe will be 25,020, and its diameter 7,970 Engliſh miles, reckoning 69 and a half to a degree. If the odd poles be taken into the account, the circumference will then be 25,035 miles, and 240 poles.

The map of the world will give you a much better idea of the world itſelf, than the beſt verbal deſcription. It repreſents the artificial globe taken out of its horizon, ſqueezed flat, cut through, and the two hemiſpheres placed cloſe to each other.

Into how many parts is the earth divided?

Into four parts or quarters; viz. 1. Europe; 2. Aſia; 3. Africa, and 4. America.

What are the other nominal parts of the earth; or how is it yet further divided, in relation to land and water?

It is divided into ten different parts; five belonging to land; viz. 1. Continent; 2. An iſland; 3. A promontory or cape; 4. A peninſula. 5. An iſthmus. The other five belonging to water; viz. 1. An ocean; 2. A lake; 3. A bay; 4. A gulf; and, 5. A ſtrait. Theſe anſwer to each other, as more plainly appears by the following deſcription:

LAND.

1. A continent is a large tract or vaſt extent of main

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main land, not separated by any ocean. Thus Europe, Asia, Africa, &c. are continents.

2. An island is a tract of land surrounded with water; as Great Britain, Ireland, Jamaica, Madagascar, &c. &c.

3. A promontory or cape, is a portion of land running far into the sea; as Cape Verde, Cape of Good Hope, &c. &c.

4. A peninsula is a part or portion of the earth almost surrounded with water, save only a part or narrow neck of land, which joins or unites it to a continent; as Jutland, the Morea, the Crim Tartary, &c.

5. An isthmus is a narrow part of land, by which a peninsula is joined to a continent or main land, as the isthmus of Panama, which joins North and South America together; the isthmus of Corinth, &c. &c.

WATER.

1. An ocean, or sea, is a large extent or collection of waters not divided by land; such as the Atlantic or Western Ocean, the Indian Ocean, &c.

2. A lake is a tract of water surrounded by land; as the Lake of Geneva, the Dead Sea, the Caspian Sea, &c.

3. A bay is a portion or part of the sea, running far up the main land; as the Bay of Biscay, Bay of Bengal, &c.

4. A gulf is a part of the ocean, almost surrounded with land, save some strait or narrow gut of water, by which it has a communication with the ocean; as the Gulf of Persia, &c.

5. A strait is a narrow passage or part of the sea, which joins one sea to another; as the Straits of Gibraltar, which join the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic Ocean; the Straits of Babelmandel, &c. &c.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

I NEED not expatiate on the amuſement and utility ſo connected with ſketches of this nature; ſuch productions evince their own merit. I muſt, however, candidly confeſs, that the following *tour* from *London* to *Edinburgh*, is handed you unknown to its author; although Mr. G——— intended it not for publication, we eaſily perceive a claſſical correctneſs, which at once gratifies a well cultivated mind.

I am your obedient ſervant,

J. C.

JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

Wedneſday 16th September 1795. After remaining three weeks in a place I ſhall ever remember with the moſt ſincere gratitude and regard, I ſet off from *Coleman Street* at eleven o'clock, accompanied by my old and facetious acquaintance Mr. M. of Edinburgh. Went by *Iſlington*, *Barnet*, *St. Albans*, &c. to *Dunſtable*. This day's journey, only 33 miles, in Middleſex, Hertfordſhire, and Bedfordſhire. *St. Albans* and *Dunſtable* are conſiderable towns, particularly the firſt. There we viſited the pariſh church, which is of great antiquity. It was built out of the ruins of the Roman city of Verulam. The ſcite of an old Roman wall and foſſis ſtill appear round the place where Verulam is ſaid to have ſtood. The "hoary-headed chronicle," who ſhewed us the church, is a great curioſity, and ſpoke Latin in very great purity, and retained evident veſtiges of more proſperous times.

17th September. Rode to *Northampton*, 66 miles from London, to dinner. Breakfaſted at Wooburn, a village

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village belonging to the Duke of Bedford. Here his Grace has his principal ſeat; but we had the mortification to find that ſtrangers were admitted to ſee the houſe on Mondays only. The ſtables are the moſt magnificent in England, and the park wall is about ſixteen miles in circuit. About two miles from Northampton, on the ſide of the highway, we found an antient obeliſk, decorated with various ſorts of ſculpture. It is as old as the time of Edward the Firſt, and was erected by him, as a Latin inſcription upon it bears, in memory of Eleanor his Queen. Perhaps ſhe died or was buried here; but of this, although I have anxiouſly enquired of ſeveral people, I can get no ſatisfactory information; and the waiter of the inn, who, like all his brethren, was proverbially ignorant, ſays he never heard of it. How truly unfortunate is it, that travellers like us, who have little time to beſtow, ſhould ſo often be under a neceſſity of having recourſe to ſuch illiterati for any intelligence! Northampton is a large neat town, ſtreets wide, and the houſes built chiefly of very fine hewn ſtone. We examined the market-place, a fine ſpacious ſquare, with an obeliſk of conſiderable height in the center. The commodities ſold here are principally corn and butcher's meat. We have alſo inſpected the Shire and Incorporation halls, both large buildings, likewiſe the jail. It is impoſſible to conceive any things ſo different as a Scotch and Engliſh priſon. Here the priſoners are not confined in diſmal and dirty apartments piled one over an other, in different flats, of one melancholy building. A neat front preſents to a ſtreet, but that is a front merely. The apartments of the priſon are behind, and they conſiſt of various ſmall buildings, where the priſoners are locked up at night; but there are open areas where even condemned criminals, in their chains, are allowed to enjoy the air through the day, ſecured however in ſuch a way as to render eſcape extremely difficult. Here we ſaw ſome vagabonds who had been condemned to be hanged

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at laſt aſſizes; but the puniſhment was commuted by the judge to tranſportation. As to debtors, they have all day the range of a variety of large areas, conſiſting of neat graſs plots, borders of flowering ſhrubs, &c.; and, in the evening, each has an apartment, neat and commodious, probably more ſo than any thing he was accuſtomed to before his confinement.

18th September. From Northampton by Brixworth, Harborough, &c. came to another county town, *Leiceſter*, which is ninety-eight miles from the metropolis. This is a large place, with nearly 30,000 inhabitants. Hoſiery is the chief manufacture. We examined, but not with much leiſure, the County hall and priſon, the Corporation hall, and ſeveral hoſpitals, which are the principal objects here for a ſtranger's attention. The town has no river of any ſize, an obſervation applicable to moſt of the Engliſh towns. Here is a canal, by means of which it is ſupplied with coals from a conſiderable diſtance.

19th September. The weather is ſtill exceſſively warm, and the duſt incommodious. To day we travelled by Loughborough, a large village, to *Nottingham*. This is a finely ſituated and elegant large county town, ſaid to contain 30,000 people. Stockings are the chief article of manufacture. The throwing of ſilk is alſo carried on extenſively. Many of the houſes are elegant, but the principal objects of attention are, in the firſt place, the Caſtle. This is a very large ſtone building, probably two hundred feet in front.

It belongs to the Duke of Newcaſtle, and was antiently built by one of his anceſtors, an equeſtrian ſtatue of whom decorates the front, along with a great variety of other figures. This caſtle ſeems to have had, originally, a ditch and a drawbridge. It ſtands ſo high as to command and overlook the town. The view from the terrace over a variety of counties, is uncommonly fine. 2dly. The hoſpital or infirmary belonging to this and Derbyſhire, and accommodating eighty patients.

3dly.

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3dly. An old church, dedicated to St. Mary, which, from its ſize and antiquity, catches the eye on approaching the town. 4thly. The county jail, which is a new building, or ſet of buildings on the plan of Howard, and, as uſual in the county towns of England, contains comfortable and even elegant accommodation for the priſoners. The Trent paſſes about a mile from town. It is conſidered in England as a fine river, and ſo it is, but it is inferior to moſt of the Scotch rivers. It has barely half ſo much water as the Tay at Perth, and the tide comes only to Gainſborough, which is twenty miles below Nottingham; but the river is navigable as high as this town for coal veſſels of twenty or thirty tons. There is a canal which communicates betwixt the town and the river. Here there is a weekly market, held on Saturday, in a large market-place in the middle of the town. The chief commodity is grain; but ſtalls are erected, puppet ſhews exhibited, *rowley powley* played, and all the other ſcenes preſerved which diſtinguiſh a Scotch fair. This happened to be market day, and every thing was buſtle and confuſion at all the inns. Nottingham has been long celebrated for ale, and it does not bely its character. At our inn, the White Lion, we had the fineſt I ever ſaw; the cellars are in the excavations of the rock, and ſo deep, as to require a deſcent of one hundred ſteps. In the environs of the town a variety of poor families have cabbins cut into the ſolid rock, in which you find windows curiouſly conſtructed, and there they contrive to live comfortably, though in winter, at leaſt, the cold muſt be intenſe.

20th September. This morning left Nottingham and breakfaſted at Mansfield, fourteen miles off, through the whole of which you paſs over a dreary country—Sherwood Foreſt, celebrated as the ſcene of the exploits of that fabulous hero Robin Hood. Mansfield is a large corporation town, not a borough. We dined at Cheſterfield, in Derbyſhire, which is of much the ſame ſize

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and importance with Mansfield. In the evening we proceeded by Whittingtone, &c. to Sheffield in Yorkshire. At the end of Whittingtone I obſerved, over a ſmall houſe, a little off the road, a ſign-poſt, with the words "Revolution Houſe." Painted on it was a Cock and Magpie. Recollecting to have read of this houſe in David Hume's elegant hiſtory, we were immediately conducted to a little ſhabby room, where it is undoubtedly aſcertained that the Duke of Devonſhire, and a variety of the Engliſh nobility, held their meetings, and concerted the plan of the Revolution of 1688. There is now a good houſe built adjoining to it; but the old houſe, and this room, are carefully preſerved, and here the neighbouring nobility and gentry met and had a jubilee on the centenary day in November, 1788.

Sheffield is an immenſe irregular town, with at leaſt 40,000 inhabitants. The principal houſes are in the ſuburbs. The ſtreets of the town are narrow, and the ſmoke of ſteam-engines uſed for the forges and coal pits, &c. is conſtant and diſagreeable. The chief objects of curioſity are the plating manufactures, and the grinding of knives, razors, ſciſſars, &c. In the large forges, one of which we examined, the machinery for grinding goes by a ſteam-engine, and, like a cotton mill, the number of grind-ſtones may be in proportion to the powers of the engine and the ſize of the work. Sheffield is not a borough, and notwithſtanding its ſize and importance, it has no political conſequence!!

21ſt September. At Sheffield we learnt that the Doncaſter races were to commence to-morrow; we therefore gave up our original plan of going by Leeds, and travelled this day by Rotheram to *Doncaſter*, meeting with nothing very remarkable, excepting a fellow of ſix feet four inches hanging in chains, for a robbery of the mail!

Doncaſter, I ſhould ſuppoſe, is a town of 7 or 8000 inhabitants. It is a corporate town, but not a borough.

It

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It is a remarkably handſome place, with five entries into it, and ſpacious, elegant, and well-built ſtreets, having ſtone foot-paths on each ſide. Many of the houſes are built of ſtone, and, in particular, the corporation hall, which is a ſtrong fine building. The race ground is a turf of two miles in circumference, is kept in moſt excellent order, and lies about a mile from town.

22d September. The races commenced at 2 o'clock. The firſt was a match for five hundred guineas, betwixt Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir C. Turner—It was with difficulty won by the latter. There were three other races, all excellently good, one of them of four heats. Sir C. Turner won three of the purſes. Here we fell in with Mr. W. K. of the general poſt-office in Edinburgh, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. M. and the firſt Scotchman we had ſeen on the road. Reciprocally happy at meeting each other, he inſiſted we ſhould ſhare of his carriage, and ſupplied the deſideratum, with regard to Scottiſh occurrences, of which, ſince our departure from home, we were completely ignorant. Doncaſter races, as uſual, had drawn together an immenſe crowd of nobleſſe, &c. but we were ſadly diſappointed at not ſeeing Charles Fox, "That friend of mankind and of man," who, we were previouſly aſſured, was to accompany Lord Fitzwilliam. In the evening we rode by Robin Hood's Well, &c. to Ferrybridge; and now we are come into the direct road generally uſed betwixt England and Scotland.

23d September. We breakfaſted at *Tadcaſter*, and expected to ſee Mr. A—— F—— of Edinburgh, Advocate, who, we heard, was here on a viſit to his father-in-law; but found that he and Mrs. F—— had ſet off for Dumfries on Tueſday laſt. Dined at *York*, and rode in the evening to Eaſingwold. At York there are two great objects of curioſity for ſtrangers, the caſtle and the cathedral. The former is uſed as the county priſon. The debtors have a very large range to walk in and amuſe themſelves. The caſtle incloſes the courts

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courts of *Niſi Prius* and the King's court, in which the judges ſet on the aſſizes. On theſe occaſions, as the court muſt be held with open doors, the priſoners of all deſcriptions, are locked up, and the outer gates of the caſtle thrown open. Strangers are not permitted to viſit the criminals. York Minſter is, certainly, the fineſt old building in the kingdom. It was founded, anciently, in the beginning of the 7th century, by King Edwin. It was afterwards burnt down, and was rebuilt in its preſent form in 1227. It is larger than St. Paul's, London; and, like St. Paul's, it has two turrets in front, and one in the center of the building. The workmanſhip in the inſide is very fine, and it has once been decorated with many ſtatues of gold and ſilver, &c. but theſe were all carried off by Harry the Eighth (of barbarous memory) when he thought fit to ſtrip the churches and aboliſh the monaſteries. There is here an immenſe variety of the old painted glaſs. Every window in the building is filled with it: but the chief curioſity of this ſort is the great eaſt window, behind the altar, ſuppoſed to be the largeſt in the world. It is 75 feet in height, and 33 feet in breadth, and has emblematical figures ſo numerous, as to be illuſtrative of almoſt the whole hiſtory of the Bible. Behind it, at a little diſtance, is a frame filled with a great variety of mirror glaſſes, in which the ornaments of the window are reflected and inverted with a very curious effect. The area uſed for the divine ſervice is finely finiſhed with old black oak, which is ſomewhat darker than mahogany. This indeed is the ſtyle of finiſhing in all the old cathedrals I have ſeen. In one corner of the building there is a range of ſtatues and monuments, both ancient and modern, ſomething in the ſtyle of Weſtminſter Abbey. Of the *former* a remarkable one is that of CONSTANTINE, the firſt Chriſtian Emperor of Rome, who chanced to be born at York; and, of the *latter*, the fineſt I obſerved was a full length of Sir George Saville, the patriot, who repreſented Yorkſhire

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ſhire in five ſucceſſive parliaments. Some trinkets of high antiquity have eſcaped the rapacity of Henry. I ſaw a very old ſilver crozier, a curious bugle horn, made of an elephant's tooth, ornamented with gold, and various rings of gold, with different ſtones, which exhibited a very curious ſpecimen of the faſhions of diſtant periods, and which had been raviſhed from the fingers of the biſhops after interment! On leaving York for the north, we ſaw an elegant building, called the "*Aſylum for Lunatics.*"

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON

POETRY, MUSIC, AND DANCING.

OF all the liberal or elegant arts, there is not any ſo ancient (muſic and dancing excepted) as poetry. It has exiſted in all ages and in all countries. Hiſtory does not afford us an example of a ſingle nation where its influence has not been felt and acknowledged. It has accompanied man from the moſt early period of time to ages of the higheſt refinement: it has been alike cultivated by the ſavage in his woods, and the luxurious courtier, diſtinguiſhed by the favour of his prince. It appears to have been the peculiar gift of that benevolent Being who governs all things, as the ſource of our amuſement and inſtruction, as the means of at once entertaining and humaniſing mankind. It was this invaluable bleſſing which firſt enabled us to exalt the mind, to ſhake off the brute, and act in a manner worthy of beings who aſſumed the epithet of rational. This noble art, if it is not a contradiction in terms, to denominate any thing as ſuch, which no human invention can perform, unaſſiſted by a peculiar genius, has at all

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all times been encouraged. The ancient bards or poets, held a diſtinguiſhed rank among the people with whom they reſided. It was they who guided their councils; and the irreſiſtible influence of their ſongs was frequently the occaſion of a peace or a war. The ſpirit of the bard diffuſed itſelf through the whole aſſembly. Love, rage, tenderneſs, and pity, alternately poſſeſſed their breaſts, and manifeſted itſelf in uncouth geſtures and contortions. The warrior graſped his ſpear, and even the timid become bold. And here I cannot help obſerving, that notwithſtanding dancing appears to have been the moſt ancient amuſement of uncivilized man; yet there do not exiſt any reaſons, to ſuppoſe that muſic prevailed prior to poetry. On the contrary, it appears reaſonable to infer, that muſic was contemporary with, or poſterior to the art of verſification.

That men ſhould expreſs what gave them pleaſure or pain by rude geſtures, before the formation of language, is by no means extraordinary; but it would have been ſomewhat ſingular to have invented muſic (I mean vocal) before they were provided with the ſubject of a ſong. It is probable that poetry and muſic roſe together, by the deſire of perpetuating ſome memorable event, and might be ſung or chaunted, with a view to render it more impreſſive, and for which purpoſe it was abſolutely neceſſary to throw it into a kind of meaſure; but this is a ſubject of curioſity, not importance; and the higheſt commendation of poetry is its uſefulneſs, and the only true method of pronouncing its eulogium, is to ſhew the advantages accruing therefrom. Of this the Greeks were ſo ſenſible, that they aſcribed the invention of dramatic poetry to the gods. Nor was this without reaſon. No ſpecies of compoſition has been attended with more beneficial conſequences, or contributed more largely to the refinement of the taſte and manners of the age. Thoſe truths which men would neglect, when preſented by the moraliſt, they readily

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readily adopt when they come before them as an entertainment; and by seeing the ridiculous appearance of vice, they are insensibly led to be in love with virtue. Where the priest and philosopher have failed, the poet has succeeded, and the mind, captivated by the harmony of numbers, has been led by degrees to the practice of virtue. It is also to the poets we are indebted for the beautiful fictions of the ancients; and had the priests been poets, the empire of superstition had become universal, philosophers and the vulgar had then been alike under its powerful influence. The mind, hurried on by the irresistible force of eloquence, would not have found time to examine its principles and discover the lurking poison. It would at first have acquiesced, and, afterwards, embraced the error. But this, fortunately, has not been the case, poetry now is capable of affording the highest mental entertainment. When the mind is depressed with sorrow and affliction, and turns with disgust from the dry researches of philosophy, or even history, poetry presents itself as a never-failing source of relief, from which every man, in some degree, derives pleasure and satisfaction. In short, shew me the man who can hear, unmoved, the recital of an elegant poem, and I shall not hesitate to pronounce him a perfect phenomenon—As a wretch, whose bosom is callous to every impulse of nature, and into whose heart pity can never enter.

THE

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THE

TEMPLE OF DEISM,

A

VISION*.

BY W. RIDER.

Dark night inſtructs, nor are vain dreams in vain.

YOUNG.

THE other night being retired from the toil of the day, I amuſed myſelf till bed time in peruſing *Leland's View of the Deiſtical Writers.* After my candle was extinguiſhed, I reflected for ſome time on what I read, till ſleep came upon me, when the ſubject of my waking thoughts impreſſed itſelf ſo ſtrongly, that it employed my fancy for the remainder of the night in the following dream:

Methought I beheld a female in a white robe, with an olive-branch in her hand: a ſun was embroidered in the middle of her boſom, which emitted a radiance that ſtrengthened, not dazzled the eyes of the beholder. With an air that expreſſed majeſty and affection, ſhe pointed to a *temple* that ſtood at ſome diſtance. As ſoon as I deſcried it, I felt none of the tumults of curioſity working in my breaſt, but reading in her eyes that it was her deſire that I ſhould examine its inſide, I went towards it. As I approached, I obſerved that the avenues were declining, and that they were beſpread

* The complexion of the times has induced us to republiſh this ingenious little piece, which appeared many years ago in a reſpectable publication. *Leland's View of the Deiſtical Writers* is a moſt valuable work, and an edition of it, together with ſeveral appropriate additions, was recently made by Dr. William Brown, Principal of the Mariſchal College in the Univerſity of Aberdeen. EDITORS.

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with roſes, and perfumed with fragrance which rendered the way not only eaſy but agreeable.

The firſt thing I obſerved on my entrance was, that though the *ſun* ſeemed then *invits meridian*, they had excluded its ſplendour, and erected a dim ruſh-light taper in the moſt conſpicuous part of the building, over which was written, in golden characters, THE SUN. As I turned myſelf round to view the various parts of the edifice, I could perceive a great many perſons employed about the windows in ſtopping up every crack, for fear *the light of heaven* ſhould, by any means, ſteal in and eclipſe the ſplendour of the taper. Having, for ſome time, given a looſe to my aſtoniſhment at ſo odd a circumſtance, I applied myſelf to take a more particular view of every thing that might ſeem worthy of my notice. I then turned my eyes weſtward towards the taper, and could then perceive a throne, on which was ſeated the genius of the place. He appeared of no deſpicable form: age had not made any furrows in his countenance, nor had care much wrinkled his brow. He was clad in a robe of the ſame colour with that of my guide, which was furniſhed by AFFECTATION, who ſat at his right hand; his crown lay on a cuſhion on his left, which was guarded by VANITY, and behind ſtood SINGULARITY, in the quality of his train-bearer. As I caſt my eyes further downwards, I obſerved a great many more of his retinue, whoſe names I could not then diſcover; amongſt thoſe that I knew, were PEDANTRY in the robes of LEARNING, WIT in the garb of JUDGMENT, and DOGMATISM in the clothes of REASON. I was going to enquire of my guide the name of the perſonage who was thus attended, when I accidentally caſt my eye on a label that was over the throne, and inſcribed—DEISM!

As this whetted my curioſity, I was now reſolved to examine, more minutely, every thing within the edifice, and applied myſelf firſt to the pictures, with which the walls were quite covered. The pic-

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ſeemed, at the firſt glance, to be performed in a maſterly manner, and by the glare of the colours and ſplendour of the frames, invited and dazzled the ſight at the ſame time. On a nearer inſpection, you cannot conceive how great was my diſappointment; for what at a diſtance ſeemed to vindicate the pencil of a *Titian*, when I came cloſer, appeared beneath the touch of the meaneſt *Flemiſh* dauber. It would be tedious, if not impoſſible, to recount the ſubject of every piece, let it ſuffice to mention the moſt ſtriking only. The firſt piece that intruded itſelf on my ſight, was of the hiſtorical kind, and repreſented the depravity of the Chriſtians in the fifth century. It was, indeed, very much laboured, diſguſted the ſpectator by too great a ſhew of art, was, in ſome places, void of proportion, and had its capital images bigger than life. Next this hung a piece of no mean kind: this was a full length of *Julian*, but I could diſcover very few features of the apoſtate, nor indeed ſhould I ever have known it had been intended for him, had it not been for the fragment of an epiſtle, which was ſubſcribed with his name, and laid on a table near him. The face expreſſed ſo much humanity, openneſs of heart, and benevolence, that it would have paſſed better for the picture of the Chriſtian biſhop he ordered to be murdered, than for the Emperor himſelf. Below this hung a piece of *Chriſt* riding on an aſs, crowned with thorns, and holding a reed in his hand; he was ſurrounded with a crowd, whoſe countenances betrayed the greateſt degree of admiration, joined with the moſt profound ſtupidity. On the ſide of it was *Mahammed*, adorned with all the regalia of eaſtern pomp, ſurrounded by a troop of *Janizaries*, holding a *Koran* in his left hand and a drawn ſabre in his right. I perceived that the painter had endeavoured to deſcribe ſome features in the countenances of theſe perſonages ſo nearly alike, that they might have appeared to indolent and ignorant ſpectators to belong to the ſame family. Above this hung another piece that gave me no

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leſs diſguſt—it was SUPERSTITION, with her left hand bathed in blood, in her right ſhe held an hoſt, her eyes were fixed on a crucifix—BIGOTRY ſupported her tottering ſteps, VIOLENCE poured out bags of gold at her feet, and IGNORANCE was burning incenſe to her; over her head was wrote in capitals—CHRISTIANITY. The ſight of this was ſo painful, that I turned from it very abruptly, and looking the genius in the face, obſerved him eying the two laſt pieces with a ſingular ſatisfaction and a joyous triumph.

As ſeveral bronzes and ſtatues were diſperſed round the room, I thought them alſo not unworthy my attention.

On the right hand of the throne was the ſtatue of SCEPTICISM, devouring its own offspring. Near this was MODESTY, very much mutilated. Oppoſite to this was a kind of Coloſſus, caſt in braſs, of an excellent workmanſhip, it was PRIDE, trampling under his feet KNOWLEDGE and INSPIRATION, who were, at the ſame time, caſting the moſt affectionate regards of pity on him. At a little diſtance I thought I perceived a copy of the two famous gladiators, but, on a nearer inſpection, found they were two apoſtles, *St. Paul* and *St. Peter*, carved in that attitude by a librarian, and by him preſented privately to the genius.

On the ſouth ſide of the fabric I perceived a door open, and by the deſire of my guide, who was all this time inviſible, I made up towards it, and found it led to another apartment, which I was informed was called the ſchool. Here all the diſciples were initiated in the principles of the genius; the maſter of the ſchool, who diſcovered great warmth in his countenance, was named PREJUDICE; he was the only ſon of PASSION and INCONSIDERATENESS, and in his features reſembled both his parents. He held in his hands a *quarto volume*, very pompouſly printed and bound, which was a compilation of all the moſt celebrated pieces that were wrote in vindication of the rights of the genius: the noble

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author, who had left it as a legacy for the use of the school, had his statue erected in the middle, with this remarkable motto — GREATER and BETTER. At that time I must confess, that I was at a loss to affix any idea to the words, but now recollect I have met with the same inscription on a monument in *Battersea* church, which is equally unintelligible. The binding was of massy gold, which was neither cast nor chased, but formed into its present dimensions by a *Mallet*. The smith, like other artizans, had like to have suffered for his ingenuity *.

I went out of this room into an area, where I perceived a number of people employed in building the *temple of* VIRTUE: the director of the works was a person of no mean character—every thing that could contribute to embellish and adorn, was lavished on the edifice; fitness, beauty, harmony, and proportion, appeared throughout the whole: but I perceived the structure built on a *sandy foundation*, tottering with every tumultuous blast, and tumbling at the impulse of every storm!

My GUIDE, who now discovered herself, offered her counsel to the workers, and advised them to run up a buttress or two, which might add strength, and would support the whole structure for ages; and, at the same time, recommended RELIGION as one who had built many a temple of that sort which *had stood, and would still stand* FOR EVER! Her advice, which seemed to me judicious, *they* looked on as ridiculous, and

* The author here evidently means *Lord Bolingbroke*, who was buried in *Battersea* church, and whose writings were, after his death, published in a superb manner by *Mr. Mallet*, who was zealous in the chilling cause of deism. Dr. Johnson once remarked, respecting this affair of his Lordship's, "That after having loaded a blunderbuss against the comfort and happiness of mankind—he *cowardly* left it to another to *pull the trigger!*" EDITORS.

proceeded

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proceeded in their works on *their* firſt plan, but while they were employed in meaſuring the proportion of a column—a ſudden guſt aroſe and ſwept away the whole building!!

The ſurprize I felt at ſo ſtrange an occurrence awoke me, and left me at liberty to commit my viſion to paper.

ON THE

SUN'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

[From Aikin's Calendar of Nature.]

THE *zodiac* is an imaginary broad circle in the heavens, within which all the planets have their paths. The central line of this circle is called the *ecliptic*, or apparent path of the ſun in its annual courſe. It is, however, the *real* path of the earth, as viewed from the ſun. The zodiac is divided into twelve parts, of thirty degrees each, each called *ſigns*, from the cluſter of ſtars or conſtellations through which it paſſes. Theſe ſigns have all been diſtinguiſhed by imaginary figures, which are traced out on the celeſtial globe, and which give name to them. They form, therefore, an aſtronomical calendar of twelve ſolar months, which, in the following manner, correſpond with the common reckoning of the months.

The ſun enters into

Aries, or the Ram—March 20.
Taurus, or the Bull—April 19.
Gemini, or the Twins—May 21.
Cancer, or the Crab—June 22.
Leo, or the Lion—July 23.
Virgo, or the Virgin—Auguſt 23.

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Libra, or the Balance—September 23.
Scorpio, or the Scorpion—October 23.
Sagittarius, or the Archer—November 22.
Capricornus, or the Wild Goat—December 22.
Aquarius, or the Waterer—January 19.
Pisces, or the Fishes—February 18.

In consequence of the inclination of the earth's axis, which is always directed to nearly the same point in the heavens, and is, therefore, always nearly parallel to itself in every part of the earth's orbit round the sun, it will appear, that in the months of March and September, the terminating circle of light and darkness on the globe, will pass through the two poles, producing equal day and night in all parts of it, which seasons are called the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. But in the month of June, at the time called the summer solstice, the terminating circle leaves the north pole a great way in the light, and the south pole equally in darkness, thereby producing summer, or long days to all the parts of the northern hemisphere, and winter, or short days, to all those of the southern. In December, or at the winter solstice, on the contrary, the north pole is in darkness and the south pole in light, consequently the seasons in each hemisphere are the reverse of the former state.

BATTLE OF THE APES.

TAVERNIER, in his journey from Maslipatan to Gaudicot, a town and fortress in the Carnatic, gives us the following singular relation.

After passing seven leagues we came to Oudicot. This day's journey was through a flat and sandy country, and on either side of the road nothing is to be seen but immense forests of Bamboo, a sort of cane, the height of which rivals our loftiest forest trees, and so thickly planted

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planted by the hand of nature, that it is absolutely impossible to penetrate them. These bamboo forests are swarming with almost incredible multitudes of APES, who, like their *civilized brethren* *, take upon them to partition the earth out among themselves, and are *natural*, I had almost said, sworn *enemies* to each other. Those who reside on one side of the park have no commerce or connection with those who reside upon the other, and should any one dare to pass the line of demarkation, he would run the most imminent risque of being instantly strangled. At Palicat, the governor proposed, that as we passed betwixt these jealous foes, we should divert ourselves by setting them together by the ears. The method of doing it is this; through the whole extent of this country, from league to league, the roads are crossed with gates and barriers, and guards are stationed at each of them, to take account and give information of every one that passes or repasses them, so that the traveller here pursues his rout in perfect security, and might, if he thought proper, carry his purse exposed in his hand. At each of these stations stores of rice are laid up for the accommodation of the passenger; and when he feels inclined to amuse himself with a battle, he disposes five or six baskets of rice at forty or fifty paces distance from each other, along the road, and by the side of each of them five or six truncheons, of about two feet in length, and of the size of a large walking staff. The baskets being thus arranged and uncovered, every one retires to some little distance, and forthwith the apes, who have been watching the process, are seen hastening down from the summits of the bamboos, and scampering along the neutral ground, toward the rice; there, however, meeting their adversaries hastening also toward the same point, no one will give up the prize, and no one dares to touch it; in this state of

* Lord Monboddo supposes mankind to be a species of improved cultivated Ourang Outangs.

suspence

ſuſpence they continue for perhaps half an hour, grinning and ſhewing their teeth at each other, now facing this way, now facing that, and equally afraid to commence the onſet; at length ſome daring female, with perhaps her little one in her arms, which ſhe carries as a nurſe carries her infant, daſhes upon the baſket and plunges her head into it. In an inſtant the adverſe males ruſh forward and ſeize her with their teeth, her friends ſupport her, and the charge being ſounded by her ſcreams, every one ſeizes the truncheon which is next him, and a furious conflict enſues; the weaker party are, ere long, of courſe compelled to *change their poſition*, and retire with broken heads and bruiſed ſhoulders into their own territory, and the victors remaining maſters of the field, eat the rice at leiſure. We muſt not however forget to add, that when they have gorged themſelves to the utmoſt capacity of their ſtomachs, they then, with all the generoſity of a conqueror, permit the females of the vanquiſhed to come and conſume *their offals!*

W. H.

THE

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THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

1800. JANUARY 21. THE *Ring, or Love me for Myself*, a musical entertainment, in two acts, was performed here, and is, in reality, an alteration of the entertainment of *The Pavilion*. It displays a laudable attempt to rescue the beautiful scenery, music, and decorations of that piece from the neglect into which they had fallen. *The Pavilion* is, of necessity, much altered by the introduction of several new characters, the principal of which is *Haddedad*, a ridiculous old courtier, personated by Mr. Suet, who performs it with his usual originality.

Several of the songs were encored, and the piece was received by a crowded audience, with almost uniform applause.

COVENT GARDEN.

JANUARY 16, 1800. A new operatical romance, entitled *Joanna*, was performed here with considerable approbation. The plot is borrowed from Kotzebue, and consists of the following incidents.

The castle of *Albert*, a Swiss chief, is taken by surprise by *Lassara*, a neighbouring knight, in love with *Joanna*, the lady of *Albert*. The castle however is retaken, and the wife, together with the child, recovered. There is also an under plot, well connected with the main piece, in which Eloisa, the supposed daughter of a sordid wretch, is discovered to be of noble birth, and consigned to the arms of Philip of Belmont, a gallant amiable

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able youth, to whom Albert is indebted for his life and fortune. We are happy to say, that the moral is, on the whole, perfectly unexceptionable; but the character of *Joanna* excites no surprise. *Lassaro* is a barbarian whom she hates, and it cannot be considered new in human nature, that *Joanna*, who loves her husband with great and unceasing affection, should receive the addresses of such an admirer with becoming horror and indignation.

The march in the first act is extremely beautiful, the symphonies also between the acts are very fine and abound in variety, but incline to the character of the most favourite Scotch airs. The decorations are rich, MRS. POPE'S, in *Joanna*, are indeed magnificent, and the scenery, consisting chiefly of landscape, present a softened picture of (the scene of the fable) Switzerland.

Were we inclined to enter minutely into this new piece, we would say—that the language and sentiment, though in general feeble and dilated, sparkle occasionally with passages of energy and ardour. In these, however, we trace a resemblance to PIZARRO, where the genius of *Kotzebue* shines with a resplendent lustre. The interest of the piece is weakened by the songs, symphonies, and choruses, so frequently interrupting the progress of the plot. But by their merit the defect is amply compensated.

KING'S THEATRE.

JANUARY 11, 1800. This theatre opened with the favourite comic opera of "*I Zingari in Fiera*," the music by *Paisiello*. *Mr. Kelly*, presided at the harpsichord in a most excellent orchestra, and the night was prodigal of novelties, calculated to impart high gratification. The principal of these was Signora *Bolla*, from Milan, of whose talents sanguine expectations were formed, nor were they disappointed. About *twenty*

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twenty-five years of age, her voice is clear, ſtrong, and enriched with ſweetneſs, her deportment eaſy, and her manner full of life and ſprightlineſs. Her perſon is good, and her countenance handſome, lighted up with a fine full black eye. She experienced the moſt flattering reception. The *ſecond* comic opera ſinger, Signora *Clara*, was alſo new, and not an unſucceſsful candidate for public favour. She has an intereſting countenance and a pleaſing perſon. There is much ſweetneſs and delicacy in her voice, and perhaps it may be owing to her evident timidity that it did not ſeem to poſſeſs ſtrength and compaſs in proportion.

A new divertiſement was introduced between the acts, compoſed by *Mr. D'Egville*, and after the opera a new Anacreontic ballet was brought out, with new epiſodes and dances. Theſe introduced, for the firſt time, *Mr. Deſhayes*, a new dancer, who unites great force and agility, and *Madame Pariſſot*, who never acquitted herſelf more ſucceſsfully. The dances in which the ſkip-rope, among other devices, was exerciſed with advantage, were diſtinguiſhed for novelty and variety. The pit and gallery were crowded, nor were the boxes deficient in ſplendour.

THEATRE, WOLVERHAMPTON.

THE theatre of this town opened on Friday November 15, 1799, under the direction of Mr. Hoy, with the *Birth Day*, *Silveſter Daggerwood*, and the *Jew and the Doctor*.

In viſiting provincial theatres, we expect not to find that order and conſiſtency we meet with in the theatres of the metropolis; but we hope to ſee reſpectful behaviour and humble endeavours to pleaſe. *Mr. Campbell*, in the character of *Harry Bertram*, ſeemed to lack exertion, probably owing to the thinneſs of the houſe, and the coolneſs of an undiſcriminating audience. Mr. Shuter's

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Shuter's *Captain Bertram* was respectable; we lamented his want of room in the garden scene, which occasioned some awkward evasions and ridiculous inconsistencies. We likewise felt for him in his interview with Emma, when that pathetic tenderness which should excite sympathy in every heart, created continual laughter. We do not impute it to a want of propriety in the performer, but to the depraved taste of an undeserving house. Common minds will ever mock those feelings that are too refined for their conception.

Mr. Fox in *Jack Junk*, and Mrs. Chambers in *Mrs. Moral*, afforded us much entertainment, and evinced a just conception of character that does credit to her understanding. We must not forget Mrs. Belfille in *Emma*; with a person formed to please, and parts that only want cultivation to render them conspicuous, we have to lament a forgetfulness of her situation. She would do well to study the graces of gesticulation, and acquire a greater command of her elastic powers.

In Mr. Fox's *Daggerwood* we were not pleased to find many passages omitted, and some unpardonable liberties taken with the author. Some theatrical freaks that were introduced, we were pleased with.

Mr. Eastmure in *Abednego*, displayed talents for the stage that deserve cultivation. We cannot approve of the sameness in his mnaner of repeating some passages of the author. In the course of the evening Mr. Fox gave us the new songs of the *Nailor*, *Abraham Newland*, and the *Tinker*, in the first and latter of which he was peculiarly happy.

We would wish to make all allowances for situation, and are inclined to be favourable, rather than severe, it being more pleasurable to approve than condemn; but of all things, public performers ought never to forget that "*Nature* is their subject, and *Men* their auditors."

THE

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JANUARY, 1800.

ON

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! how the merry ſounding bells rejoice
At time's departure, whilſt they gladly hail
The welcome new-born year! Their noiſy peal
Awakes the ſlumb'rer on the midnight bed;
Their cauſe arreſts his thoughts, and eagerly
His mind reviews the paſſing twelvemonth's deeds.
But ah! Ere half th' account is overrun,
His ſoul turns ſicken'd from th' employ, and fain
Would loſe itſelf again in ſleep: ſuch ſcenes
Of countleſs follies in remembrance riſe;
Such inſtances of inattention paid
To heaven's laws, temptations unſubdu'd,
Commandments broken, appetites indulg'd,
That, for the remnant of the night, repoſe
Forſakes him, and in bitt'reſt agony
His wakeful moments paſs. "Oh! RISING YEAR,
"How ſpeedy thy approach! How ſoon thou com'ſt
"To chide him for delay! Wretch that I am!
"Thy predeceſſor found me mark'd with guilt,
"And then I vow'd reform: I vow'd, and call'd
"On the Omnipotent to witneſs me;
"I vow'd and thought my promiſes ſincere.
"But falſe they've prov'd, and the Omnipotent
"Has witneſs'd only frailties and diſgrace.
"Unhappy being! When ſhall I collect

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" Sufficient energy to break the chains,
" The maſſy chains of vice? Almighty God!
" Thy help I aſk, inſpire me with thy grace,
" Add ſtrength and vigour to my weak reſolves;
" So ſhall my languid ſpirit rouſe itſelf,
" Put forth its powers, trample on the foe,
" And ſhake away this baneful lethargy.
" No longer then ſhall rolling ſeaſons bear
" Freſh tidings of my ſhame, nor future years
" Behold me ſtill a dilatory prey;
" But ev'ry month, each week, each ſetting ſun,
" Shall ſee new reformations, and aſſiſt
" To fix me in the paths of rectitude:
" With fulleſt raptures then my ſoul will greet
" *Each* year advancing, and at *ev'ry* cloſe
" My animated hope will fancy me
" A twelvemonth leſs to ſtruggle with the world,
" A twelvemonth nearer on the road to heaven."
The morn arrives, and ſtarting from the bed,
He haſtes with ardour to fulfil his vows.
May he fulfil them! May the gracious God
Liſt to his pray'r, and liſt'ning, grant him aid!

CHERTREA.

AN

INTERESTING QUESTION RESOLVED

AT

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR.

[*From Fawcett's Elegy, entitled Mortality and Hope.*]

SAY, muſt I toil YEAR following YEAR to ſlay,
In all their coarſer or their ſubtler forms,
The various follies on my peace that prey,
Only, *at length*, to fall the prey of worms?

When love of knowledge moſt intenſe ſhall glow,
When moſt I value reaſon's precious light;
Then muſt I ceaſe, for ever ceaſe to know?
Then reaſon's lamp go out in endleſs night?

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Heaven's beauteous works with clearer views survey'd,
When with devouter awe mine eyes adore;
Shall their fair object from before them fade,
And I admire those beauteous works no more?

Or was I form'd a vain desire to feel
Of lovely truths, their radiant face that hide?
Truths that to me their charms must ne'er unveil,
For ever to my longing eyes denied?

While the brute tribes with happier dulness blest,
No painful sense of straiten'd knowledge show;
In easy ignorance all incurious rest,
Content their fellows and their food to know;

Was I inform'd with this more stirring mind,
To mourn a night no dawn shall e'er remove?
Seeking a day, I ne'er am doom'd to find,
With anxious, fruitless steps, ordain'd to rove?

To paint th' alluring form of social weal,
Where minds, in order moving, all agree;
And in sweet chime the silver spheres excel,
Yet ne'er in act the lovely picture see?

To spend my soul in life-consuming sighs,
That men on men with savage rage should prey;
Nor hope to see a fairer scene arise,
Whose smiling image shall my pains repay?

The noblest want which nature knows to raise,
Say, shall she leave alone without its food?
Leave, while each lower thirst her care allays,
Unslak'd the lofty wish for boundless good?

While for each [illegible]der power her hands have made,
Those hands a field of ample scope prepare;
For oary fins, while watery paths are spread,
For winnowing wings the liquid plains of air;

Shall SOULS, equipp'd with won'drous powers to fly
Through the vast tracts of truth's and virtue's reign,
Be ne'er allow'd to sail that glorious sky,
Cag'd in this *narrow* life, and wing'd in vain?

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Ceaſe—ceaſe my ſong to mourn the lot of MAN!
Revoke the murmur and recall the tear!
It CANNOT be—that nature's faultleſs plan
To *him* alone denies a ſuited ſphere.

The eagle-pinions of this ACTIVE MIND,
Though *now* a little ſpace encloſe their flights,
At length the FIRMAMENT they aſk *ſhall* find,
And ſoar, without controul, CELESTIAL HEIGHTS!

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

Scene.—Eaſtern ſuburbs of Lynn.

Time.—Summer's eve at ſunſet.

ON yon horizon's verge the weſtering ſun
His fiery orb ſuſpends; the ſea, the ſky,
And landſcape, far as eye can trace, reflect
The glowing crimſon. What fantaſtic ſhapes
The clouds aſſume! Here Alpine rocks on rocks
(Whoſe rugged peaks are nature's throne) aſcend
Gigantic; here an ivied caſtle rears
Its ſky-crown'd battlements; there, ting'd with gold,
The rippling waves in ſilence ſeem to flow:
Anon the whole aërial pageantry
Fades gradual from the view.
How pleaſant now
The freſhening gale, that wafts the odorous ſcent
Of lowly clover! whilſt through yonder haze
Peers faintly from afar the ſwelling ſail
Of ſome poor fiſher's homebound bark, that ſcarce
The wat'ry mirror agitates.
But lo!
Where the laſt mellow tints of eve illume
Yon range of wall, whoſe crumbling arches ſpeak
A tale of other times! Ah! what though now
Hoar ruin ſaps its ſtrong cement; though now,
Spirit of deſolation! thou delight'ſt
Within its mould'ring buttreſſes to ſhroud
Thy ſombre form, the whilſt each murm'ring breeze

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Moans o'er its graſs-grown ſummit, erſt it ſtood
Entire in ſullen majeſty. Methinks,
The penſive anchorite of old ne'er found
A fitter haunt than yon forſaken pile;
There might he ſilent ſit, and muſe, and ſhape
The wild unbodied energies of mind!
Yet, ah! far other viſitant once claim'd
That drear abode; on thoſe grey turrets war
His banner rais'd, and his nocturnal rounds
The ſentry pac'd, what time (tradition ſays)
The ſteel clad Arbaliſter high updrew
The vaſt portcullis, and, himſelf unſeen,
Amid the foemen, through thoſe narrow loops
Pour'd his barb'd quarrels.
Oft the pratt'ling fire
Hath joy'd to tell his infant family,
How the loud roar of cannon and grenades
Each baſtion's firm foundation rock'd, what time,
In Charles's hapleſs cauſe, yon leaguer'd town,
Againſt his banded foes the fight maintain'd
Right gallantly, till hard neceſſity
"The ſlow ſurrender wrung."
No chronicles
From dark oblivion's void the lapſe recal
Of ages paſt, nor need we aught. Each ſtone,
Each hollow ſounding ſtone too plain atteſts,
How many a ſummer ſun hath ſweetly ſmiled,
As now it ſmiles! how many a winter flung
Its ſable horrors wide around, ſince firſt
Above the moat thoſe creſted bulwarks roſe!

Lynn, Norfolk. WM. CASE, JUN.

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SONNET,

On seeing a young and beautiful Female the voluntary Attendant of an old Man in the Country.

ETERNAL happiness attend the maid
Who leaves the scenes where slavish fashions reign,
And thus affectionately lends her aid
To smooth the brow of wretchedness and pain.

So smiles the sun on winter's cheerless snow,
When Flora and her train have fled the grove;
When northern winds tempestuously blow,
And mirth looks grave, and cool admiring love.

So have I seen, oppress'd with chilling age,
The wither'd oak, all leafless and decay'd,
Whose sturdy arms had brav'd the whirlwind's rage,
But only heaven and the fates obey'd.
Yet still the ivy and wild eglantine,
Would round its hapless trunk their vernal wreaths entwine.

Wolverhampton,
Aug. 9, 1799. CIVIS.

TO OPPRESSION.

CURS'D be thy iron reign, oppression dire,
Thou fell usurper of fair freedom's seat:
Fierce as the whirlwind, may thy victim's ire
Dash thee, remorseless fiend, beneath their feet.

From happy home thou dragg'st those victims forth
To scenes of horror, where fierce carnage reigns;
And desolation spreads o'er all the earth,
To add a *desert* to thy vast domains.

Though now in mould'ring heaps the village lies,
Its meads surrounding all distain'd with gore;
Fill'd with affright, tho' age decrepit flies,
And asks half-famish'd aid from door to door.

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Though widow'd matrons rave with ſorrow wild,
And thy terrific voice the young annoy;
Though *nature*, by thy blaſting breath's deſpoil'd,
Yet flaſh thy deep-ſunk eyes with ſavage joy.

And huſh'd is freedom's voice at thy command,
Repreſs'd her gen'rous energy of ſoul;
Vainly ſhe ſtruggles with thy venal band,
To break corruption's mind-bewild'ring bowl.

But of more import other ills are ſeen,
The gloomy priſon's death-cold cells behold;
Where ardent patriots groan with pallid mein,
Who ſpurn'd th' enchantreſs cup and luring gold.

Through ev'ry ſtreet, lo! haggard pen'ry ſtrays,
Hark! her pale children cry aloud for food;
See, trade diſtreſs'd, for ſpeedy ſuccour prays
To thy deaf hirelings—Moloch's brutal brood.

Oh! view with pity the wide ſuff'ring world,
And abdicate thy proud uſurped throne;
In Lethe's gulph may thy dread chains be hurl'd,
And free-born man no more with ſlav'ry groan;

Left ruin, ſwoln by thy abhorrent ſway,
Burſt like a torrent forth, and ſweep thy realms away.

J. S.

SONG.

COLD and bleak the northern wind
O'er my ruſtic cottage blows;
Chilling blaſts the rivers bind,
White deſcend the winter ſnows.

On the ſounding plain I rove,
While conflicting ſtorms engage;
Bleſt with her whom moſt I love,
What to me the boiſt'rous rage?

Blow, ye furious tempeſts blow!
Love's ſoft paſſion warms my heart;
There the ſoul's beſt feelings glow,
There the brighteſt flames impart.

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Place me in the *frozen zone*,
My fair ſhall ev'ry care beguile;
And while I call the maid *my own*,
More than *ſummer ſuns* ſhall ſmile!

JOHN JONES.

ON

THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

ADIEU, ſweet bird! alas! for ever gone—
No more thy melody ſhall charm my ear;
No more thy tuneful twitter hail the dawn,
No more thy ſong enraptur'd muſt I hear.

No vocal woods thy ſwelling note has grac'd,
No ſhady grove has echo'd back thy ſong;
The hawthorn buſh ne'er ſcreen'd thy moſſy neſt,
Nor ſaw thee, tender, rear thy callow young.

Around thy narrow ſphere condemn'd to roam,
No diſcontent diſturb'd thy peaceful breaſt;
Till death, untimely, ſwept thee to the tomb,
And huſh'd thy little flutt'ring cares to reſt.

Oft have I fed thee with renew'd delight,
And amply haſt thou paid my anxious care;
Ah me! thou'rt ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight,
My cares are paſt, and mem'ry drops her tear.

Ditchling. T. SADLER.

SONG.

WHEN friendſhip and ſocial good humour combine,
And the charms of the bottle improve;
When wit and gay mirth ſeem to ſparkle in wine,
The glaſs of young Bacchus I love.

When beauty you toaſt, fill my glaſs to the brim,
The bumper I'll never refuſe;
And may all the frowns of the fair fall to him,
Who dares to attempt an excuſe.

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When Apollo and Venus round Bacchus's chair,
New mirth to the banquet impart;
When ſuch is the union, what joy to be there!
What a pity we ever ſhould part!

But when from the tavern with riot and noiſe,
Reels forth the wild ſtaggering crew;
When crazy confuſion alone forms their joys,
To the ſons of the bottle adieu.

No joy from inſenſible drunkenneſs flows,
And he who expects it's an aſs;
'Tis *thought* muſt the baſis of pleaſure compoſe,
And WHO looks for thought in his glaſs?

T.

SONNET TO MEMORY.

SOURCE of pleaſure, ſource of pain,
Thoughtful treaſure, mental train;
From paſt bliſs for ever flow,
And in the mind for ever glow.

But o'er each ſcene of ſorrow vain,
The gloomy pictures of the brain;
O'er melancholy ſhades of woe,
Let oblivion her mantle throw.

Thus onward as I bend my courſe,
Devoid of fear, without remorſe,
Still may'ſt thou view preceding times:
And tracing late life's devious track,
With conſcious rectitude look back,
At follies ſigh, but not at crimes.

April 11, 1799. M.

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EVENING.

THE ſun was ſinking in the weſtern ſky,
And ting'd with red the heavenly dome;
Nature fatigu'd, ſeem'd gently to repoſe,
And hide her beauties in the ſhades of night.
Silence, the queen of ſolitude, now reigns,
Save where the nightingale reſounds her lay,
And fills the air with its melodious ſtrains.
Or through the ſilence liſtening, I hear
The gentle bleatings of the diſtant flock.
Phœbus now ſunk beneath the diſtant hill;
The ſilver moon reſumes her milder reign,
Whilſt glitt'ring ſtars and ſhining planets riſe
To enrich the firmament of heaven.

SONNET TO LOVE.

FROM ſcenes where noiſe and folly ſtill preſide,
Come, ſoft-ey'd love, and lead me to thy bow'r,
Where gentle ſtreams in peaceful murmurs glide,
And dreams of bliſs employ the paſſing hour.

Yes, deareſt maid! thy all-ſubduing form
Can gild with bliſs, ideal ſcenes below;
Can check the horrors of the driving ſtorm,
And fling a tranſitory gleam on woe.

The frowns of fortune and the loſs friends,
Prove thee the ſureſt antidote for care;
Before thy beams misfortune's brow unbends,
And hope, time's proſpect, paints with colours fair.

The goddeſs chaſte deſcends, immortal and divine,
And round my glowing brows thy genial bays entwine.

Wolverhampton, CIVIS.
September 9, 1799.

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A

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

PERMITTED by Almighty grace,
Another year of circling time
Comes to delight the human race
With light and life in ev'ry clime.

Now Europe's braveſt ſons contend
Upon the blood-beſprinkled plain,
And their black fleets new horrors lend
To native dangers of the main.

Murder by cruel Cain began,
And ſince aſſum'd a nobler name;
And war, the felleſt foe of man,
Is ſanction'd by the voice of fame!

Beyond our little ſyſtem's bound,
Thro' the infinitude of ſpace;
The countleſs worlds that ſhine around,
Diſplay our great Creator's grace.

Immortal virtue, truth, and love,
On their bright orbs for ever dwell;
But *here* our wars and miſeries prove
The preſence of the powers of hell!

From hell's dark caves relentleſs wrath,
Hot pride and mad ambition roſe,
Thoſe cruel caterers of death!
Thoſe friends that foſter human woes!

O! fountain of eternal love!
With SMILING PEACE the nations bleſs;
The dreadful din of war remove,
And ſtern oppreſſion's pow'r repreſs.

Then through the changes of the year,
While nature's varying beauties ſhine;
With free-will piety ſincere,
We'll praiſe thy PROVIDENCE DIVINE!

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ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1800.

Performed on Her Majesty's Birth-Day at St. James's.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

INCESSANT down the stream of Time,
And days, and years, and ages roll,
Speeding thro' error's iron clime
To dark oblivion's goal;
Lost in the gulf of night profound—
No eye to mark their shadowy bound,
Unless the deed of high renown,
The warlike chief's illustrious crown,
Shed o'er the darkling void a dubious fame—
And gild the passing hour with some immortal name!

Yet, evanescent as the fleeting cloud,
Driv'n by the wild winds o'er the varying skies,
Are all the glories of the great and proud,
On rumour's idle breath that faintly rise.
A thousand garbs their forms assume,
Woven in vain conjecture's loom;
Their dyes a thousand hues display,
Sporting in fancy's fairy ray;
Changing with each uncertain blast,
Till, melting from the eyes at last,
The shadowy vapours fly before the wind,
Sink into viewless air, "nor leave a wreck behind."

But if the raptur'd train whom heaven inspires
Of glory to record each deathless meed,
Tune to heroic worth their golden lyres,
And give to memory each godlike deed,
Then shall the eternal guerdon wait
The actions of the wise and great;
While as from black oblivion's sway
They bear the mighty name away,
And waft it, borne on pinion high,
With joyful carol to the sky;
Sage history, with eye severe,
Tracing aloft their bold career,
Clears the rich tale from fiction's spacious grace,
And builds her sacred lore on truth's eternal base.

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Literary Review.

The Annual Necrology for 1797-8, *including alſo various Articles of neglected Biography.* Vol. I. Phillips.

WE have, of late, obſerved a great predilection for new-fangled words, by which our language is debaſed and rendered the leſs intelligible to the generality of readers. *Anthology*, *Necrology*, &c. may be expreſſive to claſſical ears, but muſt ſound ſtrange to perſons unacquainted with the language whence they are derived. Such innovations, perhaps, cannot be fully juſtifiable by the ſound canons of criticiſm. But we muſt not be diſpleaſed with this work, on account of its uncouth front, its contents convey amuſement and inſtruction.

This work is intended to be annual, and to include the lives of the moſt eminent men who have expired during the preceding year. The preſent volume contains *thirty-four* characters, of almoſt every deſcription. Their names are—Lord Amherſt, George Anderſon, Bailly, Bakewell, Barthelemy, Benda, Count Bernſtoff, Bruce, Burger, Burke, Catharine II. Condorcet, Dancer, Sir John Dryden, Dupuy, Dr. Farmer, Reverend Mr. Fell, Colonel Frederick, Count Hertzburg, General Hoche, Sir William James, Reverend Dr. Kippis, Klerk, Lavoiſier, Marſhal Loudon, Reverend Mr. Maſon, Mellmann, Neubaver, Pennant, Staniſlaus Auguſtus, Theodore Stephen, King of Corſica, John Wilkes, Mrs.

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Mrs. Woolſtonecraft, and the Reverend Mr. Venn. From this diſh of fare it appears that great variety is afforded, and all taſtes will receive ſome gratification.

Moſt of the *lives* are of conſiderable length, and, in general, written with ability. We are glad to behold merit ſo perſpicuouſly detailed and ſo juſtly praiſed. The ſketch of DANIEL DANCER, the famous miſer, is curious and intereſting.

ANECDOTES
OF
THE LATE DANIEL DANCER,
COMMONLY CALLED
"THE MISER OF HARROW WEAL COMMON."

"An inſatiable thirſt after wealth, ſo juſtly denominated "*amor ſceleratus habendi,*" by a poet of the Auguſtan age, is only known in what is termed a *high ſtate of civilization.* In the infancy of ſociety man is content with what nature freely ſupplies.

"But it is not only during the ideal "golden age," that this paſſion is extinct; we find little or no veſtige of it even among the unpoliſhed tribes contemporary with ourſelves. True it is, that a property exiſts in the carcaſes and ſkins of the wild beaſts deſtroyed for ſubſiſtence, and the arms made uſe of for defence; theſe, indeed, conſtitute all their wealth. But who ever heard of a Laplander hoarding his ſuperfluous train oil? of a native of Kamſchatka burying the furs of the ſea otter? or a Cherokee chief contemplating, with ſullen delight, thoſe dreadful, but to him uſeful weapons, his tomahawk and his ſcalping knife?

"Avarice, that whimſical and capricious ſtimulus; that only paſſion which gathers ſtrength with age, and ſtill perſecutes when all others have ceaſed to torment us; is the vice, then, of man not in a ſavage but a civilized ſtate.

"A luxurious Roman, in the times of the emperors, pined after the wealth he had ſpent in inglorious debauchery, and actually put an end to his exiſtence, becauſe he had no more than fifteen or twenty thouſand pounds, of our money, remaining

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maining out of his immenſe fortune. In our own days, a knight * of the ſhire in a late parliament, who poſſeſſed property worth near half a million, was accuſtomed to puſh his horſe acroſs ploughed fields, and dine upon hard eggs, to eſcape the ruinous expence incidental to turnpikes and taverns; and this ſame legiſlator, who would play a rubber at whiſt for a couple of hundred guineas, walked home on foot every night from the gaming-houſe, to ſave a ſhilling for a hackney coach!

"We have had many other ſingular examples of this *mania* (for ſo it may be juſtly termed) in ſtill more recent times. Scheven, a rich banker of Hamburgh, who died in the courſe of the laſt year †, is ſaid to have denied himſelf not only the comforts, but even the neceſſaries of life; and, among other inſtances of penuriouſneſs, we learn, that, after a faithful ſervice of ſeventeen years, he called in the aid of a German taylor, for the purpoſe of attempting to *turn his coat!* In our own country, and in the immediate vicinage of the metropolis ‡, a bachelor § of more than eighty years of age, liſtening at length to the perhaps *gratuitous* advice of a phyſician, determined to treat himſelf with a bottle of his own wine; but this firſt fit of extravagance actually proved mortal, for, as he never truſted any body with a key, in conſequence of removing from a warm bed to a damp cellar, he brought on a ſhivering fit, which being ſuddenly followed by an apoplexy, the miſer is ſaid to have expired on the ſpot!

"Daniel Dancer was born in 1716, in the hamlet of Weal, in the neighbourhood of Harrow. He was deſcended from a reſpectable yeoman's family, in the county of Hertford, and his grandfather appears to have been ſettled at Buſhy, near Watford, where he followed the profitable occupations of mealman and maltſter. His father, who reſided at Stone Cauſeway, on Harrow Weal common, poſſeſſed conſiderable pro-

* Mr. Elwes.

† In January 1798.

‡ At Kentiſh Town.

§ Miſers are generally bachelors. This circumſtance undoubtedly originates in a peculiar ſpecies of *economy*; for, poſſeſſing the faculty of retention in an eminent degree, they ſeem averſe to the idea of even ſquandering away their *affections!*

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perty in land, which he farmed himself: he had four children, three sons and a daughter; and on his death, in 1736, his eldest son, Daniel, succeeded to the estate.

"It has somewhere been asserted, that there never yet were three successive generations of misers; the Dancers, however, form a special exception to this rule, for it is an undoubted fact, that the grandfather, the father, and all the children, were strictly entitled to this appellation! Their characters, however, were of a peculiar cast; for it was the ambition and the occupation of their lives, not to accumulate for the sake of their offspring, or relatives, or posterity, or themselves, but from the same principle that the magpie is said to steal gold—merely for the pleasure of *hiding* it!

"The contemporaries of the grandfather are now no more, and but few traditional anecdotes have been handed down concerning him. But Daniel was satisfied that his father had concealed money to the amount of more than one thousand five hundred pounds in the premises occupied by him, and this occasioned no little uneasiness; but it did not proceed from the fear of its not being discovered, but from the dread lest his brothers might find it, and not deliver it to him. This rendered him cautious of mentioning his suspicions; and it was full two years before any part of it was found. At length, on removing an old gate, about two hundred pounds in gold and bank notes, which had been concealed between two pewter dishes under one of the posts, were fortunately disenterred. The rest was never heard of.

"It was in the paternal mansion at Astmiss, at Causeway-gate, on Harrow Weal common, that Daniel was doomed by the fates to spend the whole of his life, which seems to have been one uninterrupted dreary [blank. His wretched habitation was surrounded by about eighty acres of his own rich meadow land, with some of the finest oak timber in the kingdom upon it; and he possessed an adjoining farm, called Waldos, the whole of the annual value of about two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, if properly cultivated. But *cultivation* was expensive, and so Daniel permitted grass only to grow there; indeed, in so neglected a state was the place for many years, that the house was entirely surrounded by trees, the fields choaked up with underwood, and the hedges of such an amazing

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amazing height, as wholly to exclude the proſpect of mankind, and create a dreary gloom all around.

"This was exactly what was wanted by the ſolitary poſſeſſor, for he appears to have led the life of a hermit during more than half a century, and to have been as much unacquainted with, and unknown to the world, although reſiding within eight or nine miles of the capital, as if he had been the inhabitant of a deſert. His principal, and, indeed, only dealing with mankind, aroſe from the ſale of his hay; and he was ſeldom accoſted by any body, except when he wandered about the common to pick up a ſtray lock of wool, collect the dung of ſheep under the hedges, or trudged along the road in ſearch of paper, old iron, or caſt horſe-ſhoes.

"His wealth was thus productive of no other enjoyment than the ſordid and unavailing one ariſing from the contemplation of riches which he did not dare to enjoy. On the contrary, it ſeemed to carry a curſe along with it, and to engender a variety of calamities to the wretched poſſeſſor. As he lived entirely alone, after the death of his ſiſter, for he could never prevail upon himſelf to be at the *expence* of a wife, the temptation to rob the *old miſer* proved irreſiſtible to thoſe who lived by rapine; indeed, there is ſome reaſon to ſuppoſe that they contemplated the plunder of a man of his penurious diſpoſition with but little compunction or remorſe: his avarice, if not an excuſe for, at leaſt ſeemed an alleviation of, the crime. He was accordingly robbed frequently, and, if report be true—for this was a ſubject on which he did not chooſe to enlarge—to a very conſiderable amount. He, however, once confeſſed, with tears in his eyes, to his niece, who had ſeen whole and half-pecks of halfpence on his ſtaircaſe, that "all—all was gone!"

"On theſe occaſions it was cuſtomary with the houſe-breakers to terrify him into a diſcovery of his more valuable property; and they are ſaid to have actually ſuſpended him by the neck ſeveral times before they could extort a confeſſion where it was depoſited.

"At length Daniel bethought himſelf of a mode of preventing their viſits, and puniſhing their temerity. After faſtening his rotten door on the inſide, in the beſt manner poſſible, he determined never to enter the houſe again through that aperture. Accordingly, he procured a ſhort ladder, always

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aſcended by its means, and pulling it in after him, took refuge in his miſerable apartment, where he literally reſembled Robinſon Cruſoe, ſhut up in his little garriſon.

"But not deeming this ſufficient, he actually dug a hole, or what military men term a *trou de loup*, before the entrance, which he covered over with looſe ſtraw in ſuch a manner as to ſecure the *principal approach* towards his caſtle, and entrap any incautious aſſailant, who might have the temerity to invade his darling property. After exhibiting this ſpecimen of his talents as an engineer, the modern Midas ſeems to have ſlept in ſafety amidſt his gold *.

"His ſiſter, who lived along with him for many years, at length died, and left a conſiderable ſum of money behind her, which went towards the increaſe of his wealth, and ſerved rather to ſtimulate than diminiſh his avarice. About this time commenced his acquaintance with the Tempeſt family, which, while it ſoothed his pride, alleviated the ſufferings and ſorrows of his declining age. Lady Tempeſt, who happened to live in his neighbourhood, compaſſionating the ſituation of Miſs Dancer, took her into her houſe during her laſt illneſs, and treated her with uncommon kindneſs. But the diſeaſe, which, dreadful to relate, is ſuppoſed to have proceeded originally from *inanition*, proved mortal, and rendered all the good old lady's care ineffectual.

"Although Daniel never evinced any affection for his ſiſter, he determined to bury her in ſuch a manner as ſhould not *diſgrace the family*. He accordingly contracted with an undertaker, who agreed to take timber in return for a coffin, as Mr. Dancer had no idea of uſing the *precious metals* as a vehicle of exchange: he, however, could not be prevailed upon to purchaſe proper mourning for himſelf; yet, in conſequence of the entreaty of his neighbours, he unbound the hay-bands with which his legs were uſually covered, and drew on a ſecond-hand pair of black worſted ſtockings. His coat was of whitiſh-brown colour; his waiſtcoat had been black about the middle of the preſent century; and the immediate covering to his head, which ſeemed to have been taken from Mr. Elwes's *wiggery*, and to have deſcended to Daniel as an *heir loom*, gave

* When hard puſhed, he is ſaid to have taken refuge in a well in the yard.

a groteſque

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a groteſque appearance to the perſon of a chief mourner, but too well calculated to provoke mirth. This, indeed, was increaſed by the ſlipping of his horſe's girth at the place of burial; in conſequence of which the rider, to the great diverſion of ſome of the Harrow boys who attended, was precipitated into the grave!

"The latter part of Daniel's life was, however, meliorated by the humanity and goodnature of his worthy and reſpectable neighbour.

"Lady Tempeſt preſented him with a bed, and at length actually prevailed upon him to throw away the ſack in which he had ſlept for years. Being a ſworn enemy to extravagance, he was careful to exceſs of the property of another. He could ſcarcely be prevailed upon, it is ſaid, to touch a joint. He delighted in fragments and cruſts; and, while indulging himſelf in theſe *luxuries*, muttered execrations againſt the devouring gluttony of modern times. He alſo evinced, on this occaſion, a conſiderable portion of that low cunning ſo common in illiterate perſons; for he pretended to pay his addreſſes to the cook, in an *honourable way*, with a view of keeping in favour with her; and, when it was evident that ſhe had diſcovered his intentions to proceed from what is termed *cupboard love*, he endeavoured to impoſe on her a ſecond time, by promiſing to remember her in his will!

"To a brother, ſtill alive, who keeps ſheep on the ſame common, and rivals the late Daniel in penury and almoſt in wealth, he always manifeſted the utmoſt averſion; to his niece, however, he once preſented a guinea on the birth of a daughter: but even here he made a hard bargain, for the gift was conditional—ſhe was either to name the child Nancy, after his mother, or forfeit the *whole ſum*.

"To the honour of Mr. Dancer, however, he poſſeſſed one virtue, and that too not a very common one in this world—gratitude. Accordingly, ſome time before his death, he made a will, and ſurrendered his copyhold eſtates to the diſpoſition he had made; the will and ſurrender were both in favour of his benefactreſs, Lady Tempeſt.

"The evening before his death he diſpatched a meſſenger, in whom he could confide, requeſting to ſee her ladyſhip; and, on being gratified in this particular, he expreſſed great ſatisfaction. Finding himſelf a little better, his attachment to the only

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only thing he reſpected, more than that lady, recurred, and that too with ſuch violence, that, although his hand was ſcarcely able to perform its functions, he took hold of his teſtament, which he had intended to have preſented to her, and replaced it once more in his boſom.

"Next morning, however, perceiving his end to be faſt approaching, he actually confided this paper, according to his original determination; and having now reſigned, as it were, all title to that adored wealth, which he conſidered as his "heart's blood," he ſoon after gave up the ghoſt, and was buried in the church-yard of his pariſh (Harrow), by his own particular deſire.

"Thus lived, and thus died, at the age of ſeventy-eight, on September 4, 1794, Daniel Dancer, a true diſciple of the Elwes's ſchool, the rigours of which he practiſed to a far greater degree than even his maſter. In conſequence of a very common miſtake of the *means* for the *end*, he deprived himſelf not only of what are termed the pleaſures, but even of the neceſſaries of life. At times, however, he would lament that he did not make a better uſe of his riches, and was once heard to regret that he had not, according to his original intention, ſet up a *whiſkey*, which in his opinion was the *ne plus ultra* of gentility. On another occaſion, upon receiving twopence for a pint of beer from a deputy commiſſary, who was about to pay him five hundred pounds for hay, during the laſt war, and had miſtaken him for one of Squire Dancer's ſervants, he bridled up, and ſaid that he intended ſoon to becôme a gentleman himſelf!"

"In his miſerable habitation were found ſome hundred weight of waſte paper, the collection of half a century, and two or three tons of old iron, conſiſting of nails, horſeſhoes, &c. which he had picked up.

"On the ground floor ſeveral pieces of foreign gold and ſilver were dug up, and ſome coins, among which were a crown and a ſhilling of the Engliſh commonwealth, both of which, by the generoſity of a friend, are now in the poſſeſſion of the writer of this article.

"Had it not been for the perpetual exerciſe of his *maſter-paſſion*, Daniel Dancer might have been a credit to his family, and an ornament to ſociety. He poſſeſſed the ſeeds of many admirable qualities, and exhibited frequent marks of ſtrong, nervous,

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nervous, good ſenſe, unpoliſhed indeed by commerce with the world, but at the ſame time unſophiſticated by its vices, or its follies.

"Both he and his father, during a ſeries of more than ſixty years, had allowed themſelves two jubilee days in the year: theſe were their feſtivals, and they enjoyed them, for there was good cheer to be had without expence. The periods alluded to occurred in April and October, at Sir John Ruſhout's court baron for the manor of Harrow. As head tenants they conſtantly attended; and it was obſerved by all the ſuitors, that if the Dancers ſtarved at home, they eat moſt voraciouſly abroad. On theſe occaſions Daniel diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his droll ſayings; and, whenever any attempt was made to ridicule, burleſque, or paſs a joke upon him (which was invariably the caſe), the wit and eccentricity of his replies ſoon put his antagoniſts to ſilence.

"No man had more of the true Engliſhman about him, at leaſt ſo far as concerned the defence of his rights and privileges, than Mr. Dancer. He was a ſecond Hampden in this reſpect; for, during the whole of his life, he would never permit any infringements on Harrow Weal common. Whenever an encroachment took place, without any reſpect to rank or fortune, Daniel inſtantly headed the villagers, and abated the nuiſance. This made him extremely popular.

"During a period of fifty years he never kept any female ſervant, or indeed any ſervant at all. At length, after the loſs of his ſiſter, and within a few years of his own death, he took a man, called Griffiths, into his ſervice; but he was never known to have a domeſtic animal, of any kind, within his walls.

"Miſerable and wretched as his diſpoſition was, he was not accuſed of having ever committed any act of injuſtice; on the contrary, he was ſometimes known to have aſſiſted thoſe whoſe ſtyle of living and appearance was infinitely ſuperior to his own.

"He had no farming buſineſs but during the time of mowing his meadows. That of his hay harveſt, then, ſeems to have been the only period of the year in which his mind was occupied by buſineſs: and this too was the ſole time in which jollity appeared to be familiar to his manſion; for he ſeemed then

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then to have entirely divested himself of his natural character. No gentleman in the neighbourhood gave his mowers better beer, or greater quantity, than Daniel did on this occasion. It was brought from a neighbouring brewhouse; for at this time only was the beverage of our Saxon forefathers to be found within his walls.

"On his demise, the house in which he died, and in which he was also born, exhibited a spectacle of misery and of terror; for it possessed so squalid an aspect, that no other person would have slept in it; and was actually so ruinous, that neither bricklayer nor carpenter would have ventured to repair it.

"Some time before his death he left this ancient tenement, which, with the surrounding meadows, has been lately sold by Sir Henry Tempest to the Marquis of Abercorn, on purpose to read his will to a person in the neighbourhood. An objection being made to it, on the ground that there was no provision bequeathed to his brothers, he replied,

"If I were of a great family, I would not disinherit the heir of the paternal estate—in such a case it would be wrong; but I have long had it in my mind to leave what I have away from mine. My brothers are both old men, and have much more than they can spend, or know how to make a proper use of; besides they have no children. I am ashamed of myself and them. I have not even improved my property! and, were I to live my time over again, I would not do as I have done."

"Mr. Dancer, as has already been observed, kept neither cat nor dog, and yet rats and mice were strangers to his dwelling: they had surely left it "instinctively," knowing they must starve there.

"He entertained a most singular idea of a neighbouring nation, although he entered but little into political discussions. He called the French Republicans, the *Romans*, and was fully prepossessed with the belief, "that they would, ultimately, overrun the world, and come and claim his lands, because they had once belonged to a monastry." So fully satisfied was he of this fact, that he was particularly careful never to utter a word against them.

"The two following anecdotes of Daniel have been communicated

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municated by a gentleman who poſſeſſed the beſt means of obtaining information concerning him.

"About ſix years before his death, during a hot ſummer's day, he was obſerved by a neighbour very aſſiduouſly employed in throwing water from a pool, by means of a frying-pan, on the ſurrounding meadow, which happened to be burnt up. On being queſtioned as to the object of his labours, he obſerved, "that he wanted a bit of nice freſh graſs for his old horſe, for hay being then very dear, a poor body ought to be ſparing of it." The ſame perſon, returning in three or four hours afterwards, found the old man in tears, and, on inquiring the cauſe, was informed, "that he had worked with the frying-pan until he was tired, when falling aſleep on the graſs, ſome rogue had ſtolen a pocket-book from him containing three hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes, which he had received the day before for ſome ricks of hay that he had ſold."

"Having been once reluctantly *bound over* by a magiſtrate, to proſecute a horſe-ſtealer at Ayleſbury aſſizes, he ſet out with a reſpectable neighbour, who undertook to accompany him. Himſelf and his horſe, on this occaſion, exhibited a groteſque appearance, for the movements of the latter were regulated by a halter inſtead of a bridle, while a ſack, faſtened round him, ſerved inſtead of a ſaddle; as for ſhoes, this was a luxury that Daniel's Roſinante had never been accuſtomed to.

"On their arrival at Ayleſbury, having ſtopped at an inn of decent appearance, Dancer addreſſed his companion in the following manner:

"Pray, ſir, do you go into the houſe, order what you pleaſe, and live like a gentleman, I will ſettle for it readily; but as for myſelf, I muſt go on in my old way."

"He accordingly did ſo, for he bought a pennyworth of bread for himſelf, ſlept under his horſe's manger, and paid fifteen ſhillings, being the amount of his companion's bill, with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs.

"Having ſaid ſo much of Daniel, it may not be amiſs to mention a few particulars about his immediate relations. Henry, his next brother, is an old man, and unmarried; he is ſuppoſed to be worth five thouſand pounds, which he conceals in

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in the true Dancer manner. He lives on Harrow Weal common, tends sheep at so much per day; will hold a gentleman's horse for two pence, and return him a thousand thanks. He commonly hires his services out to the farmers in any way he may be useful, and in consequence of a law suit, occasioned by his brother's will, he lately repaired to London in a new coat, of exactly the same cut and colour as that usually bestowed by the parish. In addition to other property, he possesses the farm of Waldos, worth about three thousand two hundred pounds.

"Hammon Dancer, the last of the race, is also an old man, and without children. He resides in a wretched habitation near Lambeth, exhibits the same uniform degree of misery as the other branches of his family, denies himself, like them, every comfort of life, and actually starves with six or seven thousand pounds in his possession.

"A little before the death of their sister, Miss Dancer, whose life had been prolonged by the care of Lady Tempest during six months, she expressed a desire to leave an acknowledgment to the dowager out of the one thousand six hundred pounds she had concealed in an old tattered black petticoat; but this was prevented by the eldest brother, who said "it was needless to give that good lady a part, for she would have the whole when he died."

"No sooner was she interred than Henry and Hammon applied for their share of the *personality*; but this was sturdily resisted by Daniel, who asserted, that he would not part with a penny: observing, "that as she had nothing originally, all her property must have been stolen from him: besides, he had boarded her during forty years, and he could not really afford such a heavy expence under thirty pounds per annum."

"On being threatened with a law suit, he did not appear at all displeased at the idea; indeed, it seemed exactly to tally with his favourite maxims of concealment: he shrewdly observed, "that the money, in that case, would soon be HID so safe among the lawyers, that none of them would be able to find it."

"He was, however, prevailed upon to give his brothers about four hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and releases were accordingly executed in the usual form: but from that time

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time he never ſaw them, and could not bear their names to be mentioned in his preſence.

"The whole of his property, on his deceaſe, amounted to about ten thouſand pounds; a ſum which, by proper management, he might have doubled, and at the ſame time allowed himſelf all the comforts of life.

"Thus, in his caſe, avarice was unaccompanied with that eagle-eyed keenneſs which is its uſual concomitant, and that ſpirit of calculation and finance, that Cocker-like knowledge of funds and figures, which generally occupies the daily labours, and flits around the pillow of the modern miſer."

We were pleaſed with other *ſketches* in this work, and will bring them forward to our readers on a future occaſion. We were gratified with the account of that amiable and excellent divine, the Reverend DR. ANDREW KIPPIS, of whoſe life we have already given a ſketch, together with a portrait, in a former number of our Miſcellany.

Reflections on Men and Things, tranſlated from a French Manuſcript of the late J. G. Zimmerman, Author of Solitude, &c. Symonds.

THE manuſcript of this work was found among the papers of a general officer of the old government of France, who lately died an emigrant in the iſland of Guernſey. The internal evidence of theſe *reflections* is in their favour, and there is a pointed ſhrewdneſs in moſt of the obſervations. They diſplay a knowledge of the human heart—and, upon the whole, we were much pleaſed with them.

We ſubjoin a few, which will ſhew that they are the reſult of thought and attention.

"To enjoy a deſpicable ſuperiority, the dignity of a rationaliſt is often, and wantonly ſacrificed: ſeldom can it be redeemed.

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"It is a ſoleciſm in ſpeech to ſay we have a fortune, unleſs we have a capacity to enjoy it; or that we poſſeſs a ſufficiency, if we can ſpend it.

"Be brief in converſation; be ſpirited likewiſe. Sir Richard Steele recommends the uſe of a mathematical ſieve, to ſift all ſuperfluities from diſcourſe, and writing.

"Induſtry is often imitated. Doing what ought not to be done, or doing what ought to be done, precipitately, cannot be called induſtry: it is only the active ſtate of ſloth.

"If violence is the promptest mode of deciding altercations, it is alſo the worſt; amongſt the numerous, and potent arguments that brawney arms poſſeſs, not one can ſtrike conviction.

"Apply to *little* people, in the ſeaſon of diſtreſs, they inſtantly become *great*; they are ſurprized at their own importance!

"In Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate ſcoundrels, or ſucceſsful butchers of the human race.

"What addreſs, or prepoſſeſſion beſpeaks, knowledge ſecures. Lord Bacon has declared, "that a pleaſing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation"—many are content to ſee, not to *weigh* objects*!

"If induſtry is no more than habit, it is, at leaſt, an excellent one. "If you aſk me which is the real hereditary ſin of human nature, do you imagine I ſhall anſwer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotiſm? No; I ſhall ſay indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the reſt." Indeed all good principles muſt ſtagnate without mental activity †.

"The badneſs of the times (as the vulgar phraſe expreſſes a ſcene of diſtreſs), frequently depends more on thoſe who govern the ſhip, than the weather.

"When the ſpirit of intellect purifies the groſſneſs of ſenſuality, the table furniſhes a cheering recruit for nature, and the feaſt is exquiſitely gratifying, and fit for a rationaliſt.

* According to Ariſtotle, the Ethiopians, and Indians, ſuffered the beauty, and ſtature of their kings, and magiſtrates, to determine the choice of them.

† Lavater.

"What

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"What cruelty there is in accuſing the ſoft ſex of loquacity; 'tis but little they ſay:—nor ſhould this little be objected to: much more is often times comprehended in their little, than is apprehended.

"We have many medicines, and few cures, and many cures without medicines.

"On as ſlight a pivot as opinion, the political and the moral univerſe move round. Yet, what is this *opinion* *?

"Never believe that rank neceſſarily includes ſuperiority, whilſt there is a ſingle ſcoundrel near the throne; or that the multitude are without dignity, whilſt a ſolitary individual is to be found who proudly worſhips at reaſon's ſhrine.

"Thoſe who like home beſt have good reaſons for the preference; and a curſe to the miſchief-maker, whoſe practice it is to deſtroy domal compacts. Where Hymen *is* propitious, happy, in reality, muſt be his votaries.

"The moſt venemous conceal their poiſon, and never, till occaſion calls, is the ſage diſcovered, or the ſinews of the ſtrong man bared to view: ſo deep lies good or evil!

"A complete hypocrite is a good reſemblance of complete honeſty †.

"Much conceit, and cunning, lurk under a queſtion, an anſwer, a ſneer, or advice ‡.

* "La pulpart des coutumes, et des opinions ſont telles, que ſi l'on ceſſoit de les inſinuer dans les cervaux encore tendres des enfants juſqu'à ce que la generation, qui vit ajourdhui ſur la terre, fut entièrement éteinte (en ſort que le fil de prevention ſe trouvat coupé, et interrompu, ces mémes opinions qui ſont ſi fortement appuyées ſur lesprejuges, ces coutumes qui ſont ſi puiſſamment établies ſur la prévention, perdroient tous les avantages qui leur font donner la préférence." *Traité de l'Opinion.*

"Opinion is, when the aſſent of the underſtanding is ſo far gained by evidence of probability, that it rather inclines to one perſuaſion than to another, yet not altogether without a mixture of uncertainty and doubting." HALE.

† "Who writes as he ſpeaks, ſpeaks as he writes, looks as he ſpeaks, and writes—is honeſt."—Lavater's Aphoriſms.

‡ A timid cockney enquires about the diſpoſition of the

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"Adviſe with friends, conſult with phyſicians; but *be* your own doctor and adviſer. Well has King Charles expreſſed himſelf on this ſubject. "I am not ſo confident of my own ſufficiency, as not willingly to admit the counſel of others; but yet I am not ſo diffident of myſelf as brutiſhly to ſubmit to any man's dictates *."

"Knaves are forc'd to pawn their honour—the honourable can live on their credit.

"There is as much vulgarity, and inconſiſtence, in the *muſk'd*, as in the *greaſy* mob; and much more inſolence †.

"Where there is wiſdom there will be good temper, calmneſs, and cheerfulneſs ‡.

horſe he is prepared to mount. "O ſir," replies the oſtler, "the beaſt has a rare temper." "Does he go well? "Aye, he's a nice one for going, though 'tis not very eaſy to ſay which way he'll go." "What faults has he?" "None worth ſpeaking of."

* "Advice is ſeldom well received, well intended, or productive of any good: it is ſeldom well received, becauſe it implies a ſuperiority of judgment in the giver; and it is ſeldom intended for any other end than to ſhew it: it is ſeldom of any ſervice to the giver, becauſe it more frequently makes him an enemy than a friend; and as ſeldom to the receiver, becauſe, if he is not wiſe enough to act properly without it, he will ſcarcely be wiſe enough to diſtinguiſh that which is good."

† "But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhime,
"Dubb'd by the muſk'd, and greaſy mob-ſublime."

ARMSTRONG'S TASTE.

‡ "Where true wiſdom is, there ſurely is repoſe of mind, patience, dignity, delicacy. Wiſdom without theſe is dark light, heavy caſe, ſonorous ſilence."

The mode of wording the laſt part of the aphoriſm, Lavater appears to have borrowed from Shakeſpeare—

"Love, heavy lightneſs, ſerious vanity," &c.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Indeed, who reads the Avonian without borrowing from him?

"Thoſe

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" Thoſe who weep after guilty conduct, ſend forth their ſhowers at the concluſion of a dry harveſt.

" The puerile ambition of doing things quickly, is the parent of impropriety and error; nothing is then well done, and many things are neglected *.

" A man that is rich, may be any thing beſides, without decreaſing his reputation: a man that is poor, may be every thing beſides, without encreaſing his reputation.

" Think not of *doing as you like*;—the expreſſion characterizes the head-ſtrong; the unjuſt. Do as you ought to do! —'tis a golden precept; Pythagoras has not a richer.

" Turn your back on prudence, in order to face danger, and the moſt powerful enemy you have is left behind."

" The ſon of traffic may be richer for the paſt; the child of ſcience is better for it.

" Reaſon is the beſt leader for all ſects: it would ultimately lead to the cloſeſt union, and ſects would be no more.

" To die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitant of the foreſt can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. *Great let me call* the human being who can do either! let it be remembered, that the one is a conſequence of the other †.

" Put only this reſtriction on your pleaſures, be cautious that they hurt no creature that has life.

At the end of the volume we find the following pleaſing lines on poetry:

* " Who ſeizes too rapidly drops as haſtily."
" Who graſps firmly can hold ſafe, and keep long."
LAVATER'S APHORISMS.

† " The pooreſt gladiator, ſays Cicero, dies before us without a groan, or exhibiting the ſlighteſt proofs of weakneſs." Vide *The Revenge, by* DR. YOUNG.

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THE

MUSE:

OR,

POETICAL ENTHUSIASM.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

" The muſe!—Whate'er the muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires;
The poet's birth I ſeek not where;
His place, his name, they're not my care:
Nor Greece, nor Rome, delights me more
Than Tagus' * bank, or Thames † ſhore;
From ſilver Avon's flow'ry ſide,
Tho' Shakſpeare's numbers ſweetly glide;
As ſweet from Morven's deſert hills,
My ear the voice of Oſſian fills.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires;
Nor bigot zeal, or party rage
Prevail, to make me blame the page:
I ſcorn not all that Dryden ſings,
Becauſe he flatters courts, and kings;
And from the maſter lyre of Gray,
When pomp of muſic breaks away,
Nor leſs the ſound my notice draws,
For that its heard in freedom's-cauſe.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Where wealth's bright ſun propitious ſhines,
No added luſtre marks the lines;
Where want extends her chilling ſhades,
No pleaſing power of fancy fades:
A ſcribbling peer's applauded lays
Might claim, but claim in vain, my praiſe

* Alluding to Camoens.
† Alluding to Pope, &c.

From

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From that poor youth, whoſe tales relate
Sad Juga's fears, and Bawdin's fate *.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
When fame her wreath, well-earn'd, beſtows,
My breaſt no latent envy knows;
My Langhorne's verſe I lov'd to hear,
And Beattie's ſong delights my ear,
And his whom Athens' tragic maid
Now leads through Scarnings' lonely glade,
While he for Britiſh nymphs bids flow †
Her notes of terror and of woe.

The Muſe!—Whate'er the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires:
Or be the verſe or blank or rhyme,
The theme or humble or ſublime;
If Paſtora's hand my journey leads
Through harveſt fields, or new-mown meads:
If Epic's voice ſonorous calls
To Eta's ‡ cliſt, or Salem's ⁋ walls;
Enough—The Muſe, the Muſe inſpires,
My ſoul the tuneful ſtrain admires."

In a work of this nature an inequality muſt be expected; but Zimmerman was a man of diſcernment, much converſant with life, and ever intent on intellectual acquiſitions. We therefore recommend this publication, and young people will, from its peruſal, in theſe long winter evenings, receive ſome inſtruction and more entertainment.

* Rowley's poems, written by Chatterton.
† See Mr. Potter's excellent tranſlation of Æſchylus and Euripides.
‡ See Mr. Glover's Leonidas.
⁋ Taſſo's gothic fancy and magnificence.

The

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The Minſtrel, in Two Books, with ſome other Poems, by James Beattie, L. L. D. to which are now added Miſcellanies, by James Hay Beattie, A. M. with an Account of his Life and Character. In Two Volumes. Dilly.

THE firſt volume of this work contains the well known poems of Dr. Beattie, whoſe Minſtrel is univerſally admired, and, in this edition, has undergone a few emendations. The ſecond volume preſents us with the poems of his ſon, an amiable and accompliſhed youth, who died in the twenty-ſecond year of his age, in November 1790. A life of conſiderable length is here prefixed, written by the father, who affectingly deplores the loſs he has ſuſtained.

As to the Poems, many are elegant Latin verſions, others original pieces, which ſhew thought and ability. *Hunting* is well deſcribed in the following lines:

HUNTING.

" Bright rays of purple fire the ſky,
And gild the ſhivering ſtream,
Beyond the weſtern miſt on high
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark! how the voice of hounds and horn
Floats in the fragrant gale;
Along the ruſtling thicket borne,
And down the ſhadowy vale.

They paſs; nor fancy's modeſt ear
The ſhouting train purſues;
No ſcreams of bloody triumph cheer
The ſolitary muſe.

Ye, whoſe victorious arts beguile
The ſufferer of its breath,
Who watch, with fierce unthinking ſmile,
The languid throbs of death;

Haſte,

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Haſte, let your harmleſs captives bleed:
Ye too muſt fall as they;
Death, on a ſwift though noiſeleſs ſteed,
Purſues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe
In lingering terror driven:
Kill, do not torture; mercy ſhow,
And mercy hope from heaven.

The *Modern Tippling Philoſophers* is not without humour, and the characters will be eaſily diſcerned:

THE

MODERN TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

Father Hodge * had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirſt to awaken,
He was ſerved with a raſher of ham,
Which procured him the ſurname of *Bacon.*
He has ſhown, that, though logical ſcience
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honeſt truth will ne'er ſet at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a muſket, they tell us,
Ere he wiſh'd, or was able, to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tipple than fight.
Of his ſyſtem the cauſe and deſign
We no more can be poſed to explain:—
The *materia ſubtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly ſhows,
At a *hob-nob* was frequently tried:
That all virtue from ſelfiſhneſs roſe
He believed, and all laughter from pride †.

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philoſophy. He flouriſhed in the 13th century.

† See *The Spectator*, Numb. 47.

The

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The truth of this creed he would brag on,
Smoke his pipe, murder Homer, and quaff*;
Then ſtarting, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Iſaac diſcovered, it ſeems,
The nature of colours and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That ſwam on his wandering ſight.
Ever ſapient, ſober though ſeldom,
From experience *attraction* he found,
By obſerving, when no one upheld him,
That his wife head fell ſouſe on the ground.

As to Berkeley's philoſophy—he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit,
But a ſwarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monſters, in ſpirit†.
Tar-drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend, but decline:
Why, they take but ſome wine to their water,
He took but ſome water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you pleaſe)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatch'd a monſter call'd *Fable of Bees*.
Vice, ſaid he, aggrandizes a people‡;
By this right let my conduct be view'd;
I ſwagger, ſwear, guzzle, and tipple:
And d—— ye, 'tis all for your good.

D—— H—— ate a ſwinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet the huge bulk of a ſinner
Said there was neither ſpirit nor matter.

* Hobbes was a great ſmoker, and wrote what ſome have been pleaſed to call a tranſlation of Homer.

† He taught that the external univerſe has no exiſtence, but an ideal one, in the mind (or *ſpirit*) that perceives it; and he thought tar-water an univerſal remedy.

‡ Private vices public benefits.

Now

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Now there's no ſober man in the nation,
Who ſuch nonſenſe could write, ſpeak, or think:
It follows, by fair demonſtration,
That he philoſophized in his drink.

As a ſmuggler even P——— could ſin;
Who, in hopes the poor gauger of frightening,
While he filled the caſe-bottles with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning*.
In his cups, (when Locke's laid on the ſhelf)
Could he ſpeak, he would frankly confeſs it t'ye,
That, unable to manage himſelf,
He puts his whole truſt in neceſſity.

If the young in raſh folly engage,
How cloſely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retains, as a ſage,
The thirſt he acquired when a devil†.
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding, from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high prieſt could explain‡.
How the ſoul is but nerve at the moſt;
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That ſecreted the Paradiſe Loſt.
And ſure, it is what they deſerve,
Of ſuch theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere muddy ſuggeſtions of claret.

Our Holland philoſophers ſay, Gin
Is the true philoſophical drink,
As it made Doctor H———y imagine
That to *ſhake* is the ſame as to *think*§.

* Electrical batteries.

† Bred a printer. This was written long before Dr. Franklin's death.

‡ Dr. L. Bp. of C. is probably the perſon here alluded to. He was a zealous materialiſt.

§ He reſolved perception and thinking into *vibrations*, and (what he called) *vibratiuncles*, of the brain.

For,

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For, while drunkenneſs throb'd in his brain,
The ſturdy materialiſt choſe (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wiſdom, and downright philoſophy.

Ye ſages, who ſhine in my verſe,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearſe,
But impute all your ſin to your drink.
In drink, poets, philoſophers, mob, err;
Then excuſe, if my ſatire e'er nips ye;
When I praiſe, think me prudent and ſober,
If I blame, be aſſured I am typſy."

But the longeſt poem in this collection is entitled, "Fragments of a Poem on the Excellence of Chriſtianity," which every judicious friend to Revelation will peruſe with ſatisfaction. An elegant portrait of this extraordinary young man is prefixed, which is too young for the period of his death, and therefore his age, at the time of its being taken, ought to have been aſſigned.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received ſeveral pieces both in proſe and poetry, which are entitled to particular attention. Our GENERAL HALF-YEARLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, ſhall appear in the Number for February.

With reſpect to our Correſpondent T. we ſhall ſay—that he poſſeſſes talents deſerving of cultivation.

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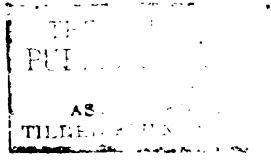

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Lord Hood

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

FEBRUARY 1800.

MEMOIRS OF LORD HOOD.

VENTIS SECUNDIS.

FOR the frequent introduction of Naval characters into our Miſcellany, we ſhall offer no apology. The recollection of our inſular ſituation, and of the exploits performed by us on the ocean, forms a ſufficient plea for our conduct. The protection of our lives and our property, is, in a meaſure, owing to our navy. An invaſion is almoſt impoſſible. Britain is on every ſide ſurrounded, and ſecured by her courage and bravery.

LORD HOOD is a native of the Weſt of England, which, from the maritime nature of its coaſts has, at different times, produced many able ſea-officers. This, likewiſe, is the probable reaſon of the ſubject of our Memoir having early turned his attention to the ſea. Circumſtances of this kind often determine the future complexion of our lives. So much are we under the influence of accidental things; great care therefore ſhould be taken to guide the young mind in the proper application of its talents. Upon a wiſe appropriation of our powers depend both the proſperity and happineſs of futurity.

We have not been able to learn the year in which his Lordſhip was born; but his appearance indicates that he

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he is in an advanced ſtate of life. Indeed from the length of time he was in the navy, and the ſeries of ſervices which he has paſſed through, he cannot be very far from that period which comprehends the ſpan uſually aſſigned to mortality.

In 1759 we firſt hear of his taking the Bellona, a French veſſel, after an action of conſiderable duration. Lord Anſon, who ſailed round the world, was ſo pleaſed with Lord Hood's conduct on this occaſion, that he preſented him to the King, who rewarded him by immediate promotion. He had given him the command of the Africa of ſixty-four guns, in which he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his exertions againſt the common enemy.

In 1768 we are informed that he was deſtined to an American ſtation. He was, at this time, hovering about the ſhores of the United States. At this early period he plainly ſaw the increaſing ferment of the Americans, which, after a tedious and cruel war, terminated in a total diſruption from the mother country.

After France had joined with America in the conteſt, his Lordſhip was ſent to annoy the enemy in the Weſt Indies. He took a conſiderable part in the famous action of the 12th of April, 1782, when Sir George Brydges Rodney obtained a complete victory. Count de Graſſe was captured in the Ville de Paris, together with four other ſhips, beſides one being ſunk in the action. In his diſpatches to government, the Commander in Chief mentions Lord Hood (then only Sir Samuel Hood, Bart.) with particular approbation. The commendation is too remarkable and impreſſive to be omitted on the preſent occaſion. Such panegyrics ought not to be forgotten.

"The gallant behaviour," ſays Admiral Rodney, "of the officers and men of the fleet I have the honour to command, has been ſuch as muſt for ever endear them to all the lovers of their king and country. The noble behaviour of my *ſecond* in command, SIR SAMUEL

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MUEL HOOD, Bart. who, in both actions, moſt conſpicuouſly exerted himſelf, demands my warmeſt encomiums."

The 12th of April was a remarkable era in the American war; the victory of that day reſounded through Britain, and will make a ſtriking figure in the annals of our country. Soon after this period, however, the horrors of war ceaſed, a reconciliation was effected between America and England, and Peace, with balmy wing, once more ſhed her bleſſings on two diſtant regions of the earth!

Soon after this period Lord Hood became member for Weſtminſter, in conjunction with that celebrated ſtateſman Charles James Fox, whoſe talents and patriotiſm entitle him to univerſal admiration. This ſtation, however, he did not long retain, for he was removed into the Houſe of Peers.

In the courſe of the preſent unhappy war, his Lordſhip has diſtinguiſhed himſelf chiefly on two occaſions, the ſeizure of Toulon and the capture of Corſica.

The *ſeizure of Toulon* was a momentous buſineſs, and for a long time occupied general attention. It is the ſecond ſea-port of the French Republic, and contains ſeveral arſenals of conſiderable magnitude. It has two moles of ſeven hundred paces each in length, which almoſt ſurrounded the harbour, and leave but a narrow entrance for the ſhips. There are always men of war here as well as other ſhips, and there is a very fine quay paved with bricks. The harbour is defended by ſeveral forts, and is one of the beſt in Europe. It is ſeated on the Mediterranean Sea, forty miles S. E. of Aix, thirty S. E. of Marſeilles, and four hundred and fifty S. by E. of Paris.

This ſtrong place was taken by Lord Hood, and was, for ſeveral months in his poſſeſſion. At length it was vigorouſly attacked, and finally yielded to the enemy. General O'Hara fell into the hands of the French

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on the occasion. The evacuation of this place by our troops, was conducted with effect and rapidity. Upon their departure, ten sail of the line, then in the harbour, and three sail of the line were destroyed. Three sail of the line and four frigates were also taken away. But the most melancholy task to be performed was the removal of the royalists who did not wish to remain, and thereby expose themselves to the fury of an exasperated enemy. The English men of war, therefore, were crowded with these unfortunate people, and some thousands conveyed to a place of safety. The humanity of Lord Hood in saving these poor wretches, deserves praise—such acts are remembered with pleasure.

His Lordship now endeavoured to annoy the enemy in the Mediterranean, and his manœuvres displayed an unremitting activity.

With respect to *Corsica*, his first attack was unsuccessful, his second gratified his wishes and expectations. This renowned island was taken, and added to the numerous British possessions in the several parts of the world. It has, however, been since retaken, and is now of course annexed to the French dominions. Such is the fate of this island, over which the brave *Paoli* once presided, and from which the unfortunate *Theodore* derived his title of king, which added nothing to his felicity. History informs us of these constant revolutions, to which human affairs are perpetually subject; and hence its pages are distinguished for a novel variety. Of Corsica, Boswell gives an entertaining account; by him many interesting particulars are detailed respecting the customs and manners of its inhabitants.

With these exploits of *Toulon* and *Corsica*, the public history of LORD HOOD terminates, and he is now retired from the services of his country. That he would not again resume his former exertions we dare not say. But certain it is, that he is not at present engaged, and, consequently,

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conſequently, partakes of the calm leiſure of retirement. Advanced in years, ſuch a retreat cannot be wholly unacceptable to him, and he has it in his power to look back on a long portion of his life devoted to the ſervice of his country.

We cloſe with fervent wiſhes that BRITAIN may, ere long, relinquiſh every engagement connected with war, that ſhe may court and enjoy the ineſtimable bleſſings of peace, and that ſhe may advance towards the attainment of every real good with an accelerated rapidity. Such a progreſs muſt impart to her friends ſubſtantial gratification.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXVIII.]

CURIOUS CHARACTERS OF JAMES THE FIRST.

DR. WILLIAMS

PREACHED and printed his funeral ſermon, with the title of Great Britain's Solomon. This ſermon is a curioſity, and deſerves to be known as a ſpecimen of the groſs flattery of thoſe times. His text was 1 Kings, xi. 41, 42, and part of the 43d verſe. After having mentioned the text, he begins thus: "Moſt high and mighty, moſt honourable, worſhipful, and well-beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; it is not I, but this woful accident that chuſeth the text." He proceeds then to conſider it as applicable to Solomon, and afterwards compares him and James "Firſt, as it were in one general lump, or mould, that you may ſee by the *oddneſs* of their proportion, how they differ from all kings beſides. And then with a particular examination of the part of my text, that you may obſerve, by the ſeveral members, how well they reſemble the one the other.

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" For the bulke or the mould, I dare presume to say, you never read in your lives of two kings more fully paralleled amongst themselves, and better distinguished from all other kings besides themselves. King Solomon is said to be *unigenitus coram matre sua*, the only son of his mother, Prov. iv. 3. So was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy. Can. v. 10. So was King James. Solomon was an infant king, *puer pavulus*, a little child. 1 Chron. xxii. 5. So was King James, a king at the age of thirteen months. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predecessor. So, by the force and compulsion of that state, did our late sovereign King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a king. So was King James. Solomon's minority was rough, through the quarrels of the former sovereigns. So was that of King James. Solomon was learned above all the princes of the east. So was King James above all the princes in the universal world. Solomon was a writer in prose and verse. So, in a very pure and exquisite manner was our sweet sovereign King James. Solomon was the greatest patron we ever read of to church and churchmen; and yet no greater (let the house of Aaron now confess) than King James. Solomon was honoured with ambassadors from all the kings of the earth; and so you know was King James. Solomon was a main improver of his home commodities, as you may see in his trading with Hiram; and, God knows, it was the daily study of King James. Solomon was a great maintainer of shipping and navigation; a most proper attribute to King James. Solomon beautified very much his capital city with buildings and waterworks; so did King James. Every man lived in peace under his vine and fig-tree in the days of Solomon; and so they did in the blessed days of King James. And yet towards his end King Solomon had secret enemies, Razan, Hadad, and Jereboam, and prepared for a war upon going to his grave; so had, and so did King James. Lastly, before any hostile act we read of in the history,

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history, King Solomon died in peace, when he had lived about sixty years; and so you know did King James."

One would think this had been enough of all conscience; but the Right Reverend Preacher proceeds "to polish and refine the members of this statue in their division and particular."

"In his style," says he, "you may observe the Ecclesiastes; in his figures the Canticles; in his sentences the Proverbs; and in his whole discourse *reliquum verborum Solomonis*, all the rest that was admirable in the eloquence of Solomon. From his sayings I come to his doings, *Quæ fecerit*, all that he did. Every action of his sacred Majesty was a virtue, and a miracle to exempt him from any parallel amongst the modern kings and princes. Of all Christian kings that ever I read of, he was the most constant patron of churches and churchmen. I will speak it boldly, in the presence here of God and men, that I believe in my soul and conscience, there never lived a more constant, resolute, and settled Protestant, in point of doctrine, than our late sovereign. Through all Europe, no more question was made of his being just, than of his being King. He was resolute enough, and somewhat too forward in those unapproachable places (the Highlands) scattering his enemies as much with his example as he did with his forces. Besides these adventures of his person, he was unto his people, to the hour of his death, another cherubim with a flaming sword, to keep out enemies from this paradise of ours."

After flourishing upon his political wisdom and learned works, he goes on to let us know, "That as he lived like a king so he died like a saint. All his latter days he spent in prayer, sending his thoughts before into heaven, to be the harbingers of his happy soul. Some four days before his end, he desired to receive the blessed sacrament, and said he was prepared for it by faith and charity. He repeated the articles of the Creed, and after the absolution had been read and pronounced,

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pronounced, he received the ſacrament with that zeal and devotion, as if he had not been a frail man, but a cherubim clothed with fleſh and blood; he twice or thrice repeated *Domine Jeſu veni cito*; and after the prayer uſually ſaid at the hour of death was ended, his lords and ſervants kneeling, without any pangs or convulſions at all, *dormivit Solomon*, Solomon ſlept. And his ſoul," adds the good Biſhop, "ſevered from the dregs of the body, doth now enjoy an eternal *dreaming* in the preſence of God, environed no more with lords and knights, but with troops of angels and the ſouls of the bleſſed, called in this text his fore-runners or fathers."

LAUD

OBSERVES of this ſapient prince "That it was little leſs than a miracle, that ſo much ſweetneſs ſhould be found in ſo great a heart; that clemency, mercy, and juſtice were eminent in him; that he was not only a preſerver of peace at home, but the great peace-maker abroad; that he was bountiful, and the greateſt patron of the church; that he was the moſt learned prince in matters of religion, and moſt orthodox therein; that he devoutly received the bleſſed ſacrament, and *approved of abſolution*; that he called for prayers, was full of patience at his death, and had his reſt in Abraham's boſom.

SPOTSWOOD

DETERMINING not to be out done by Williams and Laud, declares, "That he was the Solomon of this age, admired for his wiſe government, and for his knowledge in all manner of learning. For his wiſdom, moderation, love of juſtice; for his patience and piety (which ſhined above all his other virtues, and is witneſſed in the learned works he left to poſterity) his name ſhall never be forgotten, but remain in honour ſo long as the world endureth."

THE

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THE NEGRO.

MR. EDWARDS, who has written *an Hiſtory of the Weſt Indies*, remarks, that "If a negro is aſked even an indifferent queſtion by his maſter, he ſeldom gives an immediate reply, but affecting not to underſtand what is ſaid, compels a repetition of the queſtion, that he may have time to conſider not what is the true anſwer, but what is the moſt *politic* one for him to give." Mr. Edwards however aſſures us, that many of theſe unfortunate negroes learn cowardice and falſehood after they become ſlaves. When they firſt come from Africa, many of them ſhew "a frank and fearleſs temper," but all diſtinction of character amongſt the native Africans is ſoon loſt under the levelling influence of *ſlavery*.

SCIENTIFIC AGITATION.

M. L'ABBE CHAPPE, who was ſent by the King of France, at the deſire of the French Academy, to Siberia, to obſerve the tranſit of Venus, gives us a ſtriking picture of the ſtate of his own mind, when the moment of this famous obſervation approached. In the deſcription of his own feelings, this traveller may be admitted as good authority. A few hours before the obſervation, a black cloud appeared in the ſky; the idea of returning to Paris after ſuch a long and perilous journey, without having ſeen the tranſit of Venus; the idea of the diſappointment to his king, to his country, to all the philoſophers in Europe, threw him into a ſtate of agitation which muſt have been felt to be conceived. At length the black cloud vaniſhed, his hopes affected him almoſt as much as his fears had done; he fixed his teleſcope, ſaw the planet—his eye wandered over the immenſe ſpace a thouſand times in a minute; his ſecretary ſtood on one ſide with his pen in his hand; his aſſiſtant, with his eye fixed upon the watch, was ſtationed

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ſtationed on the other ſide. The moment of the total immerſion arrived, the agitated philoſopher was ſeized with an univerſal ſhivering, and could ſcarcely command his thoughts ſufficiently to ſecure the obſervation.

PETER THE WILD BOY

HAD all his ſenſes in remarkable perfection. He lived at a farm-houſe, within half a mile of us in Hertfordſhire, for ſome years, and we had frequent opportunities of trying experiments upon him. He could articulate imperfectly a few words, in particular *King George*, which words he always accompanied with an imitation of the bells which rang at the coronation of George the Second; he could, in a rude manner, imitate two or three common tunes, but without words. Though his head, as Mr. Wedgwood, and many others had remarked, reſembled that of Socrates, he was an idiot; he had acquired a few automatic habits of rationality and induſtry; but he could never be made to work at any continued occupation; he would ſhut the door of the farm-yard five hundred times a day, but he would not reap or make hay. Drawing water from a neighbouring river was the only domeſtic buſineſs which he regularly purſued. In 1779 we viſited him and tried the following experiment. He was attended to the river by a perſon who emptied his buckets repeatedly after Peter had repeatedly filled them. A ſhilling was put before his face into one of the buckets, when it was empty; he took no notice of it, but filled it with water, and carried it homeward; his bucket was taken from him before he reached the houſe, and emptied on the ground, the ſhilling, which had fallen out was again ſhewed to him, and put into the bucket. Peter returned to the river, again filled his bucket, and went home, and when the bucket was emptied by the maid at the houſe where he lived, he took the ſhilling and laid it in a place where he was accuſtomed to depoſit the preſents

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preſents that were made to him by curious ſtrangers, and whence the farmer's wife collected the price of his daily exhibition.

A DIFFICULT WORD.

A CERTAIN dame, at a country ſchool, who had never been able to compaſs the word *Nebuchadnezzar*, uſed to deſire her pupils to call it *Nazareth*, and let it paſs.

GENERAL TERMS

ARE, as it were, but the *indorſements* upon the bundles of our ideas; they are uſeful to thoſe who have collected a number of ideas, but utterly uſeleſs to thoſe who have no collection ready for claſſification; nor ſhould we be in a hurry to tie up the bundles, till we are ſure that the collection is tolerably complete; the trouble, the difficulty, the ſhame of untying them late in life, is felt even by ſuperior minds. "Sir," ſaid Dr. Johnſon, "I dont like to have any of my opinions attacked. I have made up my faggot, and if you draw out one, you weaken the whole bundle."

JOHN HARRINGTON TO HIS MOTHER, 1540.

THERE was a battell fought of late,
Yet was the ſlaughter ſmall;
The ſtriſe, whether I ſhulde wright,
Or ſend nothing at all.

Of one ſyde were the captayne's names,
Short Tyme and Lyttle Skill;
One fought alone agaynſt them bothe,
Whoſe name was Great Good-Will.

Short Tyme enforſt me in a ſtraite,
And bade me holde my hand;
Small Skill alſo withſtood deſyre,
My wryteing to withſtand.

But

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But Great Good-Will, in ſhew though ſmall,
To wright encourag'd me;
And to the battaille helde on ſtill,
No common things to ſee.

Thus gan theſe buſye warriours three,
Betwene themſelves to fight,
As valiauntlye as though they had
Bene of much greater might.

Till fortune, that unconſtant dame,
Which rubs ſoche things allwaye,
Did cauſe the weaker parte in fight
To bear the greater ſway;

And then the victor cauſed me,
However was my ſkill,
To wright theis vearſes unto you,
To ſhew my great Good-Will.

EPITAPH IN EASTBOURNE CHURCH, SUSSEX.

Sacred to the Memory of Henry Luſhington,
Eldeſt Son of Henry Luſhington, D. D. Vicar of this Pariſh, and Mary his Wife;
Whoſe ſingular Merits, and as ſingular Sufferings, cannot fail of endearing him to the lateſt Poſterity.
At the Age of Sixteen, in the Year 1754, he embarked for Bengal,
In the Service of the *India* Company,
And, by attaining a perfect Knowledge of the Perſian Language, made himſelf eſſentially uſeful.
It is difficult to determine whether he excelled more in a Civil or Military Capacity.
His Activity in both recommended him to the Notice and Eſteem of Lord Clive,
Whom, with equal Credit to himſelf and Satisfaction to his Patron,
He ſerved in the different Characters of Secretary, Interpreter, and Commiſſary.

In

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In the Year 1756, by a melancholy Revolution, he was with others, to the amount of 146, forced into a Dungeon at *Calcutta*, ſo ſmall, that Twenty-three only eſcaped Suffocation.

He was one of the Survivors, but reſerved for greater Miſery;

For by a ſubſequent Revolution in the Year 1763, he was, with 200 more, taken Priſoner at Patna, and, after a tedious Confinement, being ſingled out with JOHN ELLIS and WILLIAM HAY, Eſquires, was, by the Order of the Nabob *Coſſim Ally Kawn*, and, under the Direction of One *Someroo*, an Apoſtate *European*,

deliberately and inhumanly murdered:

But while the Sepoys were performing their ſavage Office on the firſt-mentioned Gentleman, fired with a generous Indignation at the Diſtreſs of his Friend, he ruſhed upon his Aſſaſſins, unarmed,

And ſeizing One of their Scymitars, killed Three of them, and wounded Two others, till, at length oppreſſed with Numbers, he greatly fell.

His private Character was perfectly conſiſtent with his public One.

The amiable ſweetneſs of his Diſpoſition attached Men of the worthieſt Note to him.

The Integrity of his Heart fixed them ever firm to his Intereſts.

As a Son, he was one of the moſt kind and dutiful, as a Brother the moſt affectionate.

His Generoſity towards his Family was ſuch as hardly to be equalled;

His Circumſtances and his Age conſidered, ſcarce to be exceeded.

In ſhort, he lived and died an Honour to his Name, his Friends, and his Country.

His race was ſhort (being only Twenty-ſix Years of Age when he died) but truly Glorious.

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The rising Generation must admire—may they imitate
so bright an Example!
His Parents have erected this Monument as a lasting
Testimony of *their* Affliction and of *his* Virtues.

INDIAN COCK FIGHTING.

THE Indians are extravagantly fond of cock-fighting, especially the inhabitants of Sumatra, and the other Malays, they pay even greater attention to the training and feeding these birds than we ever did, even when that diversion was at its height. They arm one of the legs only not with a slender gaff as we do, but with arms in form of a scymeter, which make most dreadful destruction. The cocks are never trimmed, but fought in full feather. The Sumatrans fight their cocks for vast sums; a man has been known to stake his wife or his children, a son his mother or sisters on the issue of a battle. In disputed points four umpires are appointed; if they cannot agree, there is no appeal but to the sword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are invulnerable; a father, on his very death-bed, has, under that opinion, directed his son to lay his whole property on a certain bird, under the full conviction of consequential success.

THE

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THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVI.]

THE POEMS OF DR. BLACKLOCK, THE BLIND POET.

The muſe with pity view'd his doom,
And darting thro' th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray;
Bade him with muſic's voice inſpire
The plaintive flute, the ſprightly lyre,
And tune th' impaſſion'd lay.

BLACKLOCK.

WITHIN theſe few years Dr. Blacklock died at Edinburgh, and his poems have been the ſubject of frequent commendation. He was a ſtudent at Edinburgh ſo far back as the year 1755, and even in the year 1746 publiſhed ſome pieces, which, on account of his blindneſs and tender years, attracted great attention. He was certainly a phænomenon in the literary world, and of courſe has been the ſubject of reiterated converſation. His hiſtory, his talents, and his publications, have been topics of enquiry. Mr. David Hume was his intimate friend, and he uſed to declare, that he "might be regarded as a prodigy."

With reſpect to the hiſtory of Dr. Blacklock, the following particulars may be detailed reſpecting him.

He was the ſon of a poor tradeſman at Annan in Scotland, where he was born in the year 1721. Before he reached the age of ſix years, he was totally deprived of his ſight by the ſmall-pox. His father was particularly kind to him, and he, in return, diſcovered the tendereſt marks of affection. Upon his death he wrote a ſmall poem, which contains the following pleaſing lines:

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Where now, ah! where is that supporting arm,
Which to my weak unequal infant steps
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,
That strong assiduous tenderness which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and to my view,
Unimportun'd, like kind indulgent heav'n
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice,
Which with instruction soft as summer dews,
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which amid the storms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak, which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to heav'n
His top majestic rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace,
Who, on his look impress't, his message bears,
And pleas'd from earth, averts impending ill?

His father and a few other friends, we are informed, often read to divert him, and among the rest they read several passages from our poets, with which, even in his boyish years, he was extremely delighted. He heard them with a congenial enthusiasm, and soon endeavoured to imitate them. He wrote a piece, afterwards inserted in his works, at twelve years of age; nor did it bear an unpromising aspect towards his subsequent celebrity.

At nineteen he lost his excellent father, and was patronised by Dr. Stevenson, a man of taste and a physician at Edinburgh. Blacklock justly regarded this gentleman as his *Mæcenas*, and accordingly dedicates his works to him in a strain which shews an amiable gratitude for the distinguished favours which he had on various occasions received.

By the kindness of this patron, Mr. Blacklock passed ten years at the university of Edinburgh, where he acquired

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quired a competent knowledge of Greek, Latin, and French, and alſo made a conſiderable progreſs in all the ſciences. What, however, renders this worthy man the more extraordinary, is his having attained no ſmall excellence in poetry, though the chief inlets for poetical ideas were barred up in him, and all the viſible beauties of the creation blotted from his memory. This loſs of ſight he thus affectingly and poetically deplores:

For, oh!—while others gaze on nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams;
Or with delight ineffable ſurvey
The ſun, bright image of his Parent God:
The ſeaſons, in majeſtic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd ſpring,
Profuſe of life and joy: ſummer adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning heav'n and earth:
Autumn, replete with nature's various boon,
To bleſs the toiling hind; and winter, grand
With rapid ſtorms, convulſing nature's frame,
Whilſt others view heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, loſt in joy,
Fair order and utility behold:
Or unfatigu'd th' amazing chain purſue,
Which in one vaſt all-comprehending whole
Unites th' immenſe ſtupendous works of God;
Conjoining part with part, and thro' the frame
Diffuſing ſacred harmony and joy:
To me, thoſe fair viciſſitudes are loſt;
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and ſtreams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd ſpring,
Effulgent ſummer, autumn deck'd in wealth
To bleſs the toiling hind, and winter grand
With rapid ſtorms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright ſun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heav'n, ſhall e'er theſe wretched orbs behold.
O beauty, harmony! you ſiſter train
Of graces, you who in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms diſplay'd ere yet tranſcrib'd
On nature's form your heav'nly features ſhone,

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Why are you ſnatch'd for ever from my ſight!
Whilſt, in your ſtead, a boundleſs waſte expanſe
Of undiſtinguiſh'd horror covers all.
Wide, o'er my proſpect, rueful darkneſs breathes
Her inauſpicious vapour: in whoſe ſhade
Fear, grief, and anguiſh, natives of her reign,
In ſocial ſadneſs gloomy vigils keep.
With them I walk; with them ſtill doom'd to ſhare
Eternal blackneſs, without hopes of dawn!

We are not, however, to ſuppoſe that the poet was inclined to murmuring and diſcontent, by no means; the following lines are peculiarly expreſſive of his diſpoſition, while they diſplay traits of genuine poetry;

What then? becauſe th' indulgent ſire of all
Has in the plan of things preſcrib'd my ſphere,
Becauſe conſummate wiſdom thought not fit
In affluence and pomp to bid me ſhine,
Shall I regret my deſtiny? and curſe
That ſtate by heav'n's paternal care deſign'd
To train me up for ſcenes, with which compar'd
Theſe ages meaſur'd by the orbs of heaven
In blank annihilation fade away?
For ſcenes, when finiſh'd by Almighty art
Beauty and order open to the ſight
In vivid glory; where the fainteſt rays
Out-flaſh the ſplendour of our mid-day ſun.
Say, ſhall the ſource of all, who firſt aſſign'd
To each conſtituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper pow'rs, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakneſs, (whence reſults
Concord ineffable,) ſhall he reverſe
Or diſconcert the univerſal ſcheme,
The general good, to flatter ſelfiſh pride
And blind deſire?—Before th' Almighty voice
From non-exiſtence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? What to ſhine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The ſteep aſcent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?

Devotion

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Devotion alſo, in an eminent degree, enriched his mind and animated his poetry; of this truth the three ſtanzas which immediately follow, afford abundant demonſtration:

While this immortal ſpark of heav'nly flame
Diſtends my breaſt, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praiſes ſhall be borne
On the firſt breeze that wakes the bluſhing morn;
The lateſt ſtar ſhall hear the pleaſing ſound,
And nature in full choir ſhall join around:
When full of thee my ſoul excurſive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal ſkies;
From world to world, new wonders ſtill I find,
And all the Godhead flaſhes on my mind.

To thee, munific ever-flaming love!
One endleſs hymn united nature ſings;
To thee, the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and ſweep the warbling ſtrings:
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings
Winds waft thy praiſe, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O love, my voice to emulate the ſound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day!
Transfuſive wrath through all my boſom glows:
My ſoul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus raviſh'd from the ſcene of night and woes,
Oh ſnatch me, bear me to thy happy reign!
There teach my tongue thy praiſe, in more exalted ſtrain.

The Poems of Mr. Blacklock are, in many parts, very deſcriptive; but it has been remarked, that where his deſcriptions are of any length, they are, generally, not deſcriptions of things but of paſſions. Theſe paſſions alſo are of the melancholy kind, more than thoſe of the joyous complexion. Theſe circumſtances may be eaſily ſuppoſed, or rather accounted for by the recollection, that the poet laboured under the unfortunate loſs of his ſight from his infancy. Such a caſe, in every point

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point of view, merits, and will receive from every ſenſible mind, the tendereſt ſympathy.

Mr. Blacklock thus expreſſes his paſſion for *Urania* with peculiar beauty:

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn
How ſweet with her thro' lonely fields to ſtray!
Her charms the loveliest landſcape ſhall adorn,
And add new glories to the riſing day.

With her, all nature ſhines in heighten'd bloom;
The ſilver ſtream in ſweeter muſic flows:
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the ſpreading roſe.

With her the ſhades of night their horrors loſe;
Its deepeſt ſilence charms, if ſhe be by:
Her voice the muſic of the dawn renews;
Its lambent radiance ſparkles in her eye.

His philoſophical ideas, likewiſe, are juſt; witneſs the following addreſs to the SUN:

Thou all-enlivening flame, immenſely bright,
Whoſe ſacred beams illume each wand'ring ſphere,
That through high heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year!

The addreſs to his Miſtreſs, containing the promiſe even of his Goldfinch, poſſeſſes a beautiful ſimplicity:

That Goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gaily looks and ſweetly ſings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, ſhall be thine!

That a blind man ſhould thus peneil out the colours is wonderful: but what is ſtrange, he often ſpeaks of the peculiar operations of ſight, though involved in impenetrable darkneſs. Speaking of his beloved in his laſt moments, he pours forth theſe energetic lines:

Long,

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Long, long on *her*, my dying eyes ſuſpend,
Till the laſt beam ſhall *vibrate* on my *ſight*;
Then ſoar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light!

We have indeed been profuſe in our quotations; but the intelligent reader will not be diſpleaſed. That a *blind* man ſhould write thus may juſtly claim our admiration.

The Reverend Mr. Spence, once Profeſſor of Poetry in the Univerſity of Oxford, publiſhed in the year 1754, an *Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock*, who was then a *ſtudent of philoſophy in the Univerſity of Edinburgh*. To this ſketch the writer of this article confeſſes himſelf principally indebted; and he is happy in thus redeeming the pamphlet from that obſcurity into which all temporary publications, during a laple of years, muſt be neceſſary fallen. Mr. Spence, however, has left behind him a memorial of the juſtneſs of his taſte and the benevolence of his heart. Such traits are not loſt with poſterity.

It may not be improper to add, that the author of the REFLECTORS ſaw Dr. Blacklock at Edinburgh, in the year 1791; he was not in his company, but obſerved his being led in and out of a place of worſhip, where the Poet regularly attended. He was ſhort and corpulent; there was nothing particular in his outward appearance to command veneration. This REFLECTOR, intended as a tribute of reſpect to the memory of an excellent man and an ingenious Poet, deprived of the ineſtimable bleſſing of ſight, ſhall be concluded in the words of Mr. Spence:

"It is remarkable enough, that ſome of the greateſt poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and it is very probable that the loſs of their ſight may have added to the force of their imagination, in the ſame manner and for the ſame reaſons that we think the more intenſely of any one thing, when we ſhut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born

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born *blind*, or, which is much the ſame thing, who has been blind from his *early infancy*, is ſtill a NOVELTY.

Our great MILTON did not loſe his ſight till he was about fifty years old; and HOMER, for aught we know, might have enjoyed his ſight till after he had finiſhed his two moſt celebrated poems."

THE

PORTRAIT OF A TRADING JUSTICE,

AS IT WAS DESCRIBED AT COACHMAKER'S HALL, IN THE YEAR 1786.

HIS head is the ſcull of a ſuperannuated attorney, in which are depoſited the brains of a gooſe. On either ſide hang the ears of an aſs, to ſhew his family connections. His eyes, with which he looks at virtue, merit, and fortitude, are thoſe of an owl in the ſunſhine, blinking. He has the teeth of a mouſe, that will gnaw through a deal board for a bit of toaſted cheeſe. And his tongue, like that of a jack-daw, cannot ſpeak till ſlit with a piece of ſilver. He has the hands of a monkey, picks up all within his reach, and hides the booty that he fingers. His breaſt is the paunch of a hog filled with the blood of the malefactor, the bread of the indigent, and the tears of the orphan and widow, which, like the petrifying water of ſome rivers, have hardened his heart to ſtone. He has the back of a bear, fitted only for an exhibition or a cudgel; and his legs ſhall be furniſhed by an old cow, for the ſake of a cloven foot.

As it would be highly improper to let him go naked, we will clothe him; but not in an Engliſh dreſs, for he is a diſgrace to the name. On his head you behold the turban of official inſolence, in which he rivals the Great Mogul. His under garment is the veil of ignorance, which he anxiouſly wiſhes to hide; over his ſhoulders hangs

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hangs the mantle of tyranny, which was torn off and trampled on by British Liberty at the glorious Revolution, and his feet are shod with the sandals of impiety and perjury.

Let us now enquire after his qualifications for the office, and we shall find him possessed of the compassion of a crocodile, who weeps over his prey to increase his spoils. The demon of avarice taught him benevolence, and he carries the blessings of the unfortunate in a nut-shell. He has the sympathy of an ostrich, who deserts its young and displays the sensibility of a stoic. He studied logic and rhetoric at Bedlam, learned chastity in a brothel, and gathered his piety from the history and orders of the Hell Fire Clubs.

It is necessary to give him an equipage suitable to his rank, and that shall complete the portrait. His coach is the car of oppression; the arms painted upon it are discord and knavery, embracing each other in the field of plunder. The horses that draw him are fear and flattery; the footmen that follow him are infamy and contempt. Belzebub mounts the coach-box, and an old proverb makes him an excellent motto—*He must needs go whom the devil drives.*

ONAS.

JOURNEY

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JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

(Concluded from page 57.)

24th SEPTEMBER breakfasted at *Thirsk*, dined at *Northallerton*, and rode in the afternoon to *Darlington*, in the county of Durham.

There now begin to appear some tolerable rivers. At Doncaster there is the *Don*, at Ferrybridge the *Ouse*, and at Darlington the *Tees*, which is here about the same size with the Tweed at Kelso, and is crossed three miles from the town by a very handsome stone bridge of eight arches.

25th September. To Durham 18 miles to breakfast. About half way met Lord Creig, of the Court of Session, the only Scotchman but one we have seen since leaving London. *Durham* is a large town, standing on the ridges of several hills, with fine slopes down to the Ware, a considerable river, passed by three bridges at different parts of the town. The cathedral of Durham is a large and very fine old building, but, internally, it is coarse, has few ornaments, and is quite eclipsed by its brother of York. It is, however, an immense pile of building, especially when connected with what is called the college, which consists of pretty large dwelling houses for the dean, and each of the twelve prebendaries, besides a variety of other officers belonging to the church. The Bishop's castle, as it is called, or residence of the bishop, also adjoins the cathedral. It is a very large building in the form of a square, but there is little to recommend it to observation, except its size and antiquity. The cathedral has a variety of spires and turrets. The great turret in the centre is very remarkable, and appears to be a piece of admirable old

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old architecture. The reſt have been lately rebuilt, and though the gothic plan of building has been obſerved, they have all a new appearance, which hurts the effect of the reſt of the ſtructure. In the afternoon we rode on to *Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne*, in the county of Northumberland. The Tyne is a fine river, which here divides the county of Durham from Northumberland. It is not, however, of ſufficient depth to bring up veſſels of much ſize. The ſea-port of Newcaſtle is therefore at *Shields*, about ſeven miles below. There is little in Newcaſtle to attract the attention of a ſtranger not concerned with trade. There are neither ancient buildings nor monuments of any ſort. The aſſizes are held here, though the county jail is in Morpeth, and, if I miſtake not, Alnwick is the county town. There is a tolerably large theatre in Moſely-ſtreet, which ſeems to be one of the beſt ſtreets in the town. Indeed the ſtreets in general are narrow, dirty, and ſo miſerably bad, eſpecially in the approaches to the town, that a ſtranger, who values his neck, will always find it neceſſary to alight, and lead or drive his horſe before him. It is, however, crowded with an immenſe number of inhabitants, who ſeem to be much occupied with buſineſs.

26th September. Dined at *Morpeth*, a petty town, which ſends two members to parliament. Rode in the evening to *Alnwick*, a neat little town, the county town of Northumberland. Here we viewed *Alnwick Caſtle*, the ſeat of the Duke of Northumberland. This is one of the few gothic caſtles now remaining, to ſhew the magnificent ſtyle of the ancient Engliſh barons. The building reſembles a fortification, and the firſt thing that ſtrikes upon approach, is a ſtrong high wall with gun ports quite round. The doors of the gates are as ſecure as the ſtrongeſt priſon. This wall encompaſſes the caſtle, and the whole covers five acres of ground. Part of it is in a ſquare form, and other parts, which ſeem to have been built at different periods, are octagonal. On the top, in every direction, ſtand a prodigious

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number of ſtatues, full length figures of men and women. Other ſtatues preſent horizontally for water ſpouts. Time had mouldered away one of them of a very ludicrous kind; but the laſt Ducheſs had it ſupplied by a new one, in the preciſe ſame form, obſerving, that ſhe was not of a humour to correct the ancient taſte of the Percy's. A few of the principal rooms are ſhewn to ſtrangers, and theſe are truly magnificent. The library is large and handſome, but many of the ſhelves are almoſt empty. The chapel is by much the fineſt room. The eaſt window of this room is large, and exhibits a beautiful and expenſive ſpecimen of the painting upon glaſs, and in the modern ſtyle, ſince the revival of that art, after it had been loſt for centuries. Round the walls of the room is oſtentatiouſly painted the genealogy of the family, by which the pedigree is carried through ſeveral of the French kings, as high as the Emperor Charlemagne. Indeed this kind of vanity diſtinguiſhes every room in the houſe, and even the principal ſtair-caſe. In all of them you find painted on the walls a variety of ſhields, with the arms of the family quartered with thoſe of other families, with which they have been connected by intermarriages for at leaſt *eight hundred years!* The health of the preſent Duke does not permit him to live ſo far north, and therefore he has not been reſident at Alnwick for above two years. On this account there is little furniture exhibited but beds, chairs, ſofas, &c. of uncommon elegance. I ſaw only one painting. It was a full length of the late Ducheſs, painted on the wall of the drawing room. This lady was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey, but to her memory there is placed, in the chapel of Alnwick caſtle, a large marble ſarcophagus, which coſt two thouſand guineas! One great curioſity is the ancient priſon, where the enemies of the Percies taken in battle, were confined. Probably ſome of the Douglaſſes may have reſided in this dungeon. It is a very ſtrong ſtone vault, where

there

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there are preſerved a few Roman ſtones, and other curioſities, and in the centre of the floor there is an iron grate. This was raiſed up, and I was allowed to deſcend by a ladder; but this was an indulgence not given to priſoners, for they were ſlung down by ropes, and the grate being locked, they were confined in a diſmal little place without light or air, and as uncongenial to health as the Black Hole in Calcutta. Mr. Howard viſited this place, and muſt have deprecated thoſe wretches of irregular and arbitrary power, which could have procured ſuch an abominable engine of vengeance even in the dark ages. The ſtables are elegant and deſerving of a ſtranger's attention, but they wanted at this time one principal ornament, I mean the fine hunters always kept by this family. There was not a ſingle horſe to be ſeen. In ſhort, the long abſence of the Duke throws a damp upon every thing. He has always, when at home, kept up the ancient hoſpitality of the family, by giving two public dinners in the week to every ſtranger, and every perſon whatever who choſe to take the trouble to dreſs and pay him a viſit. On theſe occaſions a flag was kept flying all day on the caſtle, which was the general ſignal of invitation. Now, however, the Duke's health keeps him conſtantly at Sion Houſe, his magnificent ſeat near London. The cellars of Alnwick, nobly ſtocked, are ſhut up. The porter, who ſeems a *bon vivant*, and reſembles in dreſs and appearance the provoſt of a burgh, lamented he had no keys, and was quite melancholy on the reflection which conſtantly obtruded itſelf, that the fine ale in immenſe quantities, was believed to be ſouring in the barrels!

27th. We ſet out from Alnwick, by Belford, and reached *Berwick-upon-Tweed*. About a mile from Alnwick, on this road, a ſtranger, by looking back, gets his valedictory view of the caſtle of Alnwick, and a moſt excellent view it is of the whole of the north-ſide of the building. The county of Northumberland reſembles ſo me

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of the worſt parts of Scotland. There are few gentlemen's ſeats. The agriculture is inferior, and the crops thin and late. The harveſt within an hundred miles of London, was moſtly over ſome weeks ago. Here moſt of the grain was uncut, and very little in the barn-yard. The ſea, however, comes in view before you reach Belford, and the ſight of Holy Iſland, together with various other objects, diverts the attention. From Belford you ſcarcely loſe ſight of the ſea till you reach Edinburgh. Berwick is a pretty large town, properly belonging neither to England or Scotland; for though locally ſituated in the latter, it is governed entirely by the laws and cuſtoms of the former. The aſſizes are held here for a particular diſtrict, the recorder of Newcaſtle generally ſitting as judge. This was Sunday evening, and there was a good deal of company in town, on account of an election of a member of Parliament to take place next day. The Tweed, at Berwick, is a much larger and finer river than any I have ſeen in England, except the Thames.

28th September. Breakfaſted at the *Preſs Inn*, where you find a very great falling off indeed. The Engliſh inns ſurpaſs us far for ſervice, attention, and cleanlineſs. In the ſtable, in particular, your horſe is neatly dreſſed and well taken care of in England, with little trouble to yourſelf. A Scotch hoſtler is an animal both ſulky and unſkilful. At the ſame time the expence at the Scotch inns is fully as high as it is any where in England, excepting in the vicinity of London. From Preſs we rode to Dunbar, and on the way took occaſion to viſit *Peaſe Bridge*, one of the principal curioſities in this country. This bridge connects two ſides of a mountain, in which an immenſe gully has been found, probably by ſome great convulſion. The top of the bridge is level and narrow, but in looking over the iron rails you become giddy with the height. The tops of the higheſt old trees in the vallies

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are conſiderably below you. Timid travellers will not ride acroſs, but diſmount and follow their horſes or carriages. There are two arches and three pillars. The two pillars at each end are reſted on the oppoſite ſides of the rock. The middle pillar alone goes to the bottom, where it reſts lightly on the rock, at the ſide of a little ſtream, without any ſunk foundation. With conſiderable difficulty you ſcramble down the precipice, clinging to the buſhes, and reach the bottom of the pillar, where you have a complete view, and are aſtoniſhed both at the great height and the very ſlender fabric of the bridge, and particularly of the pillars which ſupport it.

Dunbar is a tolerably neat burgh, with a ſmall but ſafe harbour, and a conſiderable trade, eſpecially to the eaſtern parts of Europe, and to Greenland. Lord Lauderdale has a large houſe in the town, and has lately built a very good inn, in rivalſhip to the landlord of the old inn, who counteracted him in burgh politics. Two miles from Dunbar we viſited the camp. I had ſeen ſeveral camps before, but this differed from them, being for the accommodation of dragoons. In the evening we arrived at *Haddington*.

On Tueſday the 29th September, we viſited the camp at *Muſſleburgh*, which accommodates both horſe and foot. Had the ſatisfaction at laſt to breakfaſt in my old apartments in *George Street*, EDINBURGH—a ſtreet, which, after all I have ſeen, I muſt take the liberty of ſaying, is, when connected with the ſquares at each end, more elegant than any thing I have met with, either in London or any where elſe.

And here end my travelling memorandums, careleſsly written each ſucceeding night, and frequently after being greatly fatigued, which, by recalling the recollection of many incidents, may probably amuſe myſelf many years hence. But to *myſelf* that amuſement muſt be confined; for they are too inſignificant, and juſt now I am too indolent, and indeed too much indiſ-

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posed, for transcribing or amplifying, and in their present form the satisfactory perusal of them is impossible to any other human being *.

Edinburgh,
29th September.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS.

[From Pennant's History of Indostan.]

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

SUGAR was originally brought from India by the introduction of the plant *Saccharum Officinarum*. I shall here give some account of this useful article, and its various removals from its native place into Europe, where it was, for some ages, cultivated with great success. "Arabia," says Pliny, "produces *Saccaron*, but the best is in India. It is a honey collected from reeds, a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth, the largest pieces do not exceed the size of a hazel nut, and it is used only in medicine."

The cane was an article of commerce in very early times. The prophet Isaiah (xlv. 24.) and Jeremiah (vi. 20.) make mention of it. "Thou hast brought me no sweet cane with the money," says the first; and the second, "To what purpose cometh there to me the sweet cane from a far country?" Brought for the luxury of the juice, either extracted by suction, or by some other means. In the notes on the elegant poem the *Sugar Cane*, Doctor Grainger informs us, that at first the raw juice was made use of; they afterwards boiled it into a syrup; and, in process of time, an inebriating spirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation.

* The extreme modesty of the author has certainly underrated these remarks on persons and places, with which we were, on the whole, much pleased. EDITORS.

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Sugar was firſt made from the reed in Egypt, from thence the plant was carried into Sicily, which, in the twelfth century, ſupplied many parts of Europe with that commodity; and from thence, at a period unknown, it was, probably, brought into Spain by the Moors. From Spain the reed was planted in the Canary Iſles, and in the Madeira by the Portugueſe. This happened about the year 1506. In the ſame year Ferdinand, the Catholic, ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo. From thoſe iſlands the art of making ſugar was introduced into the iſlands of Hiſpaniola, and in about the year 1623 into the Brazils; the reed itſelf growing ſpontaneouſly in both thoſe countries. Till that time ſugar was a moſt expenſive luxury, and uſed only, as Mr. Anderſon obſerves, in feaſts and phyſical neceſſities.

I ſhall here anticipate the account of the ſtate of Sugar in Spain, where, in Europe, it firſt became ſtationary, borrowing it from the ninth volume of my outlines of the globe. It was, till late years, cultivated to great advantage in the kingdom of Granada, and great quantities of ſugar made in the *ingenios* or mills. In the year 1723, in the city of Meſril, were eight hundred families. Their principal commerce was in ſugars and ſyrups, made in four ſugar works, from the plantations of canes, which reached from the ſouth ſide down to the ſea-ſide; but theſe and the other ſugar-works are greatly decayed, by reaſon of the exceſſive duties. This, with the increaſed demand for ſugar, on the prevailing uſe of chocolate in the kingdom, which requires double the quantity of that article, has occaſioned a drain of a million of dollars out of the country, in payment for ſugar, preſerves, and other confectionaries. This is very extraordinary, conſidering that Spain is poſſeſſed of ſome of the fineſt ſugar iſlands, beſides the power of manufacturing it within its home dominions.

GUN-

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GUNPOWDER.

THE *Sanſkrit*, or ſcripture books of the *Hindoos*, mentions an engine called *Shetagnee*, or the weapon that would kill an *hundred men at once!* I do not believe it to have been a cannon, but one of thoſe diviſible arrows conſtructed on a vaſt ſcale. I ſhall conclude with remarking, that both the author of the *Hindoo Sanſkrit*, and our great *Milton*, agree in aſcribing the invention of gunpowder and its application to warlike purpoſes to *ſpirits*. The former ſays, that the war which was waged during a hundred years, between *Dewta* and *Oſſoor*, the good and the bad, was carried on by means of the infernal engines; but the war between our celeſtial beings was at once decided, ſo unequal was the artillery of *Satan* againſt the thunderbolts of the ALMIGHTY.

THE INFLUENCE OF GROG.

IN the campaign of 1756, in India, there was a fort ſufficiently ſtrong to make ſome reſiſtance againſt Admiral Watſon and Colonel Clive, in their way to the re-taking of Calcutta. The guns had been ſilenced by our ſhips, but the garriſon continued to diſcharge their fire arrows and muſquetry. It was determined to ſtorm the place at approach of day, which was impatiently expected. The tranquillity of the night was ſuddenly diſturbed by loud acclamations of joy from the ſhore, and news was brought that the fort was taken! It ſeems that one *Strahan*, a common ſailor, animated by *grog*, ſtrolled away towards the fort, ſcaled the breach, and found ſeveral of the garriſon ſitting on the platform. He gave three huzzas, and cried, *the place is mine!* The Moors immediately attacked our hero, he defended himſelf till his cutlaſs broke in his hand; at that

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that very inſtant he was joined by two or three more ſtraggling comrades, who had heard his triumphant ſhouts. The noiſe reached the army, who, without order, or without any attention to diſcipline, ruſhed in pell-mell, and thus a fort, with eighteen cannons, from twenty-four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of gunpowder, was put in our poſſeſſion.

It was neceſſary to ſhew diſpleaſure at this notorious breach of all order. The victorious *Strahan* was brought before the Admiral in form of a culprit. Our commander aſked how he dared to commit ſuch an action? the late hero ſtood ſcratching his head and twirling his hat, and at length confeſſed "to be ſure it was I that took the fort, but I hope there was no harm in it." The Admiral with difficulty kept his countenance, but at laſt, with much ſeeming anger, ordered him away. As *Strahan* was going out of the cabbin very ſulky, he muttered out, ſwearing a great oath—"If I am flogged for this, I will never take another fort by myſelf as long as I live." It may be imagined he was readily pardoned, but he was ſo *drunken a beaſt*, that the Admiral found it impoſſible to take him out of the line of life in which he was.

ON THE

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

[From Dr. Aikin's Letters to his Son.]

DEAR SON,

THERE is no ſpecies of advice which ſeems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which reſpects the marriage ſtate; for it is a matter in which the firſt muſt have acquired ſome experience, and the laſt cannot. At the ſame time it is found to be that in which advice produces the leaſt effect. For this, various cauſes may be aſſigned; of

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of which, no doubt, the principal is, that paſſion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reaſon from her ſhare of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young perſons. If, in deſcanting a little upon this ſubject, I can avoid theſe errors, I flatter myſelf you are capable of beſtowing ſome unforced attention to what an affectionate deſire of promoting your happineſs, in ſo eſſential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between ſons and fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be ſtated in a ſingle poſition—that the former have in their minds the firſt month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration. Perhaps you will, and with juſtice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will aſſert that you, as well as I, in thinking of this connection, reflect on its laſting conſequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be conſidered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extenſive obſervation.

I need ſay little as to the ſhare that perſonal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. While I readily admit, that it is deſirable that the object on which the eyes are moſt frequently to dwell for a whole life, ſhould be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourſelf, and require a ſuitableneſs of years and vigour of conſtitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the ſubject, let us proceed to conſider the

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the two main points on which the happineſs to be expected from a female aſſociate in life muſt depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world on the condition of ſharing a cabin with an unknown meſſmate, how ſolicitous would you be to diſcover his character and diſpoſition before you ſet ſail! If, on enquiry, he ſhould prove to be a perſon of good ſenſe and cultivated manners, and eſpecially of a temper inclined to pleaſe and be pleaſed, how fortunate would you think yourſelf! But if, in addition to this, his taſtes, ſtudies, and opinions, ſhould be found conformable to yours, your ſatisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt that the circumſtance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendſhip. On the other hand, if he were repreſented, by thoſe who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obſtinate, and quarrelſome, of manners and diſpoſitions totally oppoſite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than ſubmit to live ſo many months confined with ſuch an aſſociate.

Apply this compariſon to the domeſtic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the ſharer in pain and pleaſure—the mother and inſtructreſs of your offspring. Are you not ſtruck with a ſenſe of the infinite conſequence it muſt be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and underſtanding of one who ſtands in this relation; and of the comparative inſignificance of external charms and ornamental accompliſhments? But as it is ſcarcely probable that all you would wiſh in theſe particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to aſcertain which qualities are the moſt eſſential, that you may make the beſt compromiſe in your power. Now, taſtes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of ſo much conſequence as the fundamental properties of good ſenſe and good temper. Poſſeſſed of theſe, a wife who loves her huſband will faſhion herſelf in

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in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life; they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to enquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately, they are oftener met with together than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit in which good temper properly consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When, however, this easy humour appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental controul, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qualities,

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qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a *helper*; but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate*; yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that as an office for *life*, its importance stands extremely high to one whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity will infallibly in time give way to that true state of things, which will shew that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fire-side, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was intended to afford us; and without them no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as *professional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, it is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer or physician a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good-will

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are not the only requiſites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is leſs frequently met with among the females of the preſent age than might be wiſhed. How much ſoever infirm and delicate health may intereſt the feelings, it is certainly an undeſirable attendant on a connection for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a helpmate, than a condition which conſtantly requires that aſſiſtance which it never can impart. It is, I am ſure, the fartheſt thing from my intention to harden your heart againſt impreſſions of pity, or ſlacken thoſe ſervices of affectionate kindneſs by which you may ſoften the calamitous lot of the moſt amiable and deſerving of the ſpecies. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional ſources of happineſs; and it would be mere folly in their ſtead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and diſtreſſes. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that ſhrinking timidity of mind, and exceſſive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reaſonable bounds in modern education, can ſcarcely be doubted by one who conſiders what exertions of fortitude and ſelf-command are continually required in the courſe of female duty. One who views ſociety cloſely, in its interior as well as its exterior, will know that occaſions of alarm, ſuffering, and diſguſt come much more unfrequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the ſick, and the dying. When the houſe becomes a ſcene of wretchedneſs from any cauſe, the man often runs abroad, the woman muſt ſtay at home and face the worſt. All this takes place in cultivated ſociety, and in claſſes of life raiſed above the common level. In a ſavage ſtate, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the moſt laborious, as well as the moſt diſagreeable taſks. If nature, then, has made them ſo weak in temper and conſtitution

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conſtitution as many ſuppoſe, ſhe has not ſuited means to ends with the foreſight we generally diſcover in her plans.

I confeſs myſelf decidedly of the opinion of thoſe who would rather form the two ſexes to a reſemblance of character, than contraſt them. Virtue, wiſdom, preſence of mind, patience, vigour, capacity, application, are not *ſexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is ſurely a moſt degrading idea of the female ſex, that they muſt owe their influence to trick and fineſſe, to counterfeit or real weakneſs. They are too eſſential to our happineſs to need ſuch arts; too much of the pleaſure and of the buſineſs of the world depends upon them, to give reaſon for apprehenſion that we ſhall ceaſe to join partnerſhip with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excuſed from affected languor and coquetry. We ſhall not think them leſs amiable for being our beſt helpers.

Having thus endeavoured to give you juſt ideas of the principal requiſites in a wife, eſpecially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compaſs of an adviſer. From the influence of paſſion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpoſe to diſſuade you from *haſty engagements*, becauſe in making them, a perſon of any reſolution is not to be regarded as merely paſſive. Though the head has loſt its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And ſurely if we are to pauſe before any action, it ſhould be before one on which "all the colour of remaining life" depends. Your reaſon muſt be convinced, that to form a ſolid judgment of ſo many qualities as are requiſite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of caſual viſits or public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—ſee her tried in her proper department. Let the progreſs be, liking, approving, loving, and laſtly,

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declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it strange, that I have not touched upon a consideration which generally takes the lead in parental estimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on anything extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the same thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no small one in procuring the desirable comforts of life; and to rush into a state in which wants will be greatly increased, without a reasonable prospect of being able to supply those wants, is an act, not merely of carelessness, but of downright folly. But with respect to the sources whence their supply is to be sought, that is a particular enquiry to each individual; and I do not think so ill of your prudence as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another consideration, that of the *family connections* formed by marriage, is of a similar kind. Its great importance cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, just as in forming those connections after any other mode; though, indeed, in no other can they be formed equally strong. One who is master of his deliberations, may be trusted to decide these points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your decisions may always shew you to be possessed of a due power of self-direction, is the earnest wish of,

Your truly affectionate, &c.

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AN

EPITOME

OF

GEOGRAPHY.

LATELY DRAWN UP FOR A SEMINARY OF EDUCATION IN THE VICINITY OF LONDON.

(Concluded from page 50.)

TWO advantages attend the following diſtribution of the four quarters of the world. 1ſt. By aſcertaining the diviſion *North*, *South*, or *Middle*, in which the kingdom ſtands, we inſtantly aſcertain its ſituation between the equator and the poles, upon which many important circumſtances depend, climates, ſeaſons, &c. &c. 2dly. By aſcertaining in *what part* of theſe ſaid diviſions the kingdom is ſituated, we can tell, (for we proceed uniformly from *weſt* to *eaſt*) its weſtern or eaſtern poſition, upon which alſo depend many important circumſtances, time of day, &c. By theſe two ſimple arrangements, we can likewiſe, with eaſe, form an idea of the relative ſituation of the nations of the earth to each other. Of the utility of this new mode of diſtribution, the author ſpeaks with the greater confidence, becauſe he has adopted it with ſucceſs in his own ſeminary.

EUROPE is bounded on the north by the Frozen Sea, on the ſouth by the Mediterranean Sea, which divides it from Africa; on the eaſt by Ruſſia in Aſia, the river Don, or Tanais, and the Black Sea; on the weſt by the Atlantic Ocean, which ſeparates it from America. It is 3000 miles in length, from Cape St. Vincent to the river Oby. In breadth 2500, from the North Cape in Norway, to the Morea in Greece.

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The chief countries of Europe, in the North, are,

Norway,	CAPITAL,	Bergen.
Sweden	.....	Stockholm.
Denmark	.....	Copenhagen.
Ruſſia	.....	Peterſburgh, or anciently, Moſcow.

IN THE MIDDLE.

1ſt. Row.

Netherlands,	CAPITAL,	Amſterdam.
Germany	.....	Vienna.
Pruſſia	.....	Berlin.
Poland	.....	Warſaw, or Cracow,

2d. Row.

France,	CAPITAL,	Paris.
Switzerland	.....	Geneva.
Hungary	.....	Buda.
Little Tartary	.....	Oczakow.

IN THE SOUTH.

Portugal,	CAPITAL,	Liſbon.
Spain	.....	Madrid.
Italy	.....	Rome.
Turkey, in Europe	.....	Conſtantinople.

ASIA is bounded on the North by the Icy Sea; on the ſouth by the Indian Sea; on the weſt by the Red Sea; Mediterranean Sea, Europe, and part of Africa, and by the Northern Pacific Ocean on the eaſt. It is in length 4740 miles, from the Dardanelles to the eaſtern ſhores of Tartary. In breadth 4380 miles, from Malacca to Nova Zembla.

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The chief Countries of Aſia, are,

NORTH.

Georgia, CAPITAL, Teflis.
Great Tartary ..... Tobolſki.

MIDDLE.

Holy Land, CAPITAL, Jeruſalem.
Perſia ..... Iſpahan.
Mogul Empire..... Delhi.
China ..... Pekin.

SOUTH.

Arabia, CAPITAL, Mecca.
Eaſt Indies ..... Calcutta.

AFRICA is bounded on all ſides by ſeas, except the Iſthmus of Suez, by which it is joined to Aſia; the Mediterranean being on the north; the Atlantic Ocean on the weſt and ſouth; and the Indian Ocean and Red Sea on the eaſt. It is in length 4300 miles from the Cape of Good Hope, in the ſouth, to Cape Bona in the North. The breadth is 3500 miles, from Cape Verde, in the weſt, to Cape Guardefui in the eaſt.

The chief Countries of Africa, are,

NORTH.

Morocco, CAPITAL, Morocco.
States of Barbary ..... Algiers.
Biledulgerid.... ..... Duro.
Egypt..... Grand Cairo.

MIDDLE.

Zaara, or the *Deſert*. *Negroland*. *Guinea*. *Nubia*, or *Abyſſinia*.

SOUTH.

Ethiopia. *Congo*. *Zanguebar*. *Caffraria*. In this laſt

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laſt diſtrict is the *Cape of Good Hope*, a Settlement now in our poſſeſſion.

The Continent of AMERICA is divided by the Iſthmus of Darien, into north and ſouth. It is in length 10,000 miles. Its average breadth is 2000. North America is bounded on the north by unknown parts; on the ſouth by South America; on the eaſt by the Atlantic Ocean, on the weſt by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part of NORTH AMERICA contains three Countries:

New Wales. New Britain, or *Eſquimaux. Canada*, or *New France*, capital *Quebec*, near which alſo is *Montreal.*

The Middle Four:

New Albion. Granada. Louiſiana; and the *United States*; which include theſe *Thirteen States.* New Hampſhire, Maſſachuſetts, Rhode Iſland, Connecticut, New York, New Jerſey, Pennſylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Vermont has been lately added.

The South contains Three Countries:

California. Mexico, or *New Spain*, and *Florida.*

SOUTH AMERICA is bounded on the north by North America; on the ſouth by the South Sea; on the eaſt by the Atlantic Ocean; on the weſt by the Pacific Ocean.

The North part contains Two Countries:

Terra Firma and *Guiana.*

The Middle Four:

Peru. Amazonia. Paraguay, and *Brazil.*

The South Two:

Chili and *Patagonia.*

The

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The principal OCEANS are; 1. Arctic. 2. Antarctic. 3. Atlantic, North and South. 4. Pacific, North and South. 5. Indian Ocean. 6. German Ocean.

The principal SEAS are; the Mediterranean, Baltic, North Sea, Irish Sea, Red Sea, Black Sea, Chinese Sea.

Principal BAYS are; Biscay, Bengal, Hudson's, Baffin's.

Principal STRAITS. Gibraltar, Dover, Babelmandel, Magellan, Davies's, Bherring's Hudson's.

Principal GULPHS. Mexico, in which lie the West Indies; Persian, Bothnia, Oby and St. Lawrence, Venice.

Principal LAKES are in *North America*, excepting the Caspian Sea, which is a lake in *Asia*. Lesser lakes are to be found in *Switzerland*, *Scotland*, and other countries of EUROPE, where mountains abound. The *American* lakes are; Superior, Huron, Eris, and Ontario. In the map they are easily distinguished.

ISLANDS BELONGING TO EUROPE.

1. *Great Britain*, which includes England, Scotland, and Wales. 2. *Ireland*.

The lesser isles; and first of such as lie near *Great Britain*.

Those on the North are; 1. The Orkneys, or Arcades. 2. The Shetland Isles.

Those on the South are; 1. The Portland Isle. 2. The Isle of Wight. Also Jersey and Guernsey near France.

Those on the east are; 1. Holy Island. 2. Fern Island. 3. Cocket Island. 4. Shepey Island. 5. The Isle of Thanet.

Those on the West are; 1. Lewis Island. 2. Skye. 3. Mull. 4. Jura. 5. Illa. 6. Bute and Arran; all these are called the *Hebrides*, or Western Isles on the coast of *Scotland*. 7. Man. 8. Anglesey. 9. Lundy; and 10. Scilly Isles.

Of

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Of other iſlands in EUROPE, more diſtant from *Great Britain.*

Thoſe of *Sweden* are ſeven in number. 1. Rugen. 2. Oeland. 3. Gothland. 4. Oſel. 5. Dago. 6. Aland. 7. Ween.

Thoſe of *Denmark* are ten. Zealand, Fumen, Langland, Laland, Falſter, Mona, Femeren, Alſan, Iceland, Bornholm.

The *Azores* lie weſt of EUROPE, and are ſubject to the King of Portugal.

Mediterranean iſlands are ten. Yvica, Minorca, Majorca, Corſica. Sardinia, Malta, Sicily, Candia, Rhodes, and Cyprus.

OF THE ISLANDS OF ASIA.

There are a great number, but they are chiefly reduced to theſe ſix, whoſe ſituations are as follows; 1. Japan Iſlands, E. of *China.* 2. The Philippine Iſlands, S. W. of Japan. 3. The Moluccas, S. of the Philippine. 4. The Sunda, W. of the Moluccas. 5. The Banda, or Nutmeg Iſlands; and, 6. Ceylon, W. of the Sunda, whoſe capital is Candia or Candy.

OF AFRICAN ISLANDS.

There are many ſmall iſlands, but the moſt noted are the following; viz. the Iſland of Madagaſcar, the Cape Verde, the Canary, and the Madeira Iſlands.

There are ſome of leſs note; viz. Zocotora, ſubject to the Arabians; Comora, N. W. of Madagaſcar; St. Thomas, Anabona, ſubject to the Portugueſe, lying weſt of Ethiopia; St. Helena, ſubject to the Engliſh, lying S. W. of St. Thomas's, and the Iſle of Aſcenſion, N. W. of St. Helena. St. Helena is a place of refreſhment for our Eaſt India ſhips, being about half way between us and that diſtant country.

AMERICAN ISLANDS.

The principal iſlands of *America* are ten, which are thus divided; 1. Newfoundland, famous for cod. 2. Cuba.

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Cuba. 3. Jamaica. 4. Hiſpaniola. 5. Porto Rico. 6. Bermudas. 7. Lucayes, or Bahamas. 8. Caribbees. 9. Sotorento, called the Little Antilles. Theſe, excepting Newfoundland, are the *Weſt Indies*, in the entrance to the vaſt Bay of Mexico. In the ſouth is, 10. Terra del Fuego, ſeparated from the continent by the Straits of Magellan.

New Discoveries.

The principal of thoſe newly diſcovered, are; Otaheite, The Society Iſlands, The Friendly Iſlands, The New Hebrides, New Caledonia, The Marqueſas, The Pelew Iſlands, and the Sandwich Iſlands, all in the Pacific Ocean. At one of the latter, called *Owyhee*, Captain Cook was unfortunately killed, February 14, 1779.

Thoſe iſlands more perfectly explored, are; New Guinea, New Zealand, and New Holland, lying between the Indian and Pacific Ocean; the latter is by much the largeſt in the whole world; on the eaſt ſide of which, called *New South Wales*, is Botany Bay, the place to which the convicts are now tranſported; diſtant from London 10,050 miles S. E.

The firſt convicts deſtined for Botany Bay (being 750 in number) ſailed from Portſmouth on Sunday the 13th of May, 1787, and arrived at Botany Bay in January 1788. *Collins* has lately publiſhed a copious account of this ſettlement.

The principal RIVERS in EUROPE, with the chief towns or cities on their banks.

Elbe.....	*Hamburgh*.....	Germany.
Danube.....	*Vienna*.....	Germany.
Rhine.....	*Franckfort*.....	Germany.
Seine.....	*Paris*	France.
Loire	*Nantz*.....	France.
Garronne,	*Bourdeaux*.....	France.
Rhone.....	*Lyons*	France.

Tagus

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Tagus.....*Lisbon*.....Portugal.
Ebro.....*Saragosa*.....Spain.
Douro.....*Oporto*.....Spain.
Tiber .....*Rome*.....Italy.
Nieper.....*Oczakow*.....Little Tartary.
Vistula.....*Warsaw* .....Poland.
Don & Wolga .....Russia.

In England.

Thames.....*London*.
Severn ..... *Bristol*.
Humber ..... *Hull*.
Mersey ..... *Liverpool*.
Dee ..... *Chester*.
Tweed ..... *Berwick*.
Medway ..... *Rochester*, *Chatham*, and *Sheerness*.

In Scotland.

Frith of Forth.....*Edinburgh*.
Clyde ..... *Glasgow*.
Frith of Tay ..... *Perth*.
Dee ..... *Aberdeen*.
Frith of Murray.....*Inverness*.
Spey..... .....*Focabers*.

In Ireland.

Liffey.....*Dublin*.
Shannon ..... *Limerick*.
Boyne ..... *Drogheda*.

In Asia.

Euphrates in Persia, between which and the Tigris lay *Paradise*.

Tigris.....*Bagdad*.....Persia.
Indus ..... *Tatta*.....Mogul Empire.
Ganges.....*Calcutta*.... ....East Indies.

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In Africa.

Nile.....*Grand Cairo*.....Egypt.
Senegal.....*Port Senegal*..... Negroland.

In North America.

St. Lawrence, *Quebec* and *Montreal*, Canada.
Delaware... ....*Philadelphia*.....Penſylvania.
Miſſiſſippi.....*New Orleans*..... Weſt Florida.
Botomack..... *Waſhington* ..... Columbia.

In South America.

Oronoko.....*St. Thomas*.....Terra Firma.
Amazons..... *Macayo*.....Amazonia.
Para ..... *Para* ..... Amazonia.
La Plata..... *Buenos Ayres* ..... Paraguay.

Moſt of theſe rivers in America are ſo large, that our European rivers have been pronounced mere rivulets in compariſon with them.

Mountains of Europe.

Pyrenees, dividing France from Spain.
Alps, dividing Italy from France and Germany.
Apennines, running through Italy.
Tyrol, in Germany, near which have been fought ſeveral of the battles in the laſt campaign.
Carpathian, dividing Hungary from Poland and Tranſylvania.
Veſuvius, in Naples
Etna, in Sicily } Burning Mountains.
Hecla, in Iceland

Of Asia.

Riphean, in Aſiatic Ruſſia.
Caucaſus, between the Black and Caſpian Sea.
Taurus, runs from Little Carimania to the Eaſt Indies.

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Libanus, between Syria and Paleſtine.
Sinai, in Arabia Petrea, whence Moſes delivered the law to the Iſraelites.

OF AFRICA.

Mountains of the Moon, Ethiopia.
Peak of Teneriffe, Iſland of Teneriffe.

OF NORTH AMERICA.

The Apalachian, or *Alligany Mountains*, which have been deſcriptively called the *Back-bone* of the United States.

OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The Andes, or *Coraïlleras*, running through it from north to ſouth, for a conſiderable extent.

Hoxton Square, J. EVANS.
February 15, 1800.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 40.*)*

The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it ſpread, on every tongue it grew.
POPE.

A HEAVY ſhower of rain recalled the aſtoniſhed STEINFORT from the reverie into which this adventure had plunged him, and revolving in his mind a ſeries of pleaſant ideas, he bent his way homewards, little dreaming that his own conduct would ſerve but to rivet

rivet prejudices fatal to his character and happiness. ELIZA, on her arrival at home, retired to her apartment with an eye dimmed with despair, and a heart that reluctantly ceased to hope. She communicated her encounter with Steinfort to her confidential maid, who failed not to exaggerate her part, and repeat it to others. At length it reached the ears of Mr. Dalton, the father of Eliza; a man tenacious of honour, fixed and irrevocable in his decisions. The action, as it appeared to him, he thought sufficient to justify a challenge, and he called Mr. Steinfort to the field. Eliza soon heard of her father's conduct, and flew to prevent the mischief that might ensue. She stated the action in its true light, entreated, remonstrated on the absurdity of such extremes, but all in vain. He deemed her representation as a partial colouring to prevent him hazarding his life—flew from her presence, and calling for a friend, repaired to the scene appointed for the work of blood.

Steinfort was dreaming on future felicity, and planning various schemes of happiness, when he received this note of demand on honour. Thunderstruck, and unknowing what to resolve upon, he applied to an old friend for advice; but his friend would do no more than advise him to decide for himself, as he would then be more easily reconciled to the result of his determination. In this wavering state of mind he departed alone for the scene of action, unprovided with those implements of murder he had been requested to procure. Mr. Dalton had been waiting ten minutes when he arrived, and demanded, in a peremptory tone, where his second was, and desired him to produce his weapons? "I require no second," replied Steinfort, "and for weapons, I make use of none but what nature has furnished me with. "But first, sir," continued he, "I shall require of you an accurate statement of the cause of our quarrel?" "'Tis sufficient for me," replied

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plied Mr. Dalton, "that you have attempted to seduce and dishonour my daughter, this is cause enough for a father. Take your choice of these," continued he, presenting pistols. "No, sir," added Steinfort, "I have attempted to seduce and dishonour no man's daughter, and if I had, it would aggravate rather than extenuate my crime, to comply with your request." "Peace, moralizing coward!" exclaimed the father, "I have my information from authority I am not accustomed to dispute; give me instant satisfaction, or submit to be branded with everlasting disgrace." "Brand me with what title will please you," replied Steinfort; "epithets commonly have little meaning, and often no meaning at all; those who deem it a deviation from honour to decline committing one crime by way of extenuating another, may throw what light they please on my actions, I neither court their applause nor evade their censure; you have been deceived, sir, in respect to the *cause*, and it is therefore fit you should be deceived in respect to the *effect* of our meeting." Having said this he abruptly departed, leaving Mr. Dalton, and his valiant attendant, in complete possession of the field. Mortified at such rude and unexpected treatment, they sullenly withdrew to satisfy that honour in idle declamation, which had been disappointed in being satisfied with blood.

Eliza, who had waited with the most painful and trembling anxiety for the result of this conflict, heard of its termination with that exquisite pleasure which none but minds replete with every virtuous principle can feel. She could not but admire that self-commanded spirit, which could calmly reason with the stern and inflexible anger of her father. This trait in Steinfort's character, in some measure dissipated her despair; a thousand pleasing phantoms danced before her imagination. "A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds," revived the prospect of life, and added energy

to

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to hope. Such is the rapidity with which we conceive in what intereſts the heart. Dazzling, but tranſient happineſs! no ſooner has fancy given a boundary to the charming proſpect, than reaſon involves it in gloom. Steinfort, at length ſickening at the triumph of vice, and diſguſted with the ſneers of malice, ſecluded himſelf from the world in the retired ſilence of nature. Thus had diſappointment and misfortune tinged with miſanthropy, a diſpoſition formed by nature for ſofter enjoyments.

Eliza heard the true character of Steinfort when it was too late to profit by the diſcovery. Diſconſolate and ſick at heart, ſhe found no pleaſure but in ſeeking his friends, and making them recount his virtues, while ſhe, with the greedy ear of love "devoured up their diſcourſe." She accuſed herſelf as the author of his misfortunes, and of having conſpired to hunt him from ſociety. Theſe ideas preyed upon her mind, and her health began viſibly to decline. Her father, ſtruck with the evident alteration, and conceiving a change of air might be ſerviceable, prevailed upon her to ſpend a few months with a diſtant relation, about twenty miles from town. Thither ſhe retired, where the ſolicitude of her amiable relatives contributed much towards the re-eſtabliſhment of her health. The country round being extremely picturesque and romantic, ſhe had an opportunity of indulging her taſte for ſolitude, in frequent walks.

Being tempted by an unuſual fine evening to extend the limits of her excurſions, ſhe entered a neighbouring coppice, in which ſhe ſoon found herſelf bewildered by the variety of its paths. Night approached, and the heavens became obſcured with clouds. Alarmed at her ſituation, ſhe attempted to quicken her pace, which was conſiderably retarded by briars that interſected her path. Her apprehenſions became ſeriouſly painful, and were ſuddenly increaſed by the ſound of indiſtinct voices

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from behind. She attempted to fly with precipitation; but the gloom around her, and the obſtacles ſhe had to encounter at every ſtep, rendered every effort ineffectual. The ſounds became more diſtinct, and, on a ſudden, four ruffians, with ſacrilegious hands, faſtened on their defenceleſs prey. She gave them all the property ſhe had about her, and begged to be releaſed; but they proceeded to more violent meaſures. She fell on her knees, and with tears that might have diſarmed the tiger of his ferocity, petitioned for mercy, which was ſavagely rejected. At that moment the approach of other footſteps was heard, and a youth ruſhed from among the trees, and with a rapidity of action that ſeemed to baffle all reſiſtance, and mock the perſeverance of courage, ſoon levelled three of the villains with the earth. The other, taking advantage of his ſituation, aimed a blow at his adverſary, which, for awhile deprived him of any further reſiſtance; but apprehenſive that the ſcreams of Eliza would bring others to their aid, he immediately fled, and his companions on coming to themſelves, and finding nobody to deter them, followed his example.

Gratitude now overcame all other ideas in the mind of Eliza, and her whole attention was directed to the ſtranger who had, perhaps, forfeited his life in her defence. She threw herſelf on the ground by his ſide, when the moon, emerging from a cloud, and beaming on his face, diſcovered to her the lifeleſs features of STEINFORT!

(To be continued.)

GENERAL

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GENERAL HALF-YEARLY REVIEW

OF

LITERATURE.

IT is with cheerfulneſs we ſit down to the accompliſhment of this taſk; for a *Survey of Literature* is at all times pleaſing, and at no period deſtitute of improvement. Such a Review affords a proud proof of the energies of the mind operating through the diverſified channel of publications, towards the melioration of mankind. The return of the dark ages has no charms for us. We rejoice in the preſent prevalence of knowledge and virtue; we hail the approach of that epocha, when their joint empire ſhall extend to the remoteſt regions of the earth!

With regard to our preſent retroſpect, we ſee no reaſon to deviate from the arrangement which we have adopted on former occaſions. Accordingly we commence our remarks with

HISTORY.

A Review of the Ruſſian Empire, by MR. TOOKE, is a maſter-piece of the kind. Its author reſided for many years at Peterſburgh, in the character of Chaplain to the Engliſh Factory. His ſituation and reſpectability introduced him to the acquaintance of many perſons who were able to yield him conſiderable aſſiſtance. Of this help he has aſſiduouſly availed himſelf; we meet with a fund of information reſpecting the moſt extenſive empire in the world.

MR. MAURICE has completed his grand work, *The Hiſtory of Indoſtan*, in which great learning and ingenuity are diſplayed. The invaſion of that vaſt territory, by Alexander the Great, is here inveſtigated, and no ſmall light thrown on that intereſting tranſaction,

MR,

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MR. WRAXALL has presented the public with his *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna, in the Years* 1777, 1778, *and* 1779. We have seldom read a more pleasing work; its interest and variety made a lasting impression upon us. We have inserted several extracts from this production, which, on being examined, will prove the justness of the opinion which we here deliver respecting it.

Nor must we omit to mention, under this article, *The New Annual Register for* 1798, with particular approbation. The unhappy affairs of Ireland are investigated with judgment and ability.

TURNER'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons* affords much curious remark on the ancient state of our island. It was the fault of Hume that he passed over, too slightly, the earlier periods of our history; though for this defect Henry has, in his detail, made ample compensation. Every thing concerning Britain cannot fail of being interesting to the inhabitants of Britain.

HERON'S *History of Scotland*, is a work of considerable extent, but not of equal ability. We smile at his censures of Hume and Robertson, or they rather excite our indignation. That this writer has ability cannot be denied; it is, however, sadly mixed and debased by ignorance and impetuosity. The rashness of his criticisms, and the arrogance of his pretensions, diminish almost all his productions. In the present history they are glaringly conspicuous; and we yield it, on that account, a small portion of our approbation.

Memoirs of Pius VI. and of his Pontificate, down to the Period of his Retirement into Tuscany, is a sketch of merit, though the author has not chosen to avow his name. Indeed the history of the Popes in past ages, is so connected with the affairs of Europe, that we always sit down to the perusal of such works with a degree of interest. The downfall of the Popish superstition, however, is nearly accomplished; events have, of late, wonderfully

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wonderfully contributed to its annihilation. Its deſtruction is an object of prophecy in various parts of Scripture, and the councils of the Almighty ſhall not be fruſtrated.

THEOLOGY.

The Biſhop of LINCOLN's *Elements of Chriſtian Theology*, is a valuable preſent to the young clergy of every deſcription. It is a judicious ſelection of materials from various works of eſtabliſhed reputation. All writers on the evidences of Chriſtianity, ſtand much indebted to the learned labours of Dr. Lardner, who has been emphatically denominated the Prince of Modern Divines!

MR. GISBORNE, another clergyman of the church of England, has produced a work for young people, entitled, *A Familiar Survey of the Chriſtian Religion.* It is a pleaſing ſummary, well adapted to anſwer the purpoſes for which it is intended.

MR. PALMER'S *Defence of the Chriſtian Sabbath*, is an uſeful tract; it brings together, in a ſhort compaſs, the arguments for the obſervance of a *ſeventh* portion of time, and ſpecifies the manner after which it ſhould be paſſed.

DR. TOULMIN'S *Funeral Sermon for the Reverend Mr. Gillard*, near Taunton, is an affectionate tribute of reſpect to the memory of a good man and a ſincere Chriſtian.

MR. OWEN'S *Chriſtian Monitor* is a well-written and ſenſible production, deſigned to counteract the ſcepticiſm and indifference too obſervable in the profeſſors of Chriſtianity.

MEDICINE.

MR. PARKINSON, the author of that invaluable work, *Medical Admonitions for Families*, has juſt ſent forth

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forth a familiar addreſs, under the title of the *Villager's Friend and Phyſician*. We are happy in declaring, that this little pamphlet ought to be everywhere put into the hands of the lower claſſes of the community—ſo valuable are its contents—ſo beneficial its tendency. Under this article we ſhall only further notice

DR. BEDDOES's *Obſervations made at the Medical Pneumatic Inſtitution*—the inhalation of *pure gas*, a certain ſpecies of air, is the ſubject of this pamphlet; and its effects are truly curious on thoſe who have made the experiment. It produces a tendency to laugh, and, therefore, may be termed an highly pleaſant medicine. Theſe ſenſations, it ſeems, were experienced by Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld, Mr. Southey, and many others. The caſe of Mr. Southey, the poet, ſhall be tranſcribed in the words of the merry Doctor himſelf.

"Mr. Robert Southey could not diſtinguiſh between the firſt effects and an apprehenſion, of which he was unable to diveſt himſelf. His firſt definite ſenſations were a fullneſs and dizzineſs in the head, ſuch as to induce fear of falling. This was ſucceeded by a *laugh*, which was involuntary, but highly pleaſureable, accompanied by a peculiar thrilling in the extremities, a ſenſation perfectly new and delightful. For many hours after this experiment, he imagined his *taſte* and *ſmell* were more acute, and is certain that he felt unuſually ſtrong and cheerful. In a ſecond experiment, he felt pleaſure ſtill ſuperior, and has ſince poetically remarked, that he ſuppoſes the atmoſphere of the higheſt of all poſſible heavens, to be compoſed of this GAS!"

After ſuch original diſcoveries, who can preſume to ſay, that the *energies* of medicine may not, at ſome future period, terminate in a NATURAL IMMORTALITY?

POLITICS.

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POLITICS.

It is difficult to touch in these times on this irritated topic, without giving offence. We cannot however help observing, that we earnestly long for peace, that most distinguished of earthly blessings! Accordingly we feel favourable to all those political discussions which tend to display a spirit, and to secure to mankind the blessings of liberty.

RAMEL's *Narrative of the Deportation of the French Deputies*, shews us that the French, with all their boast, did not possess true freedom, when they consigned a number of respectable individuals to the horrors of banishment, without trial, or even common scrutiny. This is an interesting sketch of their sufferings, with which every well constituted mind must sympathise. Surely such proceedings cannot be the genuine fruits of an enlightened liberty.

MAJOR CARTWRIGHT's *Appeal, Civil, and Military*, on the subject of the English constitution, contains much information, and breathes a sincere desire to serve the interests of his country.

THORNTON's *Politician's Creed*, is, though too voluminous, remarkable for the variety of important topics it embraces, and may be read with considerable improvement.

WYVILL's *Defence of the Secession from Parliament*, is able, but not to us satisfactory. We have a high respect for the talents and virtues of its venerable author; but we at the same time think, that the opposition members who have seceded, ought to return to their duty, in justice both to their constituents and to their country. When at their post they can, at least, bear their testimony against proceedings which are, in their opinion, injurious to the civil and religious interests of mankind.

VOYAGES

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

WELD'S *Travels through the United States and Canada*, is, on the whole, an entertaining work, though evidently written with a degree of prejudice againſt the weſtern continent. We find a good deal of information reſpecting many parts of America, and we were intereſted in the peruſal of it. Mr. Weld is an Iriſh gentleman, reſiding in the neighbourhood of Dublin; the tendency of his work is by no means favourable to emigration.

We are alſo preſented with another performance reſpecting the ſame quarter of the world. MR. NEUMAN has tranſlated two quarto volumes from the French of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, entitled, *Tour through the United States of North America, the country of Iroquois and Upper Canada, in the Years* 1795, 1796, *and* 1797. This, from its extent, takes in a wide ſweep, and abounds with remarks illuſtrative of the manners of our tranſatlantic brethren. The ſketch of a Mr. Johnſon, who fell into the hands of Indians, is highly intereſting, and accordingly we have, on a former occaſion, given it in our MISCELLANY. The author of this tour is an exiled French nobleman, who has adopted this method of paſſing his time in viſiting foreign lands, till the pilgrim ſhall be received back into the boſom of his country.

BROWNE'S *Travels into Egypt* abound with various intelligence about the eaſt, which has always, on account of its antiquity and populouſneſs, been an intereſting portion of the globe. This traveller has a brief but expreſſive mode of communicating his ideas to the reader, of which an idea may be formed from his *Sketch of Jeruſalem*, which enriched the laſt Number of THE VISITOR. We were ſorry to obſerve a ſpirit of infidelity pervading the work; it greatly diminiſhed the pleaſure we experienced in peruſing it.

SONNINI'S

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SONNINI'S *Travels into Egypt*, are alſo a very valuable work; he is a Republican Frenchman, but full of obſervation and vivacity. This is ſaid to have been the performance that induced the French Conſul to have viſited that diſtant part of the world. Be that as it may, the publication is extremely entertaining, but it is debaſed with many indecent paragraphs, with which the Engliſh reader could have diſpenſed. We do not ſtand in need of any pictures, drawn from the licentiouſneſs of the Eaſt, to heighten our national profligacy. There are two tranſlations; the one by the celebrated Dr. Henry Hunter, the other publiſhed by Stockdale, but the name of the tranſlator is concealed. We do not pretend to ſay that Dr. Hunter is faultleſs in his verſion, but ſurely there cannot be ſo many blunders in it as the anonymous tranſlator would have us to believe. He has employed, by way of Preface, ſeveral quarto pages in expoſing the defects of the Reverend gentleman; we were ſorry to perceive ſuch animoſity, and we muſt confeſs that the animadvertor ſeems irritated becauſe Dr. Hunter, quickening his pace, had ſecured a priority of publication.

We ſhall cloſe this department by the mention of ST. FOND'S *Travels into England and Scotland*. This writer combines much inſtruction and entertainment. He is rather too adulatory reſpecting certain gentlemen who had behaved kindly to him, and for common readers there are too many enquiries into mineralogy. But, notwithſtanding theſe objections, we can ſpeak of the peregrinations of this naturaliſt in ſtrong terms of approbation. Every effort, either by natives or foreigners, to lay open the beauties of our iſland, deſerves a grateful reception. Providence has been particularly favourable to us in this reſpect; few countries have been more minutely inveſtigated, the reſult is always in favour of the natural advantages of Great Britain.

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BIOGRAPHY.

A second volume of the *British Public Characters* has been produced, not inferior to the former, and has to boast of great variety. Though gratified by many of its details, yet, upon anonymous sketches we cannot rely with certainty. The abundance of panegyric scattered throughout almost every page, makes us likewise suspect that the modest bounds of truth are, sometimes, exceeded. It will be remembered that the impartiality of history towards her most celebrated characters, arises, in a great measure, from the circumstance that they have been long ago consigned to the mansions of rest!

The Annual Necrology is, however, not liable to the objection of recording living characters; it contains sketches of persons of all descriptions, both at home and abroad. The life of Daniel Dancer, the famous, or if you please, the *in*-famous miser, given in our last REVIEW, is a sufficient specimen. The idea of furnishing such a volume at the close of the year, is a good one; and, in the next volume, we trust the great and illustrious Washington will receive from the pen of an able biographer the honour due to his memory!

The Life of General Hoche, from the French of ROUSELIN, is a curiosity. This famous General was originally a stable-boy, but rose to eminence through his enterprising activity. In this respect the late Revolution in France may be compared to a violent tempest agitating the ocean, and causing it to throw up to its surface articles which, otherwise, would have lain hidden in impenetrable obscurity!

POETRY.

The Annual Anthology, a collection of poems by various hands, possesses much merit, its reputed editor is MR. SOUTHEY. In our stated Review we have been liberal in our selections from this work; nothing more, therefore, need be said on the subject.

Grove

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Grove Hill, by MR. MAURICE, is a ſketch of Dr. Lettſom's villa and gardens at Camberwell. There are many fine lines of poetry which cannot be peruſed with indifference by a reader of ſenſibility.

MRS. WEST, though not poſſeſſed of brilliant talents, is not without a portion of ability. Her *Poems* are, however, uſeful to the young, and may be read with improvement.

LADY MANNERS's *Review of Poetry*, manifeſts a pleaſing diſcrimination. Elegance is here happily blended with inſtruction.

The Pleaſures of Hope, by T. CAMPBELL, are the effuſions of a young mind, but deſerving of warm approbation. The ſecond edition is both enlarged and improved. The following ſpirited addreſs to Religion we admire:

Daughter of FAITH! awake, ariſe, illume
The dread unknown—the chaos of the tomb.
Melt and diſpel the ſpectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkneſs on the parting ſoul!
Fly like the moon-ey'd herald of diſmay,
Chas'd on his night-ſteed by the ſtar of day!
The ſtrife is o'er—the pangs of nature cloſe,
And life's laſt rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the ſpirit eyes with eagle gaſe,
The noon of heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds, that waft her to the ſky,
Float the ſweet tones of ſtar-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem, ſent to hail
Bethlehem's ſhepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan huſh'd his waves, and midnight ſtill
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

We cloſe the article of Poetry with the mention of MR. HEPTINSTALL's very handſome edition of *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*. Several of its numbers, decorated with exquiſite plates, have already appeared, and the remainder will be ſoon completed. A new Life of its great author will be prefixed to the work, with

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the criticiſms of that literary *Hercules*, Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

NOVELS.

As we have no exalted opinion of the general run of theſe compoſitions, we ſhall ſtudy brevity on the ſubject.

The Gipſey Counteſs, by MISS GUNNING, is far above mediocrity; nor are its ſentiments wholly deſtitute of originality.

Deſtination, or Memoirs of a Private Family, by CLARA REEVE, did not equal our expectations. At leaſt it is not deſerving of being put on the ſame ſhelf with *The Old Engliſh Baron*, which came from the ſame pen, and attracted much attention.

The Orphan and Heireſs of Sir Gregory, is founded on events which aroſe in the reign of Charles the Firſt, and ſerves to ſtigmatiſe the Parliamentarians with a pointed opprobium. To us, therefore, the ſubject appears far-fetched, nor are we greatly pleaſed with the execution.

PROBY'S *Myſterious Seal* contains many paſſages entitled to our approbation. But it did not ſtrike us by any diſtinguiſhing traits of ſuperiority.

MRS. HELME'S *Albert* is a reſpectable performance; her other little works are alſo marked with good ſenſe and benevolence. Every writer devoting his or her talent to the uſe of the riſing generation, commands our approbation. We are ſorry that novels in general do not poſſeſs a more uſeful tendency. Their authors oftentimes are deſirous of eſtabliſhing their fame, both for originality of ſentiment and brilliancy of language, to the neglect of real utility. This may ſeem, to many of our readers, a ſevere opinion; but a retroſpect of this department will juſtify its ſeverity.

DRAMA.

Of the productions of the ſtage we have little to ſay, having in our DRAMATICAL REGISTER imparted our opinion of its various productions, juſt in the order they

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they were brought forward to the public. To that portion of the VISITOR we refer, perſuaded that though we make no boaſt of our theatrical intelligence, yet it will, on the whole, be found a juſt ſketch of the ſubject. The ſtage, well regulated, may prove highly beneficial to ſociety.

EDUCATION.

MRS. BRYANT'S *Aſtronomy*, is a judicious epitome of the diſcoveries of modern times, reſpecting this ſublime ſcience. The various phænomena are perſpicuouſly detailed and familiarly illuſtrated.

ADAMS'S *Summary of Geography and Hiſtory, both Ancient and Modern*, is, of itſelf, a little library. The pages are large and cloſe printed, and information is communicated on an immenſe variety of ſubjects. The author is maſter of the High School, Edinburgh, and, conſequently, poſſeſſes a claſſical reputation.

Engliſh Grammar, by LINDLEY MURRAY, is a complete performance of the kind; it abounds with uſeful remarks on our native language. After ſuch aſſiſtance has been proffered, inaccuracies of ſtyle ought to be baniſhed from the riſing generation.

Nor muſt we cloſe without mentioning RENDER'S *German Grammar*, a work of merit and high utility. The rules are laid down with eaſe and perſpicuity. A new type, by Caſlon, was caſt on purpoſe, and the work merits from the public the moſt unreſerved approbation.

Thus have we glanced at a few of the moſt intereſting publications in Hiſtory, Theology, Medicine, Politics, Voyages, Travels, Biography, Poetry, Novels, and in Education. It may ſerve as a guide to the young mind in the purchaſe of books; and will, we truſt, facilitate his progreſs in knowledge and virtue. Without theſe neceſſary accompliſhments man makes a poor figure in ſociety; his powers want expanſion, his paſſions are liable to be turned out of their proper channel, and the energies of his character are either miſerably paralyſed, or operate to his deſtruction.

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SELECTIONS FROM THE AMERICAN PAPERS,

RELATIVE TO THE

ILLNESS, DEATH, AND FUNERAL,

OF

*GENERAL WASHINGTON**.

SOME time in the night of Friday the 13th of December, 1799, having been expoſed to a rain on the preceding day, General Waſhington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the wind pipe, called in technical language *Cynanche trachealis*. The diſeaſe commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with ſome pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a ſenſe of ſtricture in the ſame part, a cough, and a difficult rather than a painful deglutition, which were ſoon ſucceeded by fever and a quick and laborious reſpiration. The neceſſity of blood-letting ſuggeſting itſelf to the General, he procured a bleeder in the neighbourhood, who took from his arm, in the night, twelve or fourteen ounces of blood: he would not by any means be prevailed upon by the family to ſend for the attending phyſician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon at about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Diſcovering the caſe to be highly alarming, and foreſeeing the fatal tendency of the diſeaſe, two conſulting phyſicians were immediately ſent for, who arrived, one at half after three, the other at four o'clock in the afternoon: in the interim were employed two copious bleedings, a bliſter was applied to the part affected, two moderate doſes of calomel were

* We refer our readers to the *Firſt* Volume of our MISCELLANY, for a ſtriking likeneſs of this extraordinary man in his military addreſs, and for an entertaining detail of his hiſtory. EDITORS.

given,

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given, and an injection was adminiſtered, which operated on the lower inteſtines—but all without any perceptible advantage; the reſpiration becoming ſtill more difficult and diſtreſſing.

Upon the arrival of the firſt of the conſulting phyſicians, it was agreed, as there were yet no ſigns of accumulation in the bronchial veſſels of the lungs, to try the reſult of another bleeding, when about thirty-two ounces of blood were drawn, without the ſmalleſt apparent alleviation of the diſeaſe. Vapours of Vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, ſucceeded by repeated doſes of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or ſix grains, with no other effect than a copious diſcharge from the bowels. The powers of life ſeemed now manifeſtly yielding to the force of the diſorder. Bliſters were applied to the extremities, together with a cataplaſm of bran and vinegar to the throat. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became almoſt impracticable: reſpiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect, till half after eleven o'clock on Saturday night (retaining the full poſſeſſion of his intellect) when he expired without a ſtruggle.

He was fully impreſſed at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every ſucceeding ſtage of it, that its concluſion would be mortal; ſubmitting to the ſeveral exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. He conſidered the operations of death upon his ſyſtem as coeval with the diſeaſe; and ſeveral hours before his deceaſe, after repeated efforts to be underſtood, ſucceeded in expreſſing a deſire, that he might be permitted to die without interruption.

During the ſhort period of his illneſs, he œconomized his time in the arrangement of ſuch few concerns as required his attention with the utmoſt ſerenity, and anticipated his approaching diſſolution with every demonſtration

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monſtration of that equanimity, for which his whole life has been ſo uniformly and ſingularly conſpicuous.

JAMES CRAIK, Attending Phyſician.
ELISHA C. DICK, Conſulting Phyſician.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.

In the Houſe of Repreſentatives this morning, General Marſhall, after expreſſing in ſtrong and elegant terms, the deep regret which was univerſally excited by the death of General Waſhington, preſented four reſolutions to the following effect, viz.

Reſolved, That this Houſe will wait on the Preſident of the United States, in condolence of this mournful event.

Reſolved, That the Speaker's chair be ſhrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the houſe wear black during the ſeſſion.

Reſolved, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the ſenate, be appointed to conſider on the moſt ſuitable manner of paying honour to the memory of the man, firſt in war, firſt in peace, and firſt in the hearts of his country.

Reſolved, That this houſe, when it adjourn, do adjourn to Monday.

Theſe Reſolutions were unanimouſly agreed to. Sixteen Members were appointed on the third Reſolution.

A meſſage from the Preſident was received, communicating a letter from Tobias Lear, Eſq. Private Secretary to General Waſhington.

PRESIDENT's MESSAGE.

" *Gentlemen of the Senate, and Gentlemen of the Houſe of Repreſentatives,*

" The letter herewith tranſmitted, will inform you, that it has pleaſed Divine Providence to remove from this life, our excellent fellow-citizen George Waſhington; by the purity of his character, and a long ſeries of ſervices

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ſervices to his country, rendered illuſtrious through the world. It remains for an affectionate and grateful people, in whoſe hearts he can never die, to pay ſuitable honour to his memory.

"*Mount Vernon,* "JOHN ADAMS.
December 15, 1799."

"SIR,

"It is with inexpreſſible grief, that I have to announce to you the death of the great and good General Waſhington. He died laſt evening between ten and eleven o'clock, after a ſhort illneſs of about twenty-four hours. His diſorder was an inflammatory ſore throat, which proceeded from a cold, of which he made but little complaint on Friday. On Saturday morning about three o'clock, he became ill. Dr. Craick, attended him in the morning, and Dr. Dick, of Alexandria, and Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, were ſoon after called in. Every medical aſſiſtance was offered, but without the deſired effect. His laſt ſcene correſponded with the whole tenor of his life. Not a groan or a complaint eſcaped him, in extreme diſtreſs. With perfect reſignation, and a full poſſeſſion of his reaſon, he cloſed his well ſpent life.

"I have the Honour to be, &c.

"TOBIAS LEAR."

"*The Preſident of the United States.*"

Generals Marſhall and Smith were appointed to wait on the Preſident, to know at what time it would be convenient to receive the houſe.

Generals Marſhall and Smith having waited on the Preſident with the firſt reſolution, reported that the Preſident would be ready to receive them at one o'clock this day. The houſe accordingly waited on him.

The Speaker addreſſed the Preſident in the following words:

"SIR,

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" SIR,

" The Houſe of Repreſentatives, penetrated with a ſenſe of the irreparable loſs ſuſtained by the Nation, by the death of that great and good man, the illuſtrious and beloved Waſhington, wait on you, Sir, to expreſs their condolence on this melancholy and diſtreſſing event."

To which the Preſident made the following anſwer:—

" *Gentlemen of the Houſe of Repreſentatives,*

" I receive with great reſpect and affection the condolence of the Houſe of Repreſentatives on the melancholy and afflicting event, in the death of the moſt illuſtrious and beloved perſonage which this country ever produced; I ſympathiſe with you, with the Nation, and with the good men through the World, in this irreparable loſs ſuſtained by us all.

" JOHN ADAMS."

George Town, Dec. 20.

On Wedneſday laſt, the mortal part of Waſhington the Great—the Father of his Country, and the Friend of Man, was conſigned to the tomb with ſolemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of perſons aſſembled, from many miles round, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and laſt reſidence of the illuſtrious chief. There were the groves, the ſpacious avenues, the beautiful and ſublime ſcenes, the noble manſion—but, alas! the auguſt inhabitant *was now no more.* That great ſoul *was gone.* His mortal part was there *indeed*; but ah! how affecting! how awful the ſpectacle of ſuch worth and greatneſs, thus, to *mortal* eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty *portico*, where oft the hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the ſhrouded corpſe.—The countenance, ſtill compoſed and ſerene, ſeemed to expreſs the dignity of the ſpirit which lately dwelt in that

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that lifeleſs form. There thoſe who paid the laſt ſad honours to the benefactor of his country, took an impreſſive—a farewell view.

On the ornament, at the head of the coffin, was inſcribed SURGE AD JUDICIUM—about the middle of the coffin, GLORIA DEO—and on the ſilver plate,

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON

DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE 14TH

OF DECEMBER '99, ÆT. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the ſound of artillery from a veſſel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afreſh our ſolemn ſorrow; the corpſe was moved; a band of muſic, with mournful melody, melted the ſoul into all the the tenderneſs of woe.

The proceſſion was formed, and moved on in the following order:

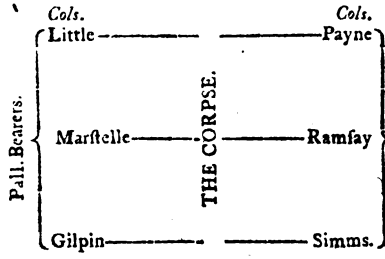
CAVALRY—INFANTRY—GUARDS.

(WITH ARMS REVERSED.)

MUSIC—CLERGY.

THE GENERAL's HORSE.

(WITH HIS SADDLE, HOLSTERS, AND PISTOLS.)



MOURNERS.

MASONIC BRETHREN.

CITIZENS.

When

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When the proceſſion had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomack, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, the infantry marched towards the Mount, and formed their lines—the clergy, the maſonic brothers, and the citizens, deſcended to the vault, and the funeral ſervice of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the veſſel in the river, and the ſounds echoed from the woods and hills around.

Three general diſcharges by the infantry; the cavalry and eleven pieces of artillery, which lined the banks of the Potomack back of the vault, paid the laſt tribute to the entombed Commander in Chief of the armies of the United States, and to the venerable departed hero.

The ſun was now ſetting. Alas! the ſun of glory was ſet for ever.—No! the name of *Waſhington*, the American Preſident and General, will triumph over death—the unclouded brightneſs of his glory will illuminate future ages!

THE DRAMA.

ADELAIDE, by Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureat, has been condemned, and withdrawn from repreſentation. On the other hand, SPEED THE PLOUGH, at Covent Garden, has been uncommonly ſucceſsful. It is the production of Mr. Morton, and we ſay nothing more about it at preſent, in order that we may do it the more juſtice by a *full* account in the next Number of our MISCELLANY.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1800.

MATILDA.

HOW wretched his being whom mis'ry oppreſſes!
But *ſhe*, how *more* wretched, who mis'ry muſt bear!
Poſſeſs you a heart that can feel her diſtreſſes?
Then liſt to the woes of Matilda the fair.

All lovely in temper, in air condeſcending,
On ſickneſs and want with compaſſion attending;
Each virtue at once in her character blending,
Bright purity ſhone in Matilda the fair.

Cordellio ſhe lov'd, he return'd her affection,
And ſoon ſhe expected the bridals to wear;
With joy all beheld their approaching connection,
And happineſs ſmil'd on Matilda the fair.

But ſhort was her bliſs from the proſpect deriving,
For now a rich maid in the village arriving,
Was ſmit with Cordellio, and artfully ſtriving,
Purloin'd his weak heart from Matilda the fair.

They married—Good God! of this fatal tranſaction,
I ſhudder the horrid effects to declare!
The tidings roll'd ſwift on the bolt of diſtraction,
And frenzied the ſoul of Matilda the fair.

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Now daily to places moſt lonely repairing,
She roams loudly ſad, or fits ſtupor'd deſpairing,
While her cheeks pale and hollow, her eyes wildly
glaring.
Have loſt every trace of Matilda the fair.

CHERTREA.

THE MISER.

MISER! why counteſt thou thy treaſure?
Thy ill-got hoards of paltry gold!
Haſt thou a throb of ſecret pleaſure,
When conſcience whiſpers, ſoft and ſlow,
"Theſe are the ſpoils that from oppreſſion flow,
"For which thy fame is ſold!"

Why doſt thou gloat on uſeleſs ore?
Thou haſt no joy in all thy wealth!
Thou never heard'ſt the ſimple poor
Bleſs thy benevolence, and cry—
While gratitude illumes the uprais'd eye—
"Heav'n grant thee years of *health!*"

Why doſt thou, in the gloom of night,
While loud the tempeſt rages wide,
Tremble with horror's cold affright?
And, graſping ev'ry ſhining woe,
To ſome dark nook, with fault'ring footſteps go,
The uſeleſs heaps to hide?

Doſt thou not hear the thunder's voice,
Reproving heav'n's juſt vengeance, ſpeak?
Doſt thou not hear the fiends rejoice,
While on thy tott'ring roof obſcure,
The tears of outrag'd nature, whelming pour,
To chill thy wither'd cheek?

See thy lean frame, thy ſunken eyes,
Behold the victor death, and know,
That when the wretched *miſer* dies,
No boſom pities—on his tomb,
No graceful wreath of ſpring ſhall ever bloom,
No tear of *friendſhip* flow!

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Forgotten! or, if not, abhorr'd,
Can all thy treaſures, left behind,
Bid *memory* thy toil reward—
Or meek religion breathe to heav'n
One pray'r that thou may'ſt ever be forgiv'n,
O! *miſcreant unkind!*

Thou, who woud'ſt lie belov'd, careſs'd,
Let ſweet humanity be giv'n
By *thee*, to e'en a *foe* diſtreſs'd;
But when the child of virtue ſighs,
When genius to the *open threſhold* flies
Know, 'tis the *path to heav'n.*

LAURA MARIA.

THE

OLD SOLDIER,

[From Mrs. Robinſon's new Novel, the Natural Daughter.]

O PITY! if thy holy tear
Immortal decks the wing of time
'Tis when the ſoldier's honour'd bier
Demands the glitt'ring drop ſublime;
For who, from buſy life remov'd
Such glorious, dang'rous toil has prov'd,
As *he*, who on th' embattled plain
Lies, nobly ſlain!

He, who forſakes his native ſhore
To meet the whizzing ball of death;
Who, mid the battle's fateful roar,
Reſigns his ling'ring, parting breath;
Who, when the deaf'ning din is done,
So well deſerves as valour's ſon,
The proud, the laſting wreath of fame,
To grace his name?

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Hard is his fate, the ſultry day
To wander o'er the burning plain;
All night to waſte the hours away,
Mid howling winds and beating rain.
To talk, O viſion ſadly ſweet!
With her his eyes will never meet,
And find at morn's returning gleam
'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow ſevere;
To hear th' imperious, ſtern command:
To heave the ſigh, to drop the tear,
While mem'ry paints his native land.
To know, the laurel he has won,
Twines round the brow of fortune's ſon,
While *he*, when ſtrength and youth are flown,
Shall die *unknown!*

IDLENESS.

WHO has not ſeen the maiden morn ariſe,
Her bluſhing cheek with heav'n's prime light o'erſpread;
Now with a ling'ring paleneſs mount the ſkies,
Now gild th' horizon with a glowing red?

Who has not ſeen the murky night retire,
Dragging along his thick unwelcome veil;
Now at the far off wood he ſeems to tire,
Now ſlowly quits the damp and foggy dale?

Why there upon that couch ſupine he lies,
His recreant ſoul, half-drown'd in ſlumbers deep;
For twelve long hours each night he ſhuts his eyes,
The ſlave-inglorious of half living ſleep.

For him the gladſome morn ne'er roſe on high,
For him the god-like ſun ne'er ſhew'd his face,
For him the clouds which travel through the ſky,
Never "drop fatneſs" on his kindred race.

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Science, bedeck'd with robes of living light,
Shall ne'er on him beſtow one heav'nly ray;
From him, diſguſted with the hateful ſight,
Wiſdom and wealth have turn'd their feet away.

And lovely health, long ling'ring round his bed,
Is now about to take her laſt farewell;
Dulneſs uſurps the empire of his head,
And ſloth has bound him with her cobweb ſpell.

What has he done while living on this earth?
What virtues have his fellow men admir'd?
Whoſe lips rejoice that nature gave them birth,
Or in his well-earn'd praiſe have never tir'd?

Come, ye diſtreſs'd, whom his aſſiſting hand
Kindly upheld, when troubled ſtorms aroſe;
Talk loudly of the ſchemes his wiſdom plann'd,
The arrows of misfortune to oppoſe.

Who from the thorny couch of ſickneſs hies,
To ſoothe, with kind return, his languid hours;
And all the arts of ſkill and medicine tries,
And all the balm of conſolation pours.

Ah, no! "deſerted in his utmoſt need,"
His liſtleſs ſoul in anguiſh pines away;
No unbought offices of love now feed
His vacant memory with one happy day.

His wretched mind a blank—no knowledge there
For ſilent meditation to con o'er;
His life a lethargy of meanleſs care,
Diſdain'd a worldly or a mental ſtore.

Uncounted roll'd his fleeting hours away,
Unnotic'd now he ſinks into the duſt;
Unmov'd, we ſee his frame confign'd to clay,
No bleeding heart his monumental buſt.

Then oh! beware, the man of ſloth's fell wiles,
On earth fair virtue's formidable foe;
Learn to diſdain her eaſe, diſtruſt her ſmiles,
They lure to wretchedneſs, they lead to woe.

September 18, 1799. ORLANDO.

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AN INVOCATION.

THE native language of the heart,
Which uncorrupted flows,
Muſt ſurely greater joys impart,
Than that which art beſtows.

Yet both by turns the breaſt invade,
The glowing colours draw;
Imploring oft dame nature's aid,
Yet violate her law.

The one in ſimple truth is dreſt,
Refining and refin'd;
The other ſpecious at the beſt,
And luculently blind.

Then come, ſweet nature! goddeſs free,
My humble lays inſpire;
Teach me to think and write like thee,
And emulate thy fire.

Oh! unlock thy ſacred ſtore,
Unfold it to my view;
Let me be rich in wiſdom's lore,
From whence that wiſdom grew.

Let me avoid the tinſel glare,
With ſwelling words high fraught;
For ſuch diſpleaſe the tuneful ear,
Whoſe melody is thought.

Such wild bombaſt inflated verſe,
True genius never breathes;
But ſmooth the melliſluent terſe,
The genuine ſenſe it gives.

View in ſome ſtrippling poet's page,
How metaphors they roll;
Words, which ill-plac'd, the eye engage,
But ne'er inform the ſoul.

But oh! teach me that rock to ſhun,
Let not that fault be mine;
Let ſenſe, the bright meridian ſun,
Conjoin in every line.

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The grand design of verse should be,
To give, in fiction's dress,
Some moral truth, which to convey,
Must make that fiction less.

Yet oft we see the poet's pen
Employ'd with manly rage;
To rouse from vice misguided men,
And lash a vicious age.

Such then deserve a poet's name,
Deserve the immortal bays;
Oh! be it then my only aim,
To emulate their praise.

W. MUDFORD.

SONG

FOR THE AMERICAN WAR-HOOP.

HENCE, dull peace, bloody war, bloody war let us wage,
Blow the blast round each tribe to spread wide the fierce flame;
In our breasts blaze the fires of resentment and rage,
O'er our heads be display'd the broad banners of fame.

To each hero, each chief, let the wampum be sent,
Let the axe dreadful grace to the present bestow;
Let him kiss the fierce gift, let him praise our intent,
And come drink with fell thirst, of the gore of the foe.

From the calumet's tube let thick volumes ascend,
Black and dark as the deeds that our bosoms suggest;
Let our courage drive on, and our gorget defend,
And the tomahawk's terror give steel to the breast.

Lo! to battle we speed, breathing fury and hate
For whole ages transfus'd from the sire to the son;
Shall weak pity's vain pray'r our resentment abate?
Whole ten thousands shall gasp e'er revenge be begun!

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See the dogs of the north!—ſoon their heads ſtrew the ſands,
Soon their marrow-ſuck'd bones prove our vengeful repaſt;
Be their limbs ſcatter'd wide through our death-bearing bands,
And their eye-balls for toys to our infants be caſt.

Hark! the fight bleeds amain, and thick rain the fierce darts,
With the yells of deſtruction the campaign reſounds;
Haſte to gore the fierce gaſh, and to gnaw the pluck'd hearts,
And to quaff the warm life-blood that ſmokes from the wounds.

No ſoft thoughts! no baſe reſt! no inglorious delay!
No dark miſchief untried, no fierce danger we ſhun;
But like heroes, impell'd by hot vengeance away,
Cruſh out ſouls, bruiſe out brains, and lament the work's done.

Should our foes prove the fight, and our fury defy,
To their rage we indignant ſurrender our breath;
We rejoice to reign kings o'er the worlds in the ſky,
And exult in the pangs of deſtruction and death.

PANEGYRIC ON A GOLDFINCH.

HARK! oh, how melodious and gay,
The ſweet goldfinch chaunts forth its note;
Methinks we may ſit all the day,
And liſten to its warbling throat.

The plumage, ſo lovely and fair,
Our warm admiration excites;
Lo! it mounts aloft in the air,
Whilſt its note, ſo charming, invites.

Come, ye maidens and ſwains, attend
To this ſweet bird's enliv'ning ſong;
Sure 'twill make you merry to lend
Your ear, as in a warbling throng.

Taunton, J. TOLMIN.
November 30th, 1799.

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TO THE OWL.

HAIL, bird of ſolitude and wiſdom, hail!
With thee 'tis pleaſant for to roam, when men,
Care's toiling ſons, in reſt are laid; when nought
The ſolemn ſtillneſs of night's noon invades,
Save the quick flitting of the duſky bat,
Or the ſweet plaint of Philomela's ſong;
Far wiſer thou than ſongſters of the morn,
Who ſtrain their throats to welcome in the day,
That ſlowly dawneth on a trivial world.
The ſilent hour thou lov'ſt, when heaven's high
Concave's bright beſpangl'd o'er with countleſs
Worlds; for then the mind on contemplation's wing,
Soars 'mid the region of extended ſpace,
'Till in the vaſt immenſity 'tis loſt.

Lynn. J. RICHARDSON.

TO A YOUNG OAK.

THOU ſtrippling plant, tho' ſlender now thy form,
That bends before the flying blaſt its head;
Yet ere revolving ages ſhall have fled,
'Twill riſe majeſtic 'mid the furious ſtorm.

Then muſt thy arms a mighty ſhade that caſt,
With thy gigantic trunk be felled down;
But yet not here will finiſh thy renown,
Thy glory ſhall thro' diſtant ages laſt.

For in Britannia's navy ſhalt thou join
Thy aid to bear her ſailors o'er the wave,
Thoſe daring heroes who'd their country ſave,
Tho' all the world againſt them ſhould combine.

Genius of Albion! guard our native oak,
And we ne'er fear to fall beneath a foreign yoke.

Lynn. J. RICHARDSON.

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CORYDON.

ADIEU to my Corydon dear,
Alas! that he now is no more;
His name I ſhall ever revere,
His loſs I ſhall ever deplore.

There once was a time I complain'd,
That men were as falſe as the wind;
But when my young heart he had gain'd,
His conſtancy alter'd my mind.

I found him as true as the dove,
Nor riches could e'er gain his heart;
He lov'd me for nought but my love,
Then gueſs how it grieves me to part.

The joy that I felt in yon bow'r,
Aroſe from our mutual love;
'Twas ſuch—to deſcribe I've no pow'r,
'Twas ſuch—I can ne'er but approve.

How often my fancy has drawn,
When wedlock had made us but one;
Night's mirth, or the bus'neſs of morn,
Work ended, or labour begun.

But fancy no longer can pleaſe,
No longer can give me delight;
Nor again can it give my heart eaſe,
Nor put theſe my ſorrows to flight.

No longer the hill or the vale,
To me any pleaſure can give;
But penſive, I'll ſeek out the vale,
Where Corydon uſed to live.

'Tis there I will wander and roam,
'Till nature ſhall break at this heart;
And ſend me to that happy home,
Where never again we ſhall part.

RUSTICUS.

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A

PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

THE FINE PLEASANT FELLOW.

SEE, the ſchool-hour is o'er, and the ſports are begun,
See at cricket they halloo, they laugh—how they run!
A thouſand ſtrange projects reſound far and near,
Regardleſs of prudence, regardleſs of fear;
Till, forgetting each maſter's or parent's beheſt,
Gay, idle, and thoughtleſs, his heart light in his breaſt,
Without thought of to-morrow, of ſorrow, or ſtrife,
The fine pleaſant fellow daſhes firſt into life.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and he joins in the chaſe,
Next, he's charm'd with the ſport and the bets at a race;
He games, drinks, and dances the long hours away,
Impatient with pleaſure to fill the whole day;
And alike fond of joys of the table or field,
He ſcorns to give out, and was ne'er known to yield,
Till all his companions obſerve with a ſmile,
That the fine pleaſant fellow is living in ſtyle.

Grown older, done up, and unable to pay,
Diſeas'd, vex'd, and fretful—yet ſtill fond of play,
With thoſe he deſpiſes, he's ſtill ſeen to game,
Still hoping to win, and ſtill careleſs of fame,
Each tradeſman unpaid, who his follies ſupply'd,
He ſtoops to all arts, and each meanneſs of pride!
Till duns, debts, and attornies, each moment aſſail,
And the fine pleaſant fellow's confin'd in a jail!

There, diſtreſs'd and forſaken by foe and by friend,
Bow'd down, by degrees he bends on to his end,
Return'd to a ſenſe of his folly too late,
From morning to evening he curſes his fate,
And too proud to repent and too late to recede,
With a deſperate hand does a deſperate deed!
Whilſt a terrified crowd the ſad relicks ſurvey,
Of the fine pleaſant fellow the martyr of play!

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THE DULL PLODDING FELLOW.

SEE the ſchool's broken up, and the paſtime's begun,
Full of mirth and good humour, of laughter and fun;
No thought of the future diſturbs the gay breaſt,
But the ſcene is all frolic, all freedom and jeſt,
The parties all made, and the books thrown aſide,
Few think there are pleaſures by prudence deny'd,
Few think it, ſave one, and who is he? d'ye aſk?
'Tis the dull plodding fellow, that's hard at his taſk.

Now enter'd on life, with few pence in his purſe,
He determines his little he ne'er will make worſe,
But content to be poor, labour hard to be wiſe;
Yet as riches from learning are oft known to riſe,
Should that be the caſe—it is part of his plan
To be known—by the name of a ſtaunch honeſt man;
'Tis the title he'll bear to his life's lateſt end,
For the dull plodding fellow's ſtill true to his friend.

Grown wealthy, and pleas'd with his fortunate lot,
The hope of his youth, tho' delay'd, not forgot;
The bleſſing he toil'd for, he aſks and obtains,
The hand of his fair one rewards all his pains,
And children around him all ſtrive to improve,
From the precepts of wiſdom, deliver'd by love;
Whilſt each added year adds a joy to his life,
Belov'd by his friends, and his children, and wife.

Till advanc'd to old age, and now ſinking in death,
Not grieving but griev'd for, he yields his laſt breath;
Servants, children, and wife, bleſs the voice that expires,
And e'en after his death ſtill reſpect his deſires;
Whilſt the needy, in crowds, at the church-yard attend,
To drop the laſt tear o'er their much valu'd friend;
And each neighbour ſtill ſighs, as he paſſes his door,
For the dull plodding fellow was lov'd by the poor!

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Literary Review.

The View of Hindoſtan. Two Volumes. Quarto. Hughs. 2l. 12s. 6d.

THIS was the laſt work of the indefatigable Mr Pennant, who paid the debt of nature towards the cloſe of the year 1798. In our Number for January 1799, we preſented our readers with his portrait, together with a very particular detail of his life and labours. It was there mentioned that he had formed an extenſive work under this expreſſive title, "*Outlines of the Globe!*" The work had been finiſhed, and remained in manuſcript on the ſhelves of his library. The ingenious author publiſhed theſe two volumes by way of ſpecimen; they afford wonderful proofs of his perſevering induſtry. The firſt paragraph of the preface is both ſtriking and explanatory; it ſhall be tranſcribed.

"Theſe two volumes," ſays Mr. Pennant, "are compoſed from the fourteenth and fifteenth of my OUTLINES OF THE GLOBE. I had many ſolicitations from private friends, and a few wiſhes from perſons unknown, delivered in the public prints, to commit to the preſs a part in the form in which the poſthumous volumes might hereafter make their appearance. I might have pleaded the imprudence of the attempt, at my time of life, of beginning ſo arduous an undertaking in my ſeventy-firſt year. I happily, till very lately, had ſcarcely any admonition of the advanced ſeaſon. I

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plunged into the sea of troubles, and, with my papers in one hand made my way through the waves with the other, and brought them secure to land. This, alas! is senile boasting. I must submit to the judgment of the public, and learn from thence how far I am to be censured for so grievous an offence against the maxim of Aristotle, who fixes the decline of human abilities at the forty-ninth year. I ought to shudder, when I consider the wear and tear of twenty-two years; and I feel shocked at the remark of the elegant Delaney, who observes, "that it is generally agreed among wise men, that few great attempts at least in the learned way, have ever been wisely undertaken and happily executed after that period!" I cannot defend the wisdom, yet from the good fortune of my life, I will attempt the execution."

Thus modestly and engagingly does the venerable author speak of this child of his old age. We however perceive no marks of decline about the work, which is full of information and entertainment. In the latter part of the preface, Mr. Pennant acknowledges his obligations in a handsome manner to Major Rennell, Sir William Jones, and the Reverend Thomas Maurice, for the assistance which their publications afforded him in the completion of this his favourite work.

Mr. Pennant's intention in the *Outlines of the Globe*, was to travel every part of this habitable earth in imagination, furnishing himself with materials from travellers and navigators, who had visited those parts of the world. In this manner did *De Foe* write a journal of the plague, which raged in this metropolis during the last century; and after this mode also, was that ingenious man thought to have made his *Tour through England.*

Mr. Pennant, therefore, thus personifying the traveller, has, in these volumes, furnished a very entertaining and instructive account of the East Indies; those distant regions of the globe which have contributed

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to the wealth and profperity of our country. Having thus particularly explained the nature of the work, we refer the reader to fome curious extracts in the preſent Number of our Miſcellany.

We ſhall only add, that this intereſting work is embelliſhed with ſeveral beautiful engravings, including landſcapes and ſubjects of natural hiſtory. We fervently hope, that the other volumes of the *Outlines of the Globe* may be conſigned over to the public.

The Villager's Friend and Phyſician, or a Familiar Addreſs on the Preſervation of Health and the Removal of Diſeaſe on its Firſt Appearance, ſuppoſed to be delivered by a Village Apothecary; with Curſory Obſervations on the Treatment of Children, on Sobriety, Induſtry, &c. intended for the Promotion of Domeſtic Happineſs. By James Parkinſon. Symonds. 1s. Eighty-five Pages.

THE author of *Medical Admonitions for Families*, has here applied his talents in a moſt happy and benevolent manner to the relief of the lower claſſes of the community. Of the object of this little work every individual muſt entertain a favourable idea, and the utility of its contents may be pronounced beyond calculation. It is adapted to remove thoſe vices and diſeaſes among the POOR, the prevalence of which is a ſubject of very ſerious regret to every well conſtituted mind. For this humane effort, Mr. Parkinſon deſerves the thanks of ſociety.

We have ſeldom ſeen ſo ſmall a work embracing ſuch a variety of important topics, ſo immediately connected with the welfare and happineſs of the perſons to whom it is addreſſed. Beſide the excellent medical advice with which it abounds, moral obſervations are here and there interſperſed with an appropriate felicity. It is our ſincere wiſh that the wealthy would contribute for

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the distribution of such a pamphlet amongst the poor; this would, in every respect, be a well directed generosity, for by such a measure both their bodies and minds would be essentially benefitted.

Of the *moral advice* given in this familiar address, take the following specimen:

"The amusements to which I have hitherto alluded, are those adapted to the summer, when fine weather and long days give the opportunities of an hour or two of day-light for your enjoyment when labour is over. But in winter, a greater portion of time will be found free from the exercise of business, which want of day-light renders you unable to employ in out-door amusements. This portion of time is too commonly devoted to the ale-house; and this, it is frequently said, because your home can afford you no amusement. But let me point out an amusement or two, which I am confident, when you have made trial of for a little time, will yield you delight beyond any you have ever experienced, whilst smothering away life in that grave of happiness. Most of you have children, and if you are not devoid of affection for them, pleasures beyond expression will be derived from instructing them:

> Delightful task! to rear the tender thought;
> To teach the young idea how to shoot,
> And pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
>
> THOMSON.

But you may say, that, not having yourself received the advantages of education, you can communicate to them but little instruction. The instruction I however allude to, is such as the most unlearned may communicate. Trace over in your memory the various events of your past life; you will then see how you failed in your aim to do well, and also, why your endeavours sometimes succeeded. Communicate to your children the reflections which these observations create. Shew them the advantages of industry, civility, and sobriety; let them see the necessity and advantage of rendering themselves useful to those around them. Place before them particularly the policy of such conduct towards their employers: since he who

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who renders himself useful to his employer, becomes necessary to him; and creates that attachment of his master, both from interest and from respect for his industry; that, if he engage also his affection by his civility and obligingness, the most advantageous and profitable consequences may follow. Point out to them the evils, which experience has taught you the necessity of avoiding. Put aside all false shame—own your youthful follies to them.—Show them the ill effects which followed, and confirm them in the resolution of shunning similar foibles; and, on the other hand, hold out to their imitation those actions which recollection is delighted in recalling. By this conduct, you will not only lead your children into a love of virtuous and industrious exertions, and take away the necessity of employing that correction which may rob you of their love; but you will actually excite their affections, make them love their father as their friend, and perhaps secure for yourself in age, that protection from your child, which you might otherwise have to seek from a work-house. But to be assured of this, teach them to abhor cruelty to the brute creation; since the child who delights to torment any fellow-being, may be brought at last to view the sufferings of even a parent, with feelings, worse than indifference. Be assured

That all the pious duties which we owe
Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
The seeds of every virtue here below
From discipline alone and early culture grow.

WEST.

"The amusement which books afford, exceeds all others, which can be enjoyed by the fire-side, by those whose days have been laboriously exercised. But should this not be to your taste, or should your youthful progress in learning not have been sufficient to enable you to indulge in this delightful enjoyment; have not to reproach yourself with not having done all in your power, to enable your children to obtain the pleasures and benefits of reading. Consider at how trifling an expence you may procure them this useful and entertaining accomplishment, and that a few pence, a very few pence, weekly employed for this purpose, may better their situation through the whole of their life. By reading they will have their minds stored with precepts, instructive to the preservation both of their

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health and morals: they will become better members of society, be more confirmed in their duty to you, and be furnished with an inexhaustible source of amusement and reflection for every vacant hour; so that the tediousness of leisure shall not drive them to the ale-house for amusement. In their youth it will afford them amusement and instruction, and in age, comfort.

"Nor do I go out of my way when I recommend reading to you; for I recommend it as a medicine, which, by its effects on the mind, will secure you from the attacks of some diseases which really originate from the mind not being sufficiently exercised; and also, as a remedy which will better enable you to beguile away the dreary hours of confinement, from almost any kind of malady. Nor is this remedy an expensive one, since there is *one volume*, the cheapest in the kingdom, which, whether you seek to be interested by the plain facts of history, by the most pathetic descriptions and situations, or by the most marvellous and even miraculous adventures; whether your taste be for plain prose, or for the most sublime poetry: whether in your youth, you search for instructions for obtaining happiness; or in your age, solid and essential comfort, this *one volume* will afford it all."

Of the manner in which *diseases* are treated, the subsequent extract will enable you to form an opinion.

"The disease which I shall next speak of, is often, in its first stage, mistaken for the effect of worms. *Dropsy of the Brain*, or *Watery Head*, may be suspected, when a child appears uncommonly heavy and dull, complains of pain in the head, has its sleep disturbed with alarming dreams, reluctantly moves its head from the pillow, or attends to surrounding objects; and is affected with frequent sickness and slight fever. To distinguish this disease in that early stage, to which the above symptoms belong, requires such skill as you cannot possess; therefore here you must not trifle, but on the appearance of symptoms resembling those I have mentioned, consider there is no other alternative, you must either apply directly to the most respectable professional man, or to some charitable institution. To pretend to recommend particular remedies in this case, would, you must see, be in me a presumption full of mischief.

"This

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"This complaint is frequently occasioned by the falls on the head, which children are exposed to on first going alone. Guard their heads, therefore, at this time, with the old-fashioned head-dress for children, a quilted stuffed cap, or pudding. I am sorry to be obliged to add another cause of this malady, severe blows on the head, inflicted in the correction of children. Parents too often forget the weight of their hands and the delicate structure of a child. You must excuse the direction—It was but yesterday I passed the cottage of one you all know to have neglected his children; I heard the plaintive and suppliant cries of a child, and rushed into the cottage; where I saw the father, whose countenance was dreadful, from the strong marks of passion and cruelty which it bore, beating most unmercifully his son, about ten years old. The poor child's countenance would, one would have supposed, obtained mercy from the most obdurate; it was shrunk up with dread and terror; the most earnest and humble supplications proceeded from his lips, whilst his eyes were fixed with horror on the impending instrument of his chastisement. I stopped the brute from proceeding in his violent outrage, asking what was the crime the boy had committed, and found he had not finished the task of work he had set him. Ah! John, I exclaimed, consider how you ever neglected your children; you have never troubled yourself to give them good advice, nor refrained from setting them bad examples. The crimes of the children of such a parent must be on his head; you merit correction, and not he, for you never showed him what it was to be industrious. Expect not duty from a child, if you have not done yours towards him. Duties are required of parents as well as of children; and although an undutiful child may be termed a monster, know, that the worst of monsters is an *undutiful parent*. The wretch growled at the interruption he had suffered; and I need hardly say, manifested no compunction or regret, at his cruelty.

"What I have told you, is not foreign to the purpose of our meeting; for, not only do I believe the disease I have spoken of, may be brought on by undue correction, but I have seen most dangerous diseases occasioned by the terror thus excited in the mind of a child. Let reason and parental tenderness weigh with you; and, in justice to the little offending trembler, before you correct your child, correct your own anger;

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and if you would wish to be respected as a father, inflict no more suffering on him who has no one else to look to for protection, than is really necessary for his future welfare."

Indeed a *cheaper* and *better* pamphlet for the use of the POOR, was scarcely ever before offered to the public. In these pages the head and heart of the author appear to equal advantage; and we cannot help giving such a publication our unreserved approbation.

The Life of Major J. G. Semple Lisle, containing a faithful Narrative of his alternate Vicissitudes of Splendour and Misfortune, written by Himself. The Whole interspersed with interesting Anecdotes and authentic Accounts of important public Transactions. Stewart. 7s.

THIS *little great* man was, as it is well known, tried and condemned at the Old Bailey in 1795, where he was sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay. His crime was *swindling*, and every attempt to elude the verdict of the law proved ineffectual. Accordingly he was sent, with other convicts in the Lady Shore, to the place of his destination. A mutiny in the ship once more set him free, and he, together with some of the officers, found their way back to England. Upon his return he was lodged in Tothill Fields Bridewell, whence has issued this most curious piece of biography. That it is amusing we cannot deny; but we must withhold from it the palm of approbation.

The consummate pride and intolerable vanity of this narrative are truly ludicrous; nor can we satisfactorily depend on the truth or the series of events here related. The object of the author is, most probably, to excite the public commiseration by a recital of adverse circumstances, which, in his opinion, the greatness of his military exploits ought to have prevented. But in this slippery

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slippery state great folks are peculiarly exposed; and indeed they experience (to use the *elegant phraseology* of the title-page) "alternate vicissitudes of splendour and misfortune!"

The *Preface* displays the spirit in which the work is written, and the reader will smile at the perusal of it:

"When any one offers his own memoirs to the world, it is very natural to ask what are his claims to the notice of the public? To this the author of the following sheets can justly reply, that perhaps there exists not another individual who has been so much the play-thing of fortune as himself; and he can boldly add, that few have been so unjustly calumniated. With shame he acknowledges that there have been parts of his life he can neither justify, nor means to defend; but this work, the truth of which rests not upon his own testimony only, but upon that of characters whom suspicion itself would not dare to doubt, will prove that his life has been by no means a series of disgraces.

"Such as it has really been, he lays it before the world, ready to receive from the impartial voice of the public that praise or that censure to which he may be found entitled.

"To the republic of letters he feels the necessity of apologizing for any inaccuracies which may be found in the composition. Born a soldier, though happy in an excellent education, the profession of arms engaged his entire soul; something must, therefore, be allowed for the production of one no way in the habit of writing beyond private correspondence or military orders. Besides, ever accustomed to execute his ideas with rapidity, he confesses his want of patience to touch, retouch, and ponder, words and syllables; but though his periods may want that harmonious chime which amuses the ear, they shall never be deficient in truth and candour.

"The many exalted characters whose names are introduced in this work, will, the author trusts, excuse the freedom he has used with them; he has, indeed, had the honour of standing by their sides in the field of battle and in the drawing-room; and he hopes that not one of them will be ashamed of appearing along with him on paper.

"In

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"In some parts he has, however, suppressed some circumstances which, though highly honourable to himself, are nevertheless improper for publication; but when his readers reflect, as he hopes they will have the goodness to do, that he has been entrusted with important state secrets, by the most potent princes in the world, they would, he is sure, consider him as far lost to all honour, indeed, should he suffer them to escape him, merely to gratify his own vanity.

"Finally, should any material fact be mistated, which may easily happen to any one who writes from memory only, he will readily and thankfully rectify his mistake on being informed of it. Of those despicable scribblers, who, without knowledge of him or his history, have dared to publish their anonymous libels, he shall, at present, take very little notice; though, perhaps, some future day he may recompense them as they deserve."

The last chapter affords a curious specimen of the work itself; and not being very long, we shall insert it. The *originality* of its contents is unquestionable!

"At my arrival in town I was deposited in Tothil-Fields Bridewell, where I have ever since remained, to use the phraseology of the place, like a parcel left at an inn till called for. Here I have received the utmost politeness, and the most humane attention, from Mr. Fenwick, the Governor, and his family, who seem, in short, to be formed by nature for softening the rigours of captivity; such, too, is the force of example, that the same humanity pervades all his servants, and guilt, though nothing human can divest it of its horrors and remorse, feels them as its worst evils, without the aggravation of tortures equally cruel, unnecessary, and impolitic.

"Thus far has been, what we may call, the more serious part of my history; and many of my readers will, perhaps, be much surprised at not finding it a counter-part to that of Jonathan Wild; but, in truth, my life has rather consisted of serious, than of comic scenes, and my adventures, beside those already enumerated, are not, I hope, of a very criminal dye. I have, it is true, had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from bailiffs, and, among the rest, one or two laughable ones, which I shall relate; but as to the trash sold by Kearsley as my history,

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tory, I know nothing of it, farther, than that it is, with the exception of a very few inſtances, totally falſe, and where true, ſhamefully diſtorted. For inſtance, I was by him accuſed of having defrauded Lord Eardley, Lord Saliſbury, and Meſſrs, Grimwood, Hudſon, and Barret, all of whom lived in the ſame ſtreet; I ſent to them to know if they had any charge againſt me, and received from each a certificate, acknowledging, that I never had cheated them, and that they had nothing to lay to my charge. I mean, not, however, to deny that I have neglected punctuality in my payments, and that when I wanted money, I have, without thinking how it would be paid, accepted the loan of a few guineas from any friend; taylors have, likewiſe, found me not ſo ready to pay as to order; and thus I became acquainted with bailiffs.

"One of my beſt manœuvres to avoid them was, before my perſon was known to them, to pretend buſineſs in all the different ſpunging-houſes: I thus knew their faces, and by the help of a good look-out, for a long time avoided them. One day, however, near Charing-croſs, I was met in a hackney-coach by two bailiffs, who had a writ againſt me; as ſoon as I perceived them, I ordered the coachman to drive as faſt as he poſſibly could into the Horſe Guards, promiſing to take all conſequences upon myſelf, and to give him a guinea for his trouble. The deſcendant of Jehu exerted his utmoſt ſkill, but without being able to prevent one from attempting to ſeize the horſes, while the other attempted to ſtorm the door; a dexterous application of the whip, however, made the poſt the former had taken very uneaſy, and I repelled, as well as I could, the attacks of the other invader. Both clung, however, to the ſides of the coach, till we drove altogether into the Horſe Guards: there I leaped out, and having explained the matter to the officer then on duty, made a bow to the bailiffs, and walked through the Park, while they returned by the gate they had entered, amidſt the laughter of all who beheld the ſcene.

"Another time, ſitting at breakfaſt, I was attacked by three of them, and got off by the following ſtratagem: I then lived in Oxendon-ſtreet; and almoſt oppoſite to melodged Lord (then the honourable Mr.) Semple, who bore a commiſſion in the Guards; the ſimilarity of names, as both were called Captain Semple, had occaſioned many miſtakes; but though our

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our names were alike, our circumſtances differed widely; for he owed nobody a farthing, and I owed every body who would give me credit. As ſoon as theſe vultures of the law entered the room, they, with the uſual etiquette, made me acquainted with the purport of their viſit, and concluded, by giving me a very preſſing invitation to a houſe kept by one of them. As I wiſhed to decline this honour, I affected much ſurprize, and told them they muſt needs be miſtaken, as I was in debt to nobody; they aſked me if I was not Captain Semple? "Then gentlemen," ſaid I, "the whole is cleared up, there is another Captain Semple lives in this ſtreet, I ſee him now," pointing at his lodgings, "looking through the window; and this is not the firſt, nor hardly the twentieth time, that I have been arreſted for him; in ſhort, his attornies, his duns, and his bailiffs, will force me to quit this ſtreet." I then profeſſed myſelf perfectly ready to go with them, if they inſiſted upon it; but that I was quite wearied with ſuch inceſſant viſits of that nature; and muſt, for my own ſake, bring any illegal act before a court of juſtice, that I might be rid of ſuch plagues for the future. This puzzled the bailiffs, who, with ſome reluctance, went down ſtairs, and, at the door, enquired of the ſervant of the houſe, if there was *any other Captain Semple* in that ſtreet; ſhe told him there was, and opening the door, pointed out to them the ſame houſe that I had done. This ſatisfied them, and I profited by the diverſion thus made in my favour to eſcape, leaving my honourable nameſake to ſettle the affair with them as he could. In a word, he was taken to a ſpunging-houſe, in ſpite of all his remonſtrances, till the agent of the regiment releaſed him; I have been told, he afterwards attempted a proſecution againſt the bailiff, but it appearing that no wanton uſe had been made of the writ, and that the miſtake was almoſt unavoidable, he obtained no ſatisfaction.

"Another time Colonel——— had the misfortune to be arreſted, and two *good ſureties* being demanded, I undertook to procure them for my old friend and companion. Two were accordingly found; but, alas! notwithſtanding they ſwore poſitively, they were not credited, and we were forced to come again into court next day; then, however, we ſucceeded, for having procured *a new face*, I dreſſed one of the former (a Jew, who ſold ſlippers about the ſtreets) in ſuch a manner, that

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that he was no longer recognised by the court, and we came off triumphant.

"This dexterity in avoiding the common course of law, however, eventually cost me dear; I was so well known for out-witting bailiffs, that there was hardly one who would undertake to arrest me; and this it was, as I am well convinced, that induced Mr. Lycett to proceed against me criminally. In consequence of this ambiguity thrust into the law, nobody knows how, men are intrapped; and, if carried to its extent, there may soon be no impossibility in taking an insolvent merchant from the Royal Exchange, and sending him to New South Wales.

"I now return to the subject of my more serious business; and here I must beg my readers' patience till I lay before them a concise view of my vicissitudes. Born of an antient and noble race, but not possessed of riches equal to their rank, I naturally imbibed ideas of a too lofty kind; flattered in my youth by my rich and powerful friends, I formed to myself plans of future grandeur; plans, which my impetuosity of disposition prevented me from realising. With abundance of fire, and not a single atom of prudence, I launched into the world; my friends supplied me with money even to profusion; and as I got it without trouble, I spent it without reluctance. Liberal as they were, my extravagance outstripped their bounty, and I was repeatedly involved in debt; still their purses were not shut; they satisfied my creditors, and, with shame I relate, their generosity only impelled me to new expences!

"Accustomed, from my earliest infancy, to the most elevated society, my ideas imperceptibly assimilated themselves to theirs. I entertained views of grandeur while yet a child, I felt myself born a soldier, and implicitly trusted to my sword for opening to me the way to the temple of glory. When little beyond the age of a school-boy, I was distinguished by the most renowned generals; I had seen the immense armies of Russia cloathed in an uniform of my own contriving, and the celebrated Prince Potemkin had, as is well known, honoured me with particular marks of his approbation. Flattering as are the distinctions I received, I will not relate them all; but my reception by the Prince de Ligne was in a style of compliment too singular to be omitted.

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" Coming to Brabant, on my return from the Black Sea, I had the honour of becoming acquainted with that great and moſt amiable Prince. To the utmoſt politeneſs, he ſuperadded an invitation, in conſequence of which I went to Antwerp, where his Highneſs then lay with a corps of the army, as the Emperor Joſeph II. then threatened to attack Holland. Such was the opinion of my military talents, which this veteran ſoldier entertained, that in compliment, he ordered his regiment, which was certainly one of the fineſt in the world, to parade before the hotel where I lodged: not ſatisfied with this, though he was an old Imperial General, and I was a very young Major, he placed me at his right-hand, and went with me along the front. The very inſtant too that I was receiving this moſt honourable and pleaſing compliment, as if every thing meant to conſpire to inflate my vanity, Earl Cholmondeley, with another gentleman and a lady, arrived at the *Grand Labourer*, the hotel where I was.

" A conſtant repetition of thoſe praiſes might have intoxicated a much cooler head than mine; my pride had now its full ſcope; I was already in idea a general in chief; my brain teemed with improvements in tactics and evolutions, till my expences ſo far out-grew my income, that I was involved in debt and difficulties.

" Even when I was diſgraced at home, I was admitted to the favour and familiarity of the firſt generals upon the Continent: what their opinion of me was, the following anecdote will ſhew. Juſt after I had joined the allied army in the Low Countries, a Britiſh General who knew me and my whole hiſtory, one day aſked the Duke F. of Brunſwick, how he, knowing my diſgrace, and that I had juſt come from France, could put ſuch confidence in me? " Were I a taylor, or a boot-maker," replied the Duke, " I certainly ſhould be ſomewhat cautious in giving him *credit*, but as a ſoldier I know that I might ſafely truſt him with the whole Pruſſian army."

" Of my ſufferings, ſince I left the allies, I need not ſay another word; my readers are fully acquainted with them, and I cannot ſubmit to the whining tone of complaint. I have, I truſt, amidſt them all, acted in ſuch a manner as to give my friends no reaſon to bluſh for me; my actions were ſuch as I thought my duty required, though I cannot help thinking myſelf ſomewhat hardly treated, at being left for near

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near six months in a prison, without even the smallest allowance for subsistence.

"I have now performed what I promised, by giving my own history, such as it has really been; and the reader has, I hope, seen, amidst all my errors, something that may be commended, much that may be pardoned, and still more that must be pitied. That I meant to vindicate every part of my conduct could not be supposed; but, alas! man is the creature of circumstances, and let him not presume to expect, that no pressure is heavy enough to drive him to a wrong action. Violent passions, the almost inseparable companions of a vigorous constitution, call upon youth, with an importunity nearly unceasing; experience, the surest guide, is inevitably wanting; example invites, splendour displays its allurements, fashion leads the way, and ruin too often follows. Gay, honest, unsuspecting, and generous, the young man rushes on to pleasure, and considering interest as trash, is apt to weigh the property of others as lightly as he does his own; amusements incur expence, and expence degenerates into prodigality. To supply those pleasures now become almost necessary to his existence, he contracts debts, which he cannot pay; he shifts from his creditors; his gay companions forsake him, as an incumbrance on their joyous moments; poverty stares him in the face, and actions, at which his soul recoils, become the only possible means of subsisting. If an accidental supply falls in his way, his relish for pleasure returns; he embraces it with an appetite sharpened by abstinence; he is again involved, and disgrace succeeds to ruin.

"Once disgraced, those *prudent* friends, whom the law alone restrains from open plunder, abandon him; they do worse, they shut the door of society against him by their calumnies; his faults are the theme of their conversation, and they shelter their own want of honesty behind his loss of fame; they hunt him down with unceasing clamour, till it needs more than common discernment and common firmness even to dare to befriend him; his timid well-wishers will not venture to give their countenance to him; and he is left to perish!

"Did it always happen that men of warm passions, hurried away by pleasures, were villains; or did it always happen that the cold, the solemn, the phlegmatic, were honest; some

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excuſe might be found for ſuch proſecutions. But as it happens on the contrary, that the man who is without vices is alſo, for the moſt part, without virtues; and that prudence is very often nothing better than low ſelfiſhneſs in diſguiſe, little can be ſaid for ſuch gratuitous ſeverity; beſides, if one good action is not ſufficient to conſtitute the man of worth, why ſhould one bad one be allowed to conſtitute the villain? A ſerious turn, the effect of experience, may reclaim the libertine, his unruly paſſions may ſubſide, and he may, if the gate of ſociety be left open to him, ſome time or other, re-enter; but, if hunted into villainy, by the clamours of hypocriſy, the die is caſt, and his perdition is inevitable.

"Too often do talents and accompliſhments prove the ruin of the owner; he is beſet by the envy of little minds, they endeavour to reduce him to their own level, by drawing him into debauches; they flatter him while in his preſence, but no ſooner is he gone than they revile him: if his intimacy with them can give probability to their tales, they fabricate calumnies which paſs for truths; if he makes one falſe ſtep, he falls unpitied, and they are the firſt to trample upon him.

"It is a trite obſervation, that men of talents are generally poor, and ſeldom riſe to any high preferment; it is true! for if they depend ſolely on their merit, no ſooner does that begin to diſplay itſelf, than it is inveſted on all ſides by an army of blockheads, who, having no merit of their own, cannot bear it in others. But where a youth ſets out with high ſpirits, conſpicuous talents, indulgent friends, and a ſmall fortune, his ruin is next to inevitable; life is to him a perpetual ambuſcade, with a thouſand maſked batteries ready to play upon him at every turn; his vanity is flattered, his ſenſes amuſed, his companions preſs him to become the partaker of their pleaſures, his enemies endeavour to entice him to deſtruction; he yields himſelf up to gaiety and expence, till at length he falls, and dunces riſe on his ruin."

Tradeſmen, we doubt not, muſt wiſh that Major Semple, and *gentlemen* of his deſcription, might never come abroad into ſociety! For our own part, we mean him no ill, but we are ſorry to perceive that repentance has not viſited him during the ſeveral ſtages of his confinement. Even when called upon by the officers of juſtice,

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juſtice, in order to convey him to Botany Bay, he *ſtabbed* himſelf, though it did not prove mortal. What a ſtate of mental degradation muſt ſuch a ſcene have exhibited! What may be the preſent determination of government reſpecting him, it is impoſſible to ſay; but perhaps the remainder of his ſentence will not be put in execution. He ſeems to be poſſeſſed of ſome kind of talents, and ſhould he be liberated, we ſincerely hope that he may reform his paſt conduct and become an uſeful member of ſociety.

Modern Infidelity conſidered with reſpect to its Influence on Society. By Robert Hall. A. M. 2s. Conder.

THE progreſs of Infidelity has, for ſome time, been a matter of ſerious concern to the beſt friends of the community. No ſtone has been left unturned for the purpoſe of ſhaking the faith and corrupting the morals of the riſing generation. On the continent ſcepticiſm is notorious; and even in this country attempts are daily making to throw the advocates of religion into diſorder and confuſion. Under ſuch circumſtances it becomes miniſters of talents to come forward and repel with ability efforts deſigned to involve our beſt hopes and expectations in one common deſtruction. It is time that the fallacy of the unbeliever's arguments ſhould be pointed out, and, above all, that the practical tendency of infidelity ſhould be depicted in its true colours. Unbelief is equally hoſtile to God and man!

After theſe obſervations, it only remains that we ſay that the work before us forms an admirable preſervative from infidelity. The ingenious author indeed, has principally directed his ſhafts againſt atheiſm, which was once nearly declared to be the creed of a neighbouring kingdom. Nor are there wanting perſons, even

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in this country, who loſt to reaſon and ſenſibility, impiouſly proclaim their ſhame in their rejection of a Deity. Yet theſe beings profeſs rationality, and claim the title of philoſophers. Alas! how, in the eighteenth century are reaſon and philoſophy proſtituted?

Mr. Hall is already known by his excellent anſwer to Mr. John Clayton, and his able Apology for the Freedom of the Preſs. He now appears in the more appropriate character of the Divine, and has acquitted himſelf with ſingular ability. Our little work, indeed, is not profeſſedly theological; but we ſhall, nevertheleſs, bring forward any publication which tends, in an eminent degree, to advance the cauſe of Chriſtianity. The intereſts of religion and ſociety are cloſely interwoven, one golden band unites them together, nor will the real friend of humanity attempt their ſeparation.

We ſhall tranſcribe one extract, which cannot fail to ſtrike the reader—on the tendency of *Modern Infidelity*—the paſſage ſpeaks for itſelf:

"Two conſequences, the moſt diſaſtrous to ſociety, will inevitably follow the general prevalence of a ſyſtem of infidelity; the frequent perpetration of great crimes, and the total abſence of all great virtues.

"1. In thoſe conjunctures which tempt avarice or inflame ambition, when a crime flatters with the proſpect of impunity, and the certainty of immenſe advantage, what is to reſtrain an Atheiſt from its commiſſion? To ſay that remorſe will deter him, is abſurd; for remorſe, as diſtinguiſhed from pity, is the ſole offſpring of religious belief, the extinction of which is the great purpoſe of the infidel philoſophy.

"The dread of puniſhment or infamy from his fellow creatures, will be an equally ineffectual barrier, becauſe crimes are only committed under ſuch circumſtances as ſuggeſt the hope of concealment; not to ſay that crimes themſelves will ſoon loſe their infamy and their horror, under the influence of that ſyſtem which deſtroys the ſanctity of virtue, and converts it into a low calculation of worldly intereſt. Here the ſenſe of an ever-preſent Ruler and of an avenging Judge, is of the moſt awful and indiſpenſible neceſſity, as it is that alone which impreſſes

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preſſes on all crimes the character of folly, ſhews that duty and intereſt in every inſtance coincide, and that the moſt proſperous career of vice, the moſt brilliant ſucceſſes of criminality, are but an *accumulation of wrath againſt the day of wrath.*

"As the frequent perpetration of great crimes is an inevitable conſequence of the diffuſion of ſceptical principles, ſo to underſtand this conſequence in its full extent, we muſt look beyond their immediate effects, and conſider the diſruption of ſocial ties, the deſtruction of confidence, the terror, ſuſpicion and hatred, which muſt prevail in that ſtate of ſociety in which barbarous deeds are familiar. The tranquillity which pervades a well-ordered community, and the mutual good offices which bind its members together, is founded on an implied confidence in the indiſpoſition to annoy, in the juſtice, humanity and moderation of thoſe among whom we dwell; ſo that the worſt conſequence of crimes is, that they impair the ſtock of public charity and general tenderneſs. The dread and hatred of our ſpecies would infallibly be grafted on a conviction that we were expoſed, every moment, to the ſurges of an unbridled ferocity, and that nothing but the power of the magiſtrate preſerved us from the daggers of aſſaſſins. In ſuch a ſtate, laws deriving no ſupport from public manners, are unequal to the taſk of curbing the fury of the paſſions, which, from being concentrated into ſelfiſhneſs, fear and revenge, acquire new force; terror and ſuſpicion beget cruelty, and inflict injuries by way of prevention; pity is extinguiſhed in the ſtronger impulſe of ſelf-preſervation; the tender and generous affections are cruſhed, and nothing is ſeen but the retaliation of wrongs, the fierce and unmitigated ſtruggle for ſuperiority. This is but a faint ſketch of the incalculable calamities and horrors we muſt expect, ſhould we be ſo unfortunate as ever to witneſs the triumph of modern infidelity.

"2. This ſyſtem is a ſoil as barren of great and ſublime virtues as it is prolific in crimes. By great and ſublime virtues are meant, thoſe which are called into action on great and trying occaſions, which demand the ſacrifice of the deareſt intereſts and proſpects of human life, and ſometimes of life itſelf; the virtues, in a word, which by their rarity and ſplendour draw admiration, and have rendered illuſtrious the character of patriots, martyrs, and confeſſors. It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and

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and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend, in a proportionable degree, to diminish the grandeur and narrow the sphere of human agency.

"As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he is ever impelled to the performance of any great atchievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame; a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the heat of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station.

"In affirming that infidelity is unfavourable to the higher class of virtues, we are supported as well by facts as by reasoning. We should be sorry to load our adversaries with unmerited reproach; but to what history, to what record, will they appeal for any traits of moral greatness, any sacrifice of interest or life, any instances of daring heroic virtues exhibited by their disciples? Where shall we look for the trophies of infidel magnanimity, or atheistical virtue? Not that we mean to accuse them of inactivity; they have recently filled the world with the fame of their exploits; exploits of a different kind indeed, but of imperishable memory and disasterous lustre.

"Though it is confessed, great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must, from their nature, be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their cultivation. They are important, both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save, and always illustrate, the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; arrest the progress of degeneracy; and diffuse a lustre over the paths of life. They are noble monuments of the greatness of the human soul; and present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from whence streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration, by the pen of histo-

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rians and poets, excites a noble emulation, and awakens in diſtant boſoms the ſparks of kindred excellence.

"Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds, with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of ſociety, which completes the degradation of the ſpecies; the frightful contraſt of dwarfiſh virtues and gigantic vices, where every thing that is good is mean and ſtunted in its growth, and every thing evil is rank and luxuriant; a ſickening uniformity prevails, and the ſoul aſſerts its native grandeur only in volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime."

We wiſh that this pamphlet may be extenſively circulated and attentively peruſed. In charity to many unbelievers, eſpecially of the younger claſs, we may apply, in the true ſpirit of our religion, the inimitable prayer of its author for his enemies—*Father, forgive them,* THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO!

Natural Hiſtory for the Uſe of Schools, founded on the Linnæan Arrangement of Animals, with popular Deſcriptions, in the Manner of Goldſmith and Buffon, illuſtrated by Thirty-eight Copperplates, repreſenting One hundred and Fifty of the moſt Curious Objects. By William Mavor, L. L. D. Hurſt. 4s. 6d.

THE ſubject of natural hiſtory is well adapted to open the underſtandings and impreſs the hearts of the riſing generation. Amidſt the innumerable objects preſented to us in the works of creation, it is proper that the moſt curious ſhould attract the attention. This is the object of the preſent work, and we are of opinion that the object is attained.

The plates are tolerably well executed, but the deſcriptions are too laconic. After all, we confeſs, that *Goldſmith's Animated Nature* is one of the beſt books for ſchools. As for Miſs More's ſqueamiſh remarks on

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on that work, we pronounce them unjuſt; for when we read that publication we were ſtruck with its merit, and do not recollect any obſervations which might offend the moſt refined delicacy.

The predicted Stability and Permanence of Chriſtianity, illuſtrated by Hiſtoric Teſtimony, a Sermon delivered at Salter's Hall, November 3, 1799, to the Supporters of the Sunday Evening Lecture at that Place, and publiſhed at their Requeſt. By Thomas Morgan. Johnſon. 1s. 6d.

THE author has here taken an ample ſurvey of the page of hiſtory in favour of the Chriſtian religion. Several important facts are detailed and judiciouſly improved. No unprejudiced mind can read this exceſſent diſcourſe without feeling his hopes derived from the Chriſtian religion, enlivened and invigorated. In theſe times ſuch views of the ſubject are highly neceſſary; they demonſtrate that our religion is not *a cunningly deviſed fable*, but that it proceeds from, and is every way worthy of the Supreme Being. For want of enlarged ſentiments we are often diſpoſed to cavil at thoſe very diſpenſations of Providence which are conducive to our beſt intereſts and moſt permanent proſperity. The great ſeries of events, however unpromiſing in its aſpect at particular periods, is ſtill, and ever will be, operating towards our ultimate felicity.

The Balnea, or an impartial Deſcription of all the Popular Watering Places in England. By George Saville Carey. Second Edition, conſiderably enlarged. Weſt. 2s. 6d.

WE cannot deny the praiſe of variety to this volume, for it contains a ſketch of Margate, Ramſgate, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Little Hampton,

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ton, Bognor, Southampton, Lymington, Weymouth, Bath, Briſtol Hot Wells, Cheltenham, Malvern, Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, Tynmouth, and Yarmouth. The book may do well enough to paſs away an idle hour; but we cannot compliment the author on the *impartiality* of his deſcriptions. The Methodiſts, for inſtance, will prefer a heavy complaint, for wherever they are mentioned, it is with abhorrence and contempt. In a work of this complexion, no prejudices of any kind ſhould have been admitted.

There is alſo an affectation of wit and originality running through this publication, with which readers of taſte will be diſpleaſed. Simplicity is the divine charm by which ſtyle is heightened and improved. We would recommend young authors to clothe their ideas in plain and expreſſive language, equally remote from negligence and exceſſive ſtudy. *Proper words in proper places* was Dean Swift's definition of a good ſtyle; and of the truth of the definition, his own ſtyle furniſhes the beſt exemplification; he indeed diſdained ornament, but exhibits an uniform neatneſs and a lucid perſpicuity.

Review of Poetry, Ancient and Modern, a Poem. By Lady M. Booth. 2s. 6d.

THIS, we underſtand, is the production of Lady Manners, and reflects great credit both on her taſte and underſtanding. It is addreſſed to her ſon, and the introduction contains lines beautifully expreſſive of parental affection—

"Object of my fondeſt care,
Mid whoſe gay and childiſh air,
Pleas'd attention can deſcry
Reaſon's dawning brightneſs nigh;
While ſhe, with delighted view,
Marks thy cheek of roſy hue,

Marks

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Marks thine eye, whose vivid light,
Shine than orient gems more bright;
Marks thy brows serenely bold,
Crown'd with locks of waving gold,
While an inexpressive charm,
More than features, more than form,
Which no pencil e'er could trace,
Heightens every infant grace!"

Her Ladyship then proceeds to sketch the poets of ancient and modern times with peculiar felicity.

We can safely declare, that whilst the verse is elegant and easy, so the portraits of the sons of the muses are executed with fidelity.

We shall be tempted in our next Number, to select a specimen from this pleasing performance; such a specimen also will enrich our Miscellany.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Communications of J. M.—of U. and of R. B. shall be inserted in the GARLAND; as to the *Essay on Truth*, its too figurative for our MISCELLANY. Lines on a *Goldfinch*, and on a *Pen*, are too prosaic for insertion, though the sentiments meet our approbation. We wish *Sophia* to favour us with more of her Productions.

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Bailby Porteus. —

LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

Published by H.D. Symonds, 20, Paternoster Row, April 1.1800.

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MARCH, 1800.

SKETCH

OF THE

MEMOIRS OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

IN the proſecution of our periodical labours, we would wiſh to delineate meritorious characters of every deſcription. No party ſpirit ſhall pollute our ſelection, no unjuſt partiality ſhall ever induce us to proſtitute our pen in deſcribing or celebrating talents and virtues, which are not, in ſome degree, ſanctioned by public approbation. The *Bench of Biſhops* is not without its ornaments—a WATSON we have already preſented to the reader, and a PORTEUS ſhall now adorn our Miſcellany.

DR. PORTEUS, the preſent Biſhop of London, was born in the North of England, ſome ſay Yorkſhire, though reſpecting this circumſtance we can make no poſitive declarations. Nor are we certain at what place he received his grammar learning, an eſſential pre-requiſite for the univerſity. This branch of neceſſary learning, however, was not by any means neglected; for no deficiency was ever remarked at college, and the writings which he has laid before the public, are diſtinguiſhed for their claſſical accuracy.

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When he reached thoſe years at which young men are uſually ſent to college, he went to Cambridge, and remained there for a conſiderable period. In 1752 he took his degree of A. B. for which he was well fitted by the intenſeneſs of his application to every branch of his ſtudies. Soon after, as a proof of his proficiency, he obtained the medal given for the beſt *claſſical eſſay*, by the Duke of Newcaſtle, then Chancellor of the Univerſity. Such rewards ſtimulate exertion, and contribute highly to the improvement of the ſtudents. They rouſe the languid powers of the mind into action; they impart a wholeſome vigour to the intellect, which, otherwiſe, might have ſunk into a deadly lethargy. The generoſity of the patron merits high commendation, and to the induſtrious pupil it is a matter of important conſideration. The ſucceſsful candidate, therefore, muſt experience an heartfelt gratification.

In 1755, he proceeded to take his degree of M. A. and in 1759 he ſecured the *Seatonian Prize*, by his poetical eſſay on DEATH. It is pretty much known and admired. Some lines are beautiful and expreſſive beyond the ordinary energies of poetry. We ſhall therefore, ſelect a few paſſages, with which the reader of taſte will be gratified.

The poem opens with an apoſtrophe to Death, who, is thus affectingly delineated—

——— Deep in a murky cave's recеſs,
Lav'd by oblivion's liftleſs ſtream, and fenc'd
By ſhelving rocks and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypreſs ſhade, from all intruſion
Of buſy noon-tide beam, the *monarch* ſits
In unſubſtantial majeſty enthron'd!

The miniſters of *death*, by which he is encircled, are then characteriſed with an appropriate ſimplicity:

At his right hand, neareſt himſelf in place
And frightfulneſs of form, his parent, *ſin*,

With

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With fatal induſtry and cruel care,
Buſies herſelf in pointing all his ſtings,
And tipping every ſhaft with venom, drawn
From her infernal ſtore: around him rang'd,
In terrible array, and mixture ſtrange,
Of uncouth ſhapes, ſtand his dread miniſters.
Foremoſt *Old Age*, his natural ally
And firmeſt friend; next him DISEASES thick,
A motly train; *Fever*, with cheek of fire,
Conſumption wan; *Palſy*, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing *Gout*
And ever-gnawing *Rheum*; *Convulſion* wild,
Swoln *Dropſy*, panting *Aſthma*, *Apoplexy*
Full gorg'd. There too the *Peſtilence* that walks
In darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* that deſtroys
At broad noon-day. Theſe, and a thouſand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and when,
By heaven's command DEATH waves his ebon wand;
Sudden ruſh forth to execute his purpoſe,
And ſcatter deſolation o'er the earth!

From this horrible picture of human miſery, let us turn our attention to a ſcene of an oppoſite deſcription: it is that of the Patriarch before the flood, when the ſpan of life was not dwindled into *threeſcore years and ten*.

Not then, as ſince the ſhort-liv'd ſons of men
Flock'd to *his* realms in countleſs multitudes;
Scarce in the courſe of twice five hundred years
One ſolitary ghoſt went ſhivering down
To *his* unpeopled ſhore. In ſober ſtate,
Through the ſequeſtered vale of rural life,
The venerable PATRIARCH guileleſs held
The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd
His ſimple fare, and temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He ſunk to ſudden reſt; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as ſweet,
Were all his ſlumbers; with the ſun he roſe,
Alert and vigorous as HE to run

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His deſtin'd courſe. Thus nerv'd with giant ſtrength,
He ſtemm'd the tide of time and ſtood the ſhock
Of ages, rolling harmleſs o'er his head!
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he ſtood,
And looking round, ſaw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus ſcattered o'er the earth,
Along the gentle ſlope of life's decline,
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave!

The nature and deſolation of WAR are energetically depicted by the Poet; and his expreſſions on the ſubject are ſtriking and impreſſive: ſpeaking of the murder of Abel by Cain, he thus proceeds:

——————*One* murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and *number* ſanctify'd the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? why delight
In human ſacrifice? Why burſt the ties
Of nature that ſhould knit their ſouls together
In one ſoft band of amity and love?
Yet ſtill they breathe deſtruction—ſtill go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life—new horrors for the grave.
Artificers of death! ſtill monarchs dream
Of univerſal empire growing up
From univerſal ruin. Blaſt the deſign
Great God of Hoſts! nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at ambition's ſhrine!

The following ſketch of *youth* is maſterly, and the latter part full of inſtruction.

Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the STRIPLING darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe.
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond diſcretion's mark,

Sudden

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Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad but ſure miſchance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe! mid Indian wilds,
A breathleſs corſe, cut off by ſavage hands
In earlieſt prime, a generous ſacrifice
To freedom's holy cauſe—than ſo to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and diſeaſe!

The concluſion of the Poem is truly exquiſite, and cannot fail of pleaſing every reader of ſenſibility:

Let DEATH approach—I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O! rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his ſtroke;
And at that hour, when all aghaſt I ſtand,
(A trembling candidate for thy compaſſion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my ſoul ſtarting from the dark unknown,
Caſts back a wiſhful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair ſcene—from all her 'cuſtom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then ſhed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentleſt of thy looks! Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then ſtarting up,
Plant themſelves round my couch in grim array,
And ſtab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Senſe of paſt guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghaſtly crew! And in their ſtead
Let cheerful memory, from her pureſt cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earlieſt youth, now paying back,
With ten-fold uſury, the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conſcious innocence. But chiefly thou,
Whom ſoft-ey'd pity once led down from heav'n,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live;
And oh! ſtill harder leſſon—how to die!
Diſdain not thou to ſmooth the reſtleſs bed

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Of ſickneſs and of pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops—calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt ſoul, anticipating heav'n,
Burſts from the thraldom of incumbering clay,
And, on the wing of extacy upborne,
Spring into liberty, and light, and life!

From theſe liberal ſpecimens, we are authorized to declare, that this little Poem diſplays conſiderable merit and ability. With us it has always been a favourite; it is indeed a gloomy ſubject, but conducted in a manner that imparts real ſatisfaction.

In 1761 a ſermon of Dr. Porteus' recommended him to the patronage of Archbiſhop Secker, who was particularly inſtrumental in forwarding his advancement in life. This great man died in 1768, and in 1770, the ſubject of our Memoir preſented the world with his life. This piece of biography is pleaſingly written—an amiable gratitude pervades it—and its author has acquitted himſelf with ſucceſs and ability. He was chaplain to the Archbiſhop, and has paid a handſome tribute of reſpect to his memory. Dr. Hurd, Biſhop of Worceſter, thought proper, in his life of the haughty Warburton, to caſt ſome reflections on Secker, becauſe, forſooth, he was not an admirer of the Divine Legation. We ſmile at the offence. Dr. Porteus, however, has, on this account, thought proper, lately, to re-publiſh his Life of Secker, as a ſeparate piece; for, originally, it was prefixed to the Archbiſhop's Works.

It ſhould have been mentioned, that about the year 1766, Dr. Porteus was preſented to the living of Hunton, in Kent. In 1777 (it is ſaid, by the influence of her Majeſty) he was raiſed to the Bench, being made Biſhop of Cheſter, where he continued with great reputation, till, upon the death of that eminent prelate, Dr. Lowth, in 1787, he was elevated to the ſee of London.

That Dr. Porteus ſhould have been deemed a proper perſon

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perſon to ſucceed Lowth, is an indiſputable proof that his talents and virtues are of the ſuperior kind. For his predeceſſor was an excellent ſcholar, a judicious divine, and a ſincere Chriſtian. His Engliſh grammar, his Sermon at Durham, in 1759, and his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, are works which will convey his well-earn'd fame to poſterity.

But we are not barely to infer the ſuperior excellence of this prelate from the intrinſic merit of his predeceſſor. This is a teſtimony on which we cannot rely with certainty. We refer, therefore, moſt cheerfully, to his writings. His Poem we have analyſed by copious extracts. His proſe compoſitions conſiſt of two volumes of Sermons, and various Charges to his Clergy. Their nature and tendency ſhall be briefly characterized.

The *Sermons* are fine models of compoſition, containing, at the ſame time, perſpicuous explications of doctrine, and an energetic enforcement of precepts. We have read them with pleaſure. The ſubjects are important, the language elegant but unaffected, and the ſpirit by which the ſeveral diſcourſes are animated, is congenial with the purity and benevolence of the Chriſtian diſpenſation. The ſermon on the *Love of God*, and the ſermon to *Young People, on Sober-mindedneſs*, are maſter-pieces of the kind—they do equal honour to the underſtanding and the heart.

The *Charges* are highly creditable to the Prelate in his official capacity, they breathe an ardent deſire for promoting the uſefulneſs of his clergy, and diſplay a laudable zeal for advancing the beſt intereſts of religion,

So great indeed is his activity in promoting the cauſe of Chriſtianity, that with a view to the infidelity of modern times, he delivered a ſeries of lectures at St. James's Church, during the ſeaſon of Lent, 1798. We know ſeveral perſons who were much gratified on the occaſion.

We

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We cannot close this Sketch of DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, without noticing that amiable spirit of moderation for which he has been uniformly distinguished. He has never been known to have made harsh speeches against those who differ from him in religious sentiment. Among the traits of excellence in the conduct of Archbishop Secker, his Lordship particularly mentions,—"That though firmly attached to the Church of England, and ready on all proper *occasions* to defend its discipline and doctrines with becoming spirit, yet it never inspired him with any desire to oppress or aggrieve those of a different way of thinking, or to depart from the principles of religious liberty." This is a truly Christian model, after which we believe our amiable Prelate has strove to form his temper and conduct. On this subject the writer of the present article has the pleasure of adding his own testimony; for in a very polite note, received from him in the year 1795, he expressed his sincere wishes for the progress and extension of true Christian moderation. Such a candid and liberal spirit is worthy of the religion of Jesus. It is indeed the legitimate offspring of Revelation, serving to cement together the jarring interests of Christendom, and accelerating the arrival of that period, when knowledge and purity shall stretch their empire to the remotest regions of the globe! The religion, that at the birth of its founder, announced *peace on earth and good will to man*, cannot be favourable to the unsocial sullenness of bigotry. It denounces every species of asperity, silences the murmurings of unhallowed passion, and binds the disciples of Christ in the golden bands of kindness and amity. LOVE is the badge of genuine religion, without this most essential quality, an apostle assures us that our profession is vain; it is in this case nothing more than *sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!*

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THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVII.]

SOCRATES.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

BY AMYAS BUSHE, ESQ. A. M.; FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thy praiſe, O Socrates! the moral bards,
High in fame for ſacred ſong,
To future ages ſhall tranſmit,
As time's current rolls along,
Future ages, free from envy,
Shall thy leading ſteps purſue;
Shall attend to reaſon's lore,
And hold thy virtue in diſtinguiſh'd view.

SOCRATES was the moſt illuſtrious character of antiquity. His talents, virtues, and conduct, have excited univerſal admiration. In ſome former numbers of our MISCELLANY, a Correſpondent furniſhed us with a ſketch of this incomparable philoſopher; there the reader will find an intereſting detail of his hiſtory.

The preſent poem is founded on the life and death of this great man, in which alſo his peculiar ſentiments are happily illuſtrated. His opinions of the Deity, of human nature, and of our future proſpects, are perſpicuouſly ſtated; and it is with pleaſure we were made acquainted with this important ſubject. To ſketch them with ſo much accuracy, muſt have coſt the author no ſmall pains; and to throw them into ſo pleaſing a form, does great credit to his ingenuity. The whole is planned with eaſe and executed with ability. Genius and taſte have conſpired to characteriſe this charming production.

This dramatic poem was uſhered into the world under

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der the immediate patronage of the celebrated *George Lord Lyttleton*, to whom it is very reſpectfully dedicated. It appears alſo to have undergone his particular correction. With him, indeed, it was a favourite topic, for the character of this eminent heathen has been admired in every age and in every nation of the world. It is therefore remarked by the ingenious author, that his intention was "To introduce the knowledge of this wonderful man, and his ſyſtem, to thoſe whoſe want of leiſure and different purſuits have prevented them from ſtudying the dead languages; that he comes abroad *in this dreſs* to entertain (we hope) and inſtruct the reader, to whoſe candour and favour we venture to ſubmit him." Socrates may be pronounced a phænomenon in the heathen world; his ſentiments were, in general, of the pureſt kind; his temper was calm and unruffled, and his latter end exhibited the moſt dignified tranquillity. He put his enemies to ſhame, and over the moſt bitter oppoſition attained a decided ſuperiority.

The ſentiments of Socrates reſpecting the exiſtence and perfections of the Deity, are admirably ſtated, and cannot be peruſed without a ſenſible pleaſure.

The *Providence of God* is, in the following lines, aſſerted by Socrates with energy:

It cannot be—for ſince this beauteous world
Was rais'd by God, his Providence muſt rule
The vaſt machine—Chance is an idle toy
For fools to play with—Should fixt nature change
Her well-known courſe, and vary from the laws
That guide the ſyſtem: ſhould the elements,
Whereof all things in this our lower world
Are form'd, deſert the ſtation which they hold,
In concert with the whole; ſhould the great frame
Of that bright heavenly arch, which o'er our heads
Shines with refulgent light, give way, and feel
A diſſolution: ſhould celeſtial ſpheres
Forget their wonted courſe, and devious turn
As chance miſguides: ſhould the bright lamp of heaven
Withdraw

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Withdraw his light, and the pale wand'ring moon
Miſtake her well-known path: ſhould ſeaſons mix
In wild confuſion, or expiring winds
Breathe their laſt gaſp: ſhould earth's fair fruitage droop
Like children on the wither'd breaſts that fail
Of proper food: ſhould chance or fortune reign
With arbitrary ſway: what would become
Of man himſelf, for whom theſe things are made?
Idle ſurmiſe! There is a living God,
Who rules ſupreme, under whoſe brooding wing
All nature reſts ſecure.

The friend of Socrates ſtill profeſſing ſome doubts, the ſage beautifully deſcends into particulars:

Come, let us view
Once more the matter in fair points of light,
And then let reaſon judge. Can'ſt thou perceive
How cauſes operate? what latent ſprings
Move nature's works? know'ſt thou, what rounds the hail
Or points the flaming dart? how the hoar froſt
Is form'd of pearly dew? how icy chains
Reſtrain the fluid maſs, and ſtay the courſe
Of limpid ſtreams, that wont to glide along
In liquid lapſe; or, grant that you could view
Nature's recels, and ſee the hidden wheels
By which things move, and operate with eaſe;
Are they at thy diſpoſal? canſt thou wing
The feather'd ſnow? or bid the bruſhing winds
Sweep the aerial way? canſt thou diſpoſe
Of ſeaſons and their change? do elements
Of jarring atoms form'd, at thy command
In friendly league combine? or day and night
Alternate reign? And yet all nature moves
By certain laws that rule the vaſt machine
In each degree of change, and ſpeak a power
That gives it motion, and directs the parts
To their reſpective ends; for things inert
Could never act without a living ſoul
To give them energy: were it not ſo,
The orbs of heav'n would ceaſe to roll, the air

Forget

Forget to breathe, and earth refuſe to yield
Her various fruits.

But he again breaks forth on this boundleſs ſubject with a glowing ſimplicity—

What can employ your thoughts
With ſo much pleaſing joy, as thus to view
The works of God? does not the genial ſun
Warm and invigorate all things on earth
Fervent with life of every goodly kind,
And ſhew them too? but as the human frame
Is form'd of mould terreſtrial which perſpires
Much of its vital heat, have not the gods
Ordain'd the night for reſt, to give freſh ſprings
To life and labour? and when evening ray
Dips in the ſhade, is not the firmament
Bedeck'd with lights that run their wonted round
In circles multiform? anon ſhines forth
The ſplendid regent of the night, array'd
In ſilver robes, and paints in ſoften'd ſhades
All nature's charms; till the bright orient ſun
Slow-gleaming thro' the dark and cloudy duſk
By fair Aurora led—again revives
The face of things, and bids the lamps of night
Withdraw their ray: is this oeconomy
A proof of Providence? or does it ſpeak
The laws of chance?

Socrates now proceeds to the enumeration of *final cauſes*, which are thus characteriſed in a maſterly manner:

Does not the being then, whoſe boundleſs thought
Firſt plann'd man's frame, ſo wonderfully made,
So curious and ſo fearful; and diſpens'd
The active powers of thought and motion, ſeem
To have directed all its various parts
To uſeful ends? was not th' inſatiate eye
With all its coats, made porous to receive
And drink the limpid light? does not the ear
Admit the floating ſound? is it not ſtor'd
With organs fit to move the hearing ſenſe,

Which

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Which by the fibres of the brain conveys
Sounds to the ſoul? or why ſhould nature breathe
This gay profuſion of luxurious ſweets,
This odorific bliſs, had not the wiſe,
Th' unerring power of the creative hand
Prepar'd the organs to imbibe the ſtream
That fragrant floats in fields of liquid air?
Or how from viands could ſuch taſtes ariſe
Acid or ſweet, did not the tongue explore
Their various juices, and the palate chuſe
What is moſt grateful?

The Philoſopher purſues the ſame delightful ſubject with peculiar felicity:

Let us farther view
The human frame, and we ſhall clearly trace
Strong lines of Providence—Has it not ſcreen'd
The tender ball of ſight with moving lids
That open to the light? and when the dew
Of ſleep ſteals on the eyes, do they not fall
Like a ſoft veil? are not their pliant valves
Which ſhut and open, edg'd with fringe of hair
To guard againſt the wind that with rude blaſt
Might fret the ball? are not the eye-brows form'd
Like a fair penthouſe, to caſt off the drops
That trickle down the front, and would annoy
The ſeat of light? does not the hearing ſenſe
Receive all kind of ſound, and yet the ear
Is never full? Is not thy living frame
A portion ſmall of the great maſs, which forms
Th' amazing ſum? is not that frame ſuſtain'd
By intellectual powers, which cannot riſe
From matter void of ſenſe? By ſequel fair
Should you not thence infer, that intellect,
Forecaſt, and wiſdom, from ſome power flow,
As from a ſource of pure celeſtial light,
Which ſhews the moral world to reaſon's eye,
And gives it luſtre?

We muſt indulge in one extract more, where Socrates obviates the difficulty ariſing from the *inviſibility*

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lity of the Deity, which his ſceptical friend, Ariſtodemus, had made as an objection; it is thus elegantly refuted:

Can you, Ariſtodemus, ſee the ſoul
Which animates the man? Is not the ſpring
That moves and actuates the whole machine,
Conceal'd from view? and yet, you ſeem to act
With counſel and deſign. Thus, He, who ſchem'd
This world immenſe, preſides and rules
By ſecret laws; Himſelf inviſible
To mortal ken, whom yet we fairly trace
In his material works, which all declare
A power divine. Say, when you gaze direct,
Full on the ſun, is not the radiant orb
Loſt in the blaze of light? and yet the ſun
Paints heav'n and earth to view. When thunder peals
Thro' the aerial vault, is not the bolt
Hurl'd on unſeen, tho' viſible the ſigns
It leaves behind? or, when fierce warring winds
Spread deſolation round, can you diſcern
The wings with which they fly, tho' nature ſpeak
Their rapid force? And if there's aught in man
That does reſemble God; it is the ſoul
Which guides all parts, yet cannot be diſcern'd
By ſharpeſt eye. Ceaſe then to doubt of things
Latent from ſight, and to deny a God
Becauſe you cannot ſee him with an eye
To mortals given.

Such are the ſentiments of this illuſtrious ſage of antiquity, reſpecting the exiſtence and perfections of the Deity. With juſtice, therefore, has SOCRATES been termed the SUN of the heathen world! After theſe maſterly reaſonings, well did Ariſtodemus confeſs the force of conviction, and acknowledge his heart to be at eaſe in theſe expreſſive lines:

——————O Socrates,
You reaſon right! the Being who contriv'd
This beauteous world, is only viſible

In

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In theſe his works, which ſpeak the powerful hand
That gave them birth. *My mind is quite at eaſe,*
And I imbibe the ſacred ſtream of truth
Which from thy ſoul with heav'nly wiſdom flows.

It is well known that SOCRATES was put to death by unjuſt judges, who condemned him upon falſe accuſations. The ſage, however, conſcious of no guilt in the preſent inſtance, experienced the calm pleaſures of innocence. After his condemnation, even to the moment when he emptied the poiſoned bowl, he was all tranquillity! He did not eat the leſs freely, nor converſe the leſs cheerfully, nor ſleep the leſs ſoundly, becauſe he was doomed to die! The latter circumſtance is beautifully depicted in the following exquiſite ſtanzas:

Ethereal ſpirits deſcend and ſing while Socrates ſleeps.

Eaſe, delight of human kind!
Soft enchantreſs of the mind!
Sweet the warbling wood-lark's ſong,
When he chants the trees among!
But without thee his ſweeteſt ſtrain
Inſtead of pleaſure gives a pain.
Sweet is the dewy-ſpangled mead,
The level lawn or winding glade!
Sweet is the cadence of the limpid rill
When gently trickling down the ſmooth reclining hill!

But nor rill nor lawn can pleaſe
When the mind is not at eaſe.
Eaſe, thou happy gift of heaven,
By the gods to mortals given!
Thou, to fair virtue near ally'd,
Art ever by her ſacred ſide!
Whether ſhe chuſe the rugged way,
Or thro' the moſs-grown valley ſtray;
You, ſooth'd with raptur'd fancy, walk along,
And lend attentive ear to her celeſtial ſong.

Eaſe the lyric bard inſpires,
Warms his breaſt with heavenly fires;

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Bids him ſwell a fuller key,
Or a ſofter ſound convey.
'Tis eaſe alone gives peaceful reſt
To the pure virtue-breathing breaſt;
'Tis eaſe that calms the ruffled ſoul,
'Tis eaſe can paſſion's force controul:
Virtue and eaſe for ever ſocial join;
Both of congenial form, and both of birth divine!

See the ſoftly-ſleeping ſage,
Silver'd o'er with hoary age!
See his viſage calm and clear,
Such as ſmiling infants wear,
When at ſome pleaſing glittering toy,
Their little hearts exult with joy.
Happieſt of mortals! ſoon ſhall we
Thy unembodied ſpirit ſee;
When in high heaven he tunes the golden lyre,
And joins in ſymphony with the celeſtial choir.

Upon the merit of this Ode we need not expatiate; the whole poem poſſeſſes the ſame tendency. It ſhews, in a very forcible light, the triumphs of real goodneſs. It demonſtrates this fundamental truth, that virtue and happineſs, vice and miſery, are inſeparably joined together. The ſenſible impreſſion of ſuch a declaration would be the means of guarding us from evil, and of ſecuring to ourſelves ſubſtantial felicity.

GOSSI-

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GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXIX.]

TWO CURIOUS EXTRACTS FROM THE TURKISH SPY, WRITTEN IN THE COURSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A PROPHECY!

IT is recorded of the firſt wife of Henry the Fourth, *Margaret of Valois*, that ſhe practiſed much with wizards and magicians, who, in an enchanted glaſs, ſhewed her who ſhould reign in France for the time to come. Firſt appeared her Henry the Fourth; then Lewis the Thirteenth, next Lewis the Fourteenth, and after him *a pack of Jeſuits, who ſhould aboliſh the* MONARCHY *and govern the nation themſelves!* This glaſs is to be ſeen in the King's palace to this day. This letter is dated 1660.

THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

THAT which it ſeems proper for me to inform thee of is—that the *Roman* or *Latin* tongue appears like an old antiquated mother, thruſt out of doors by her four ungrateful daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, and *Portugueze*. Theſe are her natural offſpring, begot during the *Roman* conqueſts in the weſt, and degenerating after that empire was in its decline. So that they now are taken for no better than *mongrels* and *baſtards*. In Spaniſh there is a great mixture of Gothiſh and Moreſco words; the French retain many of their old Gauliſh idioms. The Italian is corrupted with a hotch-potch of words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns*, and *Longobards*. Yet that fault is recompenſed by abundance of *Greek* etymologies. As for the *Portugueze*, it is but a dialect of the *Spaniſh*, and lies under the ſame imperfections.

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The only pure *maternal languages* now current among the common people in any part of Europe, are the *Teutonic*, *Sclavonic*, and *Britiſh*, the firſt is ſpoken in *Germany* to perfection, but corruptly in *Sweedeland*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The ſecond is common to the Hungarians, Moldavians, Poles, Ruſſians, and many other nations. The laſt is confined to the *Welſh*, a people inhabiting a corner of *Great Britain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons*, their conquerors, above a thouſand years ago. As for the reſt, they are only mixed dialects, and ſo not worth taking notice of, excepting one mountainous part of Spain, where the inhabitants are ſaid to ſpeak pure *Arabic* at this day. They are ſuppoſed to be a remnant of the Moors.

The critics here in the Weſt, uſed to give theſe following rules, in reference to languages. If you would addreſs God, ſpeak in *Greek* or *Latin*, becauſe of their antiquity, purity, and majeſtic loftineſs; if to Kings, ſpeak in *Spaniſh*, in regard of its ſlow pronunciation and gravity; if to men, uſe *Italian*; if to women, *French*; to dogs, *Welſh*; but if you would affright an enemy, or the devil himſelf, ſpeak *High Dutch*. They relate a ſtory of a *German* ambaſſador at the *French* court, who delivered his meſſage in *Teutonic*, which, when a certain Grandee heard, and took notice of its harſh and ſtrong *emphaſis*, he ſwore it was his opinion, that this was the language wherein God curſed *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The German turning to him, anſwered briſkly, *'Tis poſſible*, Monſieur, *it may be ſo, but then I hope you'll grant, that French was the occaſion of this curſe, when the devil choſe to tempt Eve in that language, for its effeminacy wheedling her*, a-la-mode de Paris, *to eat the forbidden fruit!!*

FIGHTING

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FIGHTING IN ONE'S OWN WAY.

THE following retort, prudent and curious, is a well-atteſted fact, near Stroud, Glouceſterſhire:—An officer's ſervant, who was uſed to attend his maſter with holſters, conceiving they conferred on himſelf all the privileges of his maſter, as the poſſeſſion of Arundel Caſtle inveſts any owner with all ſeignorial rights and perſonal dignity, ſent a challenge to a poor Pariſh Clerk to ſingle combat, to which he received the following anſwer. "Abraham Amen, conceiving duelling with fire arms to be the excluſive privilege of officers and *real* gentlemen, refuſes to fight the upſtart Bob Bouncer; but as the perſon challenged has a right to chooſe his weapons, Abraham Amen will meet the ſaid Bouncer, even on a Sunday, and on conſecrated ground, to the praiſe and glory of God, with two ſtaves."

MULTIPLICATION.

HILLEL, the Rabbi, ſays, "He that multiplieth fleſh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth eſtates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female ſervants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men ſervants, multiplieth rapine: but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth ſtudy, multiplieth ſagacity; he that multiplieth counſel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth juſtice, multiplieth peace.

AMERICA.

IT has often been a matter of ſurprize, why Columbus ſhould not have given his name to the quarter of the world which he diſcovered; and it has been enquired in what circumſtance has its preſent name originated. The following remarks are explanatory of this ſubject.

Not

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Not long after America had been found out by Columbus, Amerigo Veſpucci, a Florentine gentleman, accompanied a certain navigator thither. In what ſtation he ſerved is uncertain, but as he was an experienced ſailor, and eminently ſkilful in all the ſciences ſubſervient to navigation, he muſt have acquired ſome authority among his companions, that they willingly allowed him to have a chief ſhare in directing their operations during the voyage. Soon after his return, he tranſmitted an account of his adventures and diſcoveries to one of his countrymen, and labouring with the vanity of a traveller to magnify his own exploits, he had the addreſs and confidence to frame his narrative ſo, as to make it appear that he had the glory of having firſt diſcovered the continent in the New World. AMERIGO's account was drawn up not only with art but with ſome elegance. It contained an amuſing hiſtory of his voyage, and judicious obſervations upon the natural productions, the inhabitants, and the cuſtoms of the countries which he had viſited. As it was the *firſt* deſcription of any part of the New World that was publiſhed, a performance ſo well calculated to gratify the paſſion of mankind, for what is new and marvellous, circulated rapidly, and was read with admiration. The country of which AMERIGO was ſuppoſed to be the diſcoverer, came, gradually, to be called by his name. The caprice of mankind, often as unaccountable as unjuſt, has perpetuated this error. By the univerſal conſent of nations, AMERICA is the name beſtowed on this new quarter of the globe. The bold pretenſions of a fortunate impoſtor have roobed the diſcoverer of the New World of a diſtinction which belonged to him. The name of AMERIGO has ſupplanted that of COLUMBUS, and mankind may regret an act of injuſtice, which, having received the ſanction of time, it is now too late to redreſs.

ON

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ON PART OF A GAOL WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A METHODIST MEETING.

In words of Sacred Writ we're told,
That once among the Jews of old,
The houſe of God a den was made,
Where thieves and lawyers drove their trade;
Yet now we ſee a change as odd,
A den of thieves turn'd houſe of God.

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT DISSECTED.

	Old Teſtament.	New.	Total.
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1189
Verſes	23,214	7959	31,173
Words	592,493	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verſes, 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the leaſt in the Bible, is the 117th Pſalm; the middle verſe is the 8th of the 118th Pſalm: the middle line is the 2d book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, 16th verſe; the word *and* occurs in the Old Teſtament, 85,543: the ſame word occurs in the New Teſtament 10,684 times, the word Jehovah occurs 6855 times.

Old Teſtament. The middle book of the Old Teſtament is Proverbs, the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verſe is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, 23d verſe: the leaſt verſe is the 1ſt book of Chronicles, 1ſt chapter and 1ſt verſe.

New Teſtament. The middle book is Theſſalonians 2d: the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans; the middle verſe is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts, the leaſt verſe, is the 35th verſe, of 11th chapter of the Goſpel by St. John.

The 21ſt verſe of the 7th chapter of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The

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The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The book of Esther has 10 chapters, but neither the words *Lord* or *God* in it.

THE OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

I DETERMIN'D the moment I left off my bib,
I would never become any man's crooked rib,
And think you to fright me, when gravely you tell
That old maids will surely lead apes when in hell?

I'll take the reversion, and grant 'twill be so
But yet I shall keep to my vow,
For I'd rather lead Apes in the regions below,
Than be led by a foolish ape now.

THE TAILOR BIRD.

HAD Providence left the feathered tribe unendowed with any particular instinct, the birds of the torrid zone would have built their nests in the same unguarded manner as those of Europe; but there the lesser species having a certain prescience of the dangers that surround them, and of their own weakness, suspend their nest at the extreme branches of the trees: they are conscious of inhabiting a climate replete with enemies to them and their young; with snakes that twine up the bodies of the trees, and apes that are perpetually in search of prey, but, heaven-instructed, they elude the gliding of the one and the activity of the other.

The brute creation in the torrid zone are more at enmity with one another than in other climates, and the birds are obliged to exert unusual artifice in placing their little broods out of the reach of an invader. Each aims at the same end, though by different means. Some form their pensile nest in shape of a purse, deep and open at the top; others with an hole in the side, and others, still more cautious, with an entrance from the very bottom, forming their lodge near the summit.

But

But the little ſpecies of the *Tailor Bird* ſeems to have greater diffidence than any of the others; it will not truſt its neſt even to the extremity of a ſlender twig, but makes one more advance to ſafety, by fixing it to the *leaf itſelf*. It picks up a dead leaf, and, ſurprizing to relate, ſews it to the ſide of a living one; its ſlender bill being the needle, and its thread ſome fine fibres, the lining feathers, goſſamer and down. Its eggs are white, the colour of the bird light yellow; its length three inches; its weight only *three fifteenths* of an ounce, ſo that the materials of the neſt, and its own ſize, are not likely to draw down a habitation that depends on ſo ſlight a tenure!

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB-STONE OF MARGARET SCOTT, AT DALKEITH, NEAR EDINBURGH.

Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaſte,
And now in peace my weary bones do reſt.
I, 'twixt my cradle and my grave, have ſeen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland and a queen;
Four times five years a commonwealth I ſaw,
Ten times the ſubjects roſe againſt the law.
Twice did I ſee old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
I ſaw my country ſold for Engliſh ore,
And Stuart's race ſubdu'd to riſe no more;
Such deſolations in my time have been,
No traces of antiquity are ſeen.

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ON

THE PROMISCUOUS USE

OF

THOU AND YOU.

[From Sketches by Henry James Pye, Esq.]

THIS is a common error among all our poets, not the beſt or moſt accurate excepted. Therefore, as far as authority has weight, it may be defended.

The cauſe of this anomaly is not of difficult inveſtigation. The ſecond perſon ſingular not being colloquial with us, (for we never uſe it to our familiar friends like the French) it at once elevates our language above the level of common diſcourſe; a moſt eſſential object to the poet, and therefore he readily adopts it; but when it comes to govern a verb, the combination of *ſt* is ſo harſh, that he as readily abandons it.

In Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard, the ſingular pronoun is conſtantly uſed till verſe 65.

Heaven liſten'd while *you* ſung.

For *thou ſangſt* (without conſidering the rhyme) would have been intolerable.

In lines 107, 109, the verb *canſt thou* has a good effect, as by lengthening the ſyllable by poſition, it becomes more emphatic, and the harſhneſs is amply compenſated by the ſuperior force of *canſt thou* to *can you.*

The faſtidious critic therefore would do well, before he paſſes his ſentence, to conſider whether an inaccuracy, which is never diſcerned, except it be ſought after, is not fairly entitled to the favour Ariſtotle grants to thoſe deviations from ſtrict propriety, which tend to heighten the intereſt of a poem.

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This change, however, is abſolutely indefenſible, when uſed for the ſake of rhyme only. Many inſtances of this occur in the ſame poem; the moſt ſtriking will be found in two ſucceeding couplets:

> O come! O teach me nature to ſubdue,
> Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and *you*:
> Fill my fond heart with God alone; for he
> Alone can rival, can ſucceed to *thee*.

And yet groſsly abſurd as this is, though I have read the poem an hundred times, it never ſtruck me till the ſubject in queſtion led me to ſeek for it.

In ſome caſes this change is ſtrictly juſtifiable; as when a perſon is addreſſed in a different ſtyle. For example, in Thomſon's Tancred and Sigiſmunda, when Siffredi diſcloſed to Tancred that he is the King, he ſays,

> Forgive me, ſir! this trial of *your* heart!

For the reſpectful appellation, *ſir*, demands the more colloquial term of addreſs; but he immediately adds with animation,

> *Thou! thou!* art he!

And ſo in Tancred's ſpeech to Siffredi, he firſt ſays,

> I think, my Lord! *you* ſaid the King entruſted
> To *you* his will.

but ſoon after adds, in a more impaſſioned tone,

> On this alone I will not bear diſpute,
> Not even from *thee*, Siffredi!

The ſame diſtinction will, in general, be found in the ſpeeches of Sigiſmunda to Tancred. I ſay in general; as, on inſpecting the tragedy with attention to this particular circumſtance, ſeveral changes will be found that ariſe ſolely from the cauſe firſt mentioned.

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The learned cenſor will, perhaps, be more inclined to pardon this error in a modern, when he finds the beſt and moſt correct poet of Rome frequently falling into it. Virgil has made as free with the firſt perſon, as Pope has with the ſecond. In the firſt eclogue we find,

> Namque erit ille *mihi* ſemper Deus; illius aram
> Sæpe tener *noſtris* ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

and,

> Poſtquam *nos* Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit;
> Namque, fatebor enim, dum *me* Galatea tenebat—

Tibullus goes ſtill further, and joins a pronoun in the plural number, to a verb in the ſingular;

> Perfida, nec merito, *nobis* inimica *merenti*;

to which muſt be added the tautology of *merito merenti*. Yet perhaps it is barely doing juſtice to Tibullus, to ſay, he is not ſecond to any of the Roman poets.

ON

IMMORTALITY IN A FUTURE STATE.

[From an Eſſay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society; with Remarks on the Speculations of Mr. Godwin, M. Condorcet, and other Writers.)

I CANNOT quit this ſubject, without taking notice of theſe conjectures of Mr. Godwin and M. Condorcet, concerning the *indefinite Prolongation of Human Life*, as a very curious inſtance of the *longing of the ſoul after immortality*. Both of theſe gentlemen have rejected the *light of revelation* which abſolutely promiſes *eternal life* in another ſtate. They have alſo rejected *the light of natural religion*, which, to the ableſt intellects, in all ages, has indicated the future exiſtence

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iſtence of the ſoul. Yet ſo congenial is the idea of *immortality* to the mind of man, that they cannot conſent entirely to throw it out of their ſyſtems. After all their faſtidious ſcepticiſms concerning the only probable mode of immortality, they introduce a ſpecies of immortality of their own, not only completely contradictory to every law of philoſophical probability, but *in itſelf* in the *higheſt degree*, *narrow*, *partial*, and *unjuſt*. They ſuppoſe that all the great, virtuous, and exalted minds, that have ever exiſted, or that may exiſt for ſome thouſands, or perhaps millions of years, will be ſunk in annihilation; and that only a few beings, not greater in number than can exiſt at once upon the earth, will be ultimately crowned with immortality. Had ſuch a tenet been advanced as a tenet of revelation, I am very ſure that all the enemies of religion, and probably Mr. Godwin and M. Condorcet, among the reſt, would have exhauſted the whole force of their ridicule upon it, as the moſt puerile, the moſt abſurd, the pooreſt, the moſt pitiful, the moſt iniquitouſly unjuſt, and, conſequently, the moſt unworthy of the Deity, that the ſuperſtitious folly of man could invent.

What a ſtrange and curious proof do theſe conjectures exhibit of the inconſiſtency of ſcepticiſm! For it ſhould be obſerved that there is a very ſtriking and eſſential difference between believing an aſſertion which abſolutely contradicts the moſt uniform experience, and an aſſertion which contradicts nothing, but is merely beyond the power of our preſent obſervation and knowledge. So diverſified are the natural objects around us, ſo many inſtances of mighty power daily offer themſelves to our view, that we may fairly preſume that there are many forms and operations of nature which we have not yet obſerved, or which, perhaps, we are not capable of obſerving with our preſent confined inlets of knowledge.

The reſurrection of a ſpiritual body from a natural

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body, does not appear in itſelf a more wonderful inſtance of power, than the germination of a blade of wheat from the grain, or an oak from an acorn. Could we conceive an intelligent being ſo placed, as to be converſant only with inanimate or full grown objects, and never to have witneſſed the proceſs of vegetation or growth; and were another being to ſhew him two little pieces of matter, a grain of wheat and an acorn, to deſire him to examine them, to analize them if he pleaſed, and endeavour to find out their properties and eſſences; and then to tell him, that however trifling theſe little bits of matter might appear to him, they poſſeſſed ſuch curious powers of ſelection, combination, arrangement, and almoſt of creation, that upon being put into the ground, they would chuſe amongſt all the dirt and moiſture that ſurrounded them, thoſe parts which beſt ſuited their purpoſe, that they would collect and arrange theſe parts with wonderful taſte, judgment, and execution, and would riſe up into beautiful forms, ſcarcely in any part analogous to the little bits of matter which were firſt placed in the earth. I feel very little doubt that the imaginary being which I have ſuppoſed would heſitate more, would require better authority and ſtronger proofs, before he believed theſe ſtrange aſſertions, than if he had been told that a Being of mighty power, who had been the cauſe of all that he ſaw around him, and of that exiſtence of which he himſelf was conſcious, would, by a *great act of power*, upon the death and corruption of human creatures, raiſe up the eſſence of thought, in a corporeal, or at leaſt in a viſible form, to give it a happier exiſtence in another ſtate.

The only difference with regard to our own apprehenſions, that is not in favour of the latter aſſertion, is that the firſt miracle we have repeatedly ſeen, and the laſt miracle we have not ſeen. I admit the full weight of this prodigious difference, but ſurely no man can heſitate a moment in ſaying that, putting revelation

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out of the queſtion, the reſurrection of a ſpiritual body from a natural body, which may be merely one among the many operations of nature which we cannot ſee, is an event indefinitely more probable than the immortality of man on earth, which is not only an event of which no ſymptoms or indications have yet appeared, but is a poſitive contradiction to one of the moſt conſtant of the laws of nature that has ever come within the obſervation of man.

The powers of ſelection, combination, and tranſmutation, which every ſeed ſhews, are truly miraculous. Who can imagine that theſe wonderful faculties are contained in theſe little bits of matter? To me it appears much more philoſophical to ſuppoſe, that the mighty God of Nature is preſent in full energy in all theſe operations. To this all-powerful Being, it would be equally eaſy to raiſe an oak without an acorn as with one. The preparatory proceſs of putting ſeeds into the ground, is merely ordained for the uſe of man, as one among the various other excitements neceſſary to awaken matter into mind. It is an idea that will be found conſiſtent equally with the natural phenomena around us, with the various events of human life, and with the ſucceſſive revelations of God to man, to ſuppoſe that the world is a mighty proceſs for the creation and formation of mind. Many veſſels will, neceſſarily, come out of this great furnace in wrong ſhapes. Theſe will be broken and thrown aſide as uſeleſs, while thoſe veſſels, whoſe forms are full of truth, graceſulneſs, and lovelineſs, will be wafted into happier ſituations, nearer the preſence of the Mighty Maker *.

THOUGHTS

* What this ingenious author means by "many veſſels *neceſſarily* coming out of this great furnace in wrong ſhapes," cannot be eaſily determined. But though it might not be in the power of an inferior potter to alter theſe *wrong ſhapes*, which they have perverſely but neceſſarily taken; yet many

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THOUGHTS

ON

ORNAMENTING GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

Unfeeling wit may ſcorn, and pride may frown,
Yet fancy, empreſs of the realms of ſong,
Shall bleſs the decent mode, and reaſon own
It may be right——for who can prove it wrong!

MASON.

SEVERAL travellers, who have viſited the romantic regions of Cambria, have noticed a cuſtom that prevails amongſt the inhabitants of that country, of planting and ſtrewing evergreens and flowers on the graves of their deceaſed relatives. But no one has written more pleaſingly on this ſubject, than the Reverend Mr. Warner of Bath, who, to elegance of diction and claſſic erudition, has added a tenderneſs of ſentiment that cannot fail to intereſt the reader. This gentleman is of opinion, that the cuſtom alluded to is of very remote origin *. Nor would it be difficult to trace from heathen writers, in what great veneration this duty was held, and with what rigid punctuality it was obſerved by the ancient Greeks and Romans. It has, indeed, afforded a fund of beautiful imagery to the poets of almoſt every age. But, waving all reſearches into hiſtoric records, to prove the antiquity of this mournful rite, let us awhile conſider it in another point of view.

able writers, and many pious divines, are of opinion, that the Divine Potter will not break and throw them aſide, but that he can and will ſo alter their wrong ſhapes, that, reſtored to "forms full of truth, grace, and lovelineſs," they alſo ſhall, in due time, be "wafted into happier ſituations, nearer the preſence of the Mighty Maker." EDITORS.

* See Literary Review, vol. iv. p. 406.

Though

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Though the ruſtic, whoſe little flock of goats climb the rugged heights of Plinlimmon, feels not his ſenſes vibrate with the ſuperſtition of *elder* times, though the myſterious ſtrains of Druids no longer rouſe the torpid faculties to enthuſiaſm; yet the inborn inſtinct of the Cambrian's ſoul, in a meaſure, ſtill remains: that fervor of imagination which taught the aborigines of Wales to revere the hallowed charms of the miſletoe, even to the preſent day (though its effects may not be ſo powerful as formerly) inſpires their deſcendants. The flames of fanaticiſm, which it hath been the toil of ages to enkindle, will not immediately ſubſide. To this caſt of ſuperſtition may be attributed their credulous belief in magic ſpells. This it is, which prompts them to adorn with flowers, at certain ſeaſons of the year, the graves of their departed kindred. But here their ſuperſtition ſhines in her faireſt light; this is her nobleſt work—a work, which it would be well, if he, on whom the beams of Revelation ſhine, deigned but to imitate!

Whilſt paying this laſt ſad tribute to the manes of the dead, awed by the ſolemnity the ſhrines of mortality ſpread around inſpire, the ideas muſt neceſſarily concentrate; fancy wings her flight to heaven—perhaps memory will then recal the viſions of departed days; the wretched mourner reflects how ſhort a period has elapſed, ſince he, on whoſe inanimate relics his tears are falling, haſtened to the ſelf ſame ſpot, to perform the ſame funeral office he now himſelf requires!

> The hand that lifts the dibble, ſhakes with fear,
> Leſt haply it diſturb the friend below.

If, at this awful juncture, his mind ſuggeſts a recollection, that the diſembodied ſpirit of the deceaſed hovers inviſibly around the ſpot that incloſes his mortal aſhes, and beholds with pleaſure this teſt of his ſurvivor's love;—how is the weeping ſufferer agitated!—

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the fine-ſtrung chords of ſenſibility are wound to their higheſt pitch!—Start not, gentle reader, at the idea, that the ſoul may quit its aërial manſion, to view the deeds of man. Tell me not, it is a ſuperſtition incompatible with reaſon—in all events "it is an error ſweet and lucrative."

Having thus remarked, how far this memorial of affection, though ſprung from ſuperſtition, tends to excite emotions of piety, let us briefly obſerve how great a contraſt prevails in ſeveral cemeteries of England.

It is a wiſh, naturally implanted in the heart of man, that when he ſhall have put off his fleſhly robe, it may reſt undiſturbed in its parent element, till the final day

> When bone to its appropriate bone ſhall join,
> And at th' Eternal's high tribunal ſtand
> In full identity.

Yet how ſadly is this ſcene reverſed in our village church-yards! inſtead of odoriferous plants the rankeſt weeds are permitted to grow upon the graves. How often is the traveller ſhocked to behold an eyeleſs ſkull unhouſed above the ſoil, whilſt the curate's cattle are quietly enjoying their paſtime, and trampling up the turf. What a violation is this of the ſacred rites of ſepulture!

Ye Engliſhmen! who boaſt, juſtly boaſt the arts of refinement, deem it not derogatory from your dignity to imitate, in this reſpect, your untutored neighbours. If ye do not ſtrictly obſerve each ſuperſtitious ceremony, pay at leaſt ſome regard to the calls of humanity, and remember it is almoſt the only means left you by Providence to teſtify your veneration for the dead.

PHILANTHROPOS.

THE

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THE

CORRECT PUBLIC SPEAKER.

[From Burgh's Art of Public Speaking.]

A *Correct* ſpeaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reaſon*. If he addreſſes *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he ſpeaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks round *upon them*. The *ſpirit* of what he ſays, or is ſaid to him, appears in his *look*. If he expreſſes *amazement*, or would excite it, he *liftſ* up his *hands* and *eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happineſs, he *ſpreads* his *arms*, and *looks benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven againſt vice, he *bends* his *eyebrow* into *wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not *needleſsly ſaw* the *air* with his *arm*, nor *ſtab* himſelf with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breaſt*, unleſs he has occaſion to ſpeak of *himſelf*, or to introduce *conſcience*, or ſomewhat *ſentimental*. He does not ſtart *back*, unleſs he wants to expreſs *horror* or *averſion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occaſion to *ſolicit*. He does not *raiſe* his voice, but to expreſs ſomewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contraſt* the *raiſing* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to expreſs, *ſparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* diſdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* diſguſt and hatred; *languiſh* into love; or *glare* diſtraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a maſterly manner, the almoſt endleſsly various external expreſſions of the different paſſions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has ſo curiouſly fitted the human frame—hic labor —*here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly, a conſummate public *ſpeaker* is truly a *phenix*. But much *leſs* than all this, is, generally ſpeaking, ſufficient for moſt occaſions.

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There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons, *viz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his *audience*. Were this true, the enthusiastic *rant* of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earnest*, ought to *please* the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary, we know it excites only *laughter* or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *speak*, and to *judge* of propriety in speaking. And every public *speaker*, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, *follows* that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward* way, as shall effectually *defeat* his whole design upon those who hear him, and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian * says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *speaker*'s shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *seem* to be in *earnest* †, he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the *other* imitative *arts*; in the *manner*, as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *masterly*, *large*, and *noble* strokes of *art*, superior to florid *littleness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *syllable* *standing off* from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *suited* to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *passions* might be *known*

* Inst. Orat. p. 442.

† ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Prius ipsi tibi.

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by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word heard*. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling *folds* of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold*, and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticise*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point* it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himself as *unable* to resist, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *stop* the stream of a river with his *hand*. His *passions* are no longer *his own*. The *orator* has taken *possession* of them; and, with superior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleases*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making such *various* and such *forcible* impressions upon the human mind, as a consummate *speaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch; and the delight is *rational*, because is flows from sources *unknown* to beings *below* the *rational* sphere. But the ear remains wholly *unengaged* and *unentertained*.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the *ear*, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Penseroso, yields a pleasure so truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be *ashamed* to declare their *sensibility* of it. But here again, the *eye* has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *music*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the same time with the *ear*) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste

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taſte of the great, to conſider as a *forced conjunction* of two things, which *nature* does not *allow* to go *together*. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to ſee heroes, *fighting*, *commanding*, *threatening*, *lamenting*, and making *love* in the warblings of an Italian *ſong*.

It is only the elegant *ſpeaker*, who can at *once* regale the *eye* with the view of its moſt amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the *ear* with the original of all muſic, the *underſtanding* with its proper and natural *food*, the knowledge of important truth; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *ſublime*, or *wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *univerſe*, and his ſubjects are *all* that is *known* of God, and his works; of ſuperior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terreſtrials, and their works.

In a conſummate ſpeaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majeſty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languiſh*, or fiery *flaſh* of the *eye*; whatever of lively *paſſion*, or ſtriking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wiſe *reflection*, or irreſiſtible *reaſoning*; whatever of *excellent* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impreſſed, of his *own image* upon the *nobleſt* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the conſummate *ſpeaker* to the higheſt *advantage*. And whoever is proof againſt ſuch a diſplay of all that is noble in human nature, muſt have neither *eye*, nor *ear*, *nor paſſion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taſte*, nor *underſtanding*.

Though it may be alledged, that a great deal of *geſture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, eſpecially the *latter*, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character*; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be *rolled* along the ceiling, as if the ſpeaker thought himſelf in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themſelves.

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themſelves. Nor are they to be conſtantly caſt *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving ſentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he ſaw a ghoſt. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be *needleſsly thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or *brandiſhed*, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers, exerciſing themſelves by fighting with their own ſhadow, to prepare them for the Olympic conteſts. Nor, on the contrary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to *hang* by his ſides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head is* not to ſtand *fixed*, as if the ſpeaker had a perpetual crick in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-ſon, Alexander:

> With raviſh'd ears
> The monarch hears;
> Aſſumes the god,
> Affects to nod,
> And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
>
> DRYDEN'S ODE.

A judicious ſpeaker is maſter of ſuch a *variety* of decent and natural *motions*, and has ſuch command of attitude, that he will not be long enough in *one poſture* to *offend* the eye of the ſpectator. The *matter* he has to pronounce, will ſuggeſt the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his *poſture*, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were to continue too long the *ſame*, would become *tedious* and *irkſome* to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment *changing* poſture, like a harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands* about, as if he were ſhewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public ſpeaker is *never* to *forget* the great *rule*, ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. It would be infinitely more pleaſing to ſee him deliver himſelf with as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than thoſe of an Egyptian *mummy*, than *diſtorting* himſelf

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ſelf into all the *violations* of *decorum*, which *affectation* produces. *Art, ſeen through*, is *execrable*.

Modeſty ought ever to be *conſpicuous* in the behaviour of all who are obliged to exhibit themſelves before the eye of the *public*. Whatever of *geſture*, or exertion of *voice*, ſuch perſons uſe, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them by the *importance*, *ſpirit*, or *humour* of the *matter*. If the ſpeaker uſes any *arts* of *delivery*, which *appear* plainly to be *ſtudied*, the effect will be, that his *aukward* attempt to work upon the paſſions of his hearers, by means of which he *is not maſter*, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them. With what *ſtiff* and *pedantic ſolemnity* do ſome public ſpeakers utter *thoughts*, ſo *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at all!* And what *unnatural* and *unſuitable tones* of voice, and *geſticulations*, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their* manner of delivering, one would be apt to queſtion, not only whether it is their *own* compoſition, but whether they really *underſtand* it.

Hoxton Square. J. EVANS.

THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Continued from page 162.)

To ſhare a heavy burden, merely to eaſe another, is noble; to do it cheerfully is ſublime.

LAVATER.

SURPRIZE, gratitude, and love, nearly overpowered the trembling frame of Eliza on this diſcovery, and created emotions in her mind that elude the impotence of words. In vain ſhe endeavoured to recal the animation of her deliverer, every effort was fruitleſs, and ſhe could only preſs his hand and mourn over him

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him in silence. A storm that had been gathering over her head, now began to vent itself on the earth, and happily effected what her tender assiduities had failed in. Steinfort, on coming to himself, and finding the lady, whom he had attempted to release, kneeling by his side, and anxiously waiting his recovery, felt a pleasure that amply repaid him for any injuries he had sustained. The darkness that now reigned around, at once precluded the possibility of his knowing Eliza, or perceiving her embarrassment. He arose, and politely taking her hand, expressed his happiness on finding her safe, and hoped she had not suffered from the hands of the ruffians. She thanked him in tones modulated by her feelings, which never fail in addressing themselves to the heart, and which are the best recompence a feeling mind can receive. She briefly informed him of her entanglement in the wood, and of the part of the country from which she came; but expressed some concern on his account, and hoped, in return, that his generous exertions in her behalf had not been at the expence of any personal injury. He laughed her apprehensions away in a vein of pleasantry, and conducted her into a spacious walk into the interior of the wood.

Meanwhile the storm considerably increasing, they found themselves under the necessity of taking shelter under the largest of the trees. Having secured themselves from the rage of the elements, a pause of some minutes elapsed, during which Eliza was agitated by various emotions. The idea of making herself known to Steinfort, was attended by a train of unpleasant circumstances; yet the singular services he had afforded her, rendered disingenuousness still more disagreeable. Steinfort at length interrupted her meditations, by expressing a desire to know more of the person to whom he had been so fortunate in rendering himself serviceable. "Alas!" replied Eliza, "I am an unfortunate being, whom any further acquaintance with

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would lead you only into new troubles." As the varied landscape assumes its wonted beauty, when lighted up by the morning sun, so are the social feelings of a sensible mind kindled at the touch of sorrow. A lady in distress, at any time was sufficient to make a hero of Steinfort; but when oppressed with grief, she awakened the finest touches of his nature. Though this complaint repressed his officiousness, it increased his desire for a further indulgence, and, in the most respectful solicitations, he begged her to let him know in what manner he could be serviceable to her, which she answered only by entreating him to desist; "Yet," added she, "a person from whom I have received such singular favours, I cannot object to consulting as a friend. Tell me," continued she, "how I am to avoid judging wrongly of characters known only by public opinion." "For myself," replied Steinfort, "I should suppose we ought not to judge *at all* decidedly, till enabled by a familiar acquaintance, and afterwards be directed by *that* acquaintance alone; but society is a whirlpool of error, in which, by imperceptible degrees, we accede to the centre; few have sufficient courage of mind to oppose the current, but, after a faint resistance, submit to be whirled away with the rest. I am a very recluse," continued he, "shut out from the world; the dumb beast alone is my companion, he blabs not my secrets, he perverts not my actions, he deserves well of my confidence." "And is there no selfishness in the resolve?" replied Eliza. "Ought those characters that are best capacitated to rectify the judgment and direct the opinions of the world to be removed from the post in which they can be most effectually serviceable? Does not this, likewise, in some measure, imply a want of courage? Is it not making sacrifices of pleasures deemed unworthy our acceptance, and is not religion, which was intended as a mansion of pleasure, converted into a shelter from pain?" Steinfort was

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was ſtruck with the propriety of her remarks, and every moment became more intereſted in her welfare. "I will not attempt my juſtification, madam," replied he, "I have been hurried away by my feelings, and peculiar circumſtances." He then enquired if ſhe had ever reſided at S———. She replied in the affirmative. A variety of queſtions crowded upon his mind. "No doubt you have heard of ſuch a perſon as Miſs Dalton?" added he. "I know her well," anſwered Eliza. His agitation became extreme. "Madam," continued he, in an elevated voice, "you have it in your power to determine much in reſpect to the bent of my future life; and I doubt not but you will deal with me candidly. Is Miſs Dalton that capricious ſlave of vicious faſhions, that the world pictures her, or the juſt and meretorious friend of virtue?" "I hope ſhe lives but to be the latter," replied Eliza. "Thank heaven, I have done her juſtice!" exclaimed Steinfort, "vice muſt deform the fineſt ſet of features. One queſtion more, madam," continued he, "and I will trouble you no more. Have you reaſons to ſuppoſe that her affections are engaged?" "Irrevocably ſo," anſwered Eliza. The anſwer was abrupt, but immediately to the point, and he was evidently affected with it. "'Tis enough," exclaimed he, "we have all our weakneſſes—you, madam, have diſcovered mine; and forgive me, if for a moment I have forgotten your ſorrows in my own." Eliza became every moment more embarraſſed; repeatedly did ſhe attempt to declare herſelf, and as repeatedly did her reſolution fail her. At length the ſtorm having ſubſided, the ſilver moon, which had before revealed the features of Steinfort, revealed thoſe of Eliza in return!

Pleaſure winged away the firſt moments of ſurprize with Steinfort on this diſcovery, but recollection ſoon gave his thoughts a different direction. He found that Eliza was unfortunate—in love; and, perhaps, like himſelf, without hope. He ſummoned his reſolution,

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and after aukwardly expreſſing his happineſs and ſurprize at ſo unexpected a pleaſure, he requeſted her to forget there was ever ſuch a perſon as Steinfort, or permit him to devote the remainder of his life to her ſervice. Eliza was ſilent. He begged the liberty of conducting her home—ſhe gave him her hand, and they walked ſilently forward. Every moment's reflection ſerved but the more to convince Steinfort of the loſs he ſuſtained in Eliza. Never did he ſtand more in need of words, and never was he ſo totally deprived of them. He wiſhed not officiouſly to ſolicit, nor ungeneroufly to extort from her thoſe ſorrows which would occaſion more pain in the recital than the concealment. They approached the gates of Eliza's reſidence, and Steinfort at length recalled his wandering intellects. He obſerved that they both had fortuitouſly became acquainted with each others misfortunes; that ſhe had learnt who was the prime object of his love, and chief cauſe of his retirement; that he would not, by an untimely officiouſneſs, queſtion her in reſpect to thoſe untoward circumſtances that had attended their acquaintance; but that all he had left to hope was from her lenity in anſwering him one queſtion, and he would never more trouble her with his preſence. She ſignified her aſſent. "Who then, madam," aſked he, "is that highly favoured ſon of mortality, reſerved for that enjoyment which my utmoſt preſumption has ſcarce dared to glance at?" "Do you wiſh him any harm?" enquired Eliza. "I wiſh him every happineſs of which human nature is ſuſceptible," replied Steinfort, "while he acts worthy of you; but when he ceaſes to do this, may the lightnings of heaven purſue him!" "Sir," rejoined Eliza, "I cannot excuſe myſelf for having dealt diſingenuouſly with you, and trifled with your exalted character. You have ſnatched me from the brink of the moſt exquiſite wretchedneſs—you have deſerved more frank and generous treatment. But I will anſwer your queſtion faithfully," continued ſhe,

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ſhe, while her cheek reflected a more roſy beam, "for I am not aſhamed to own that the name of him who beſt deſerves, and alone poſſeſſes my heart, is—Steinfort." Bidding him call on her on the morrow, without giving him time to anſwer, ſhe then entered an avenue of trees, and immediately diſappeared!

Glowing with admiration, and dazzled by ſuch an unexpected proſpect of bliſs, Steinfort continued for awhile motionleſs with ſurprize; then turning his eyes from the ſpot where ſhe had diſappeared, and echoing her words, he bent his ſteps homewards with a head full f happineſs, and a heart that beat light at the thought.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.

————Sure the ſame power
That rear'd the piece at firſt, and took it down,
Can re-aſſemble the looſe ſcatter'd parts,
And put them as they were!

BLAIR.

SPEAKING of the Chriſtian doctrine of a reſurrection, Celſus pronounces it to be the hope of worms, and only worthy of the worms. And Pliny declares it to be one of thoſe things which it is impoſſible for even the infinite power of the Almighty to accompliſh; and many of the moderns refining upon St. Paul's illuſtrations of this intricate ſubject, roundly aſſert, that it is no where promiſed that the ſame body ſhall be raiſed up, but another which ſhall be prepared for us; but that *this* is cutting, not untying the Gordian knot, muſt be evident to every one who conſiders the ſubject for a moment. The proper notion of a reſurrection is, that it is a re-production of that which once was—the reſurrection of a body which died, diſſolved,

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ſolved, and turned to duſt; and, if at the laſt day, we come forward in any other bodies but *thoſe* which are depoſited by weeping friendſhip in the duſt, the reſurrection is not a reſurrection but a new creation. In ſhort, without admitting the fact, that the body which died is the body which ſhall ariſe again, there is an evident impropriety pervading all the language of the New Teſtament.

It is confeſſed, that *this* exertion of divine power which watches over every duſt, which accompanies every eſſential particle of the man through all its changes and revolutions, and reſerves it for a day of re-union, is amazing; but is it more amazing than the work of creation? In the one caſe, ſcattered matter is ſimply collected together and rebuilt; in the other it is formed, and formed, amazing thought! out of nothing.

It will be ſaid, perhaps, that in the work of creation, there is no contradiction; but that the reſurrection involves nothing but contradiction, and comes not within the compaſs of poſſibility. Let us enquire then, what there is in the Chriſtian doctrine of a reſurrection, which thus outrages our ideas of things.

It is the accepted opinion, that when theſe tabernacles of fleſh are laid in the duſt, they preſently reſolve into their primitive principles—theſe principles are, ere long, elaborated into the food of plants, and plants, in their turn, become the food of man. On this ſuppoſition, the materials of which *I* am compoſed, may eventually paſs into the compoſition of a thouſand other men; and animated matter paſſing on from modification to modification, may appertain to a thouſand different individuals, and be excluſively appropriate to no one. This was the ground on which the ancient Sophiſts reſted their objection to the Chriſtian's hope, and was tauntingly advanced as a full and complete confutation of the doctrine in queſtion. But it is not, perhaps, quite certain, that this formidable objection is accurately

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curately ſtated; and perhaps there are principles which throw a ray of light upon the difficult ſubject, and enable us to unravel its intricacies. When we talk of the reſurrection, and pronounce it to be impoſſible, we ought firſt to aſcertain what it is Chriſtianity promiſes us ſhall ariſe; in other words, what is the man? Science demonſtrates that theſe habiliments of fleſh, with which we are now clad, are ever changing. And ſome take it for granted that, at the preſent moment, we are not in poſſeſſion of an individual atom of what we once were *. But though we are thus for ever fluctuating,

* Sanctorius has diſcovered, that, in the warmer latitudes, the human body perſpires about 50 ounces a day. Suppoſing now that a man weighs 160lb. in fifty-one days he diſcharges then, through the emunctories, a quantity of perſpirable matter, the ſpecific gravity of which is equal to his own; from hence, in connection with the other evacuations, which are at the ſame time carrying on, it has been concluded that the whole human body undergoes a complete change and renewal at ſtated intervals.—But this is drawing a haſty concluſion, and begging the queſtion rather than demonſtrating it. Though the fluids which we appropriate to our uſe may be ſublimed, it by no means follows that the ſolids are ſublimed alſo. Nay, it is demonſtrable, that the ſolids are not capable of being evaporated by perſpiration; and, conſequently, that the complete and entire change of our corporeal ſyſtem, is, at leaſt, queſtionable. In addition to this, it is found by continual experience, that the effect of changes which take place in the conſtitution in infancy, accompanies us to the lateſt period of life, and equally affects the original and the renovated body; the inference from which is, that the renovated body is, in baſis, the body which originally was; for inſtance, the ſmall-pox affects the human frame but once. How if the ſeat of this diſeaſe, in common with the reſt of the body, be changed every fifty days, what matters it that the body which I occupied in infancy, was purified of it? If I have *now* a *totally* renovated, a totally new body, I muſt certainly be juſt as liable to the contagion at the preſent moment as ever I was; but this

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fluctuating, man is the man he was, ere yet the functions of nature had elaborated a particle of his present compoſition; though care has plowed its furrows on his brow, and the winter of age has ſcared the roſebuds of infancy and youth from his cheeks, *he* continues the ſelf ſame individual ſtill. It follows then that man is man, not becauſe his corporeal ſyſtem is from day to day amplified by the nutriment which he applies to his uſe. There is *a ſomewhat*, independent of theſe ever fluctuating materials which deſignates the man; of courſe, when we riſe at the ſummons of the archangel's trumpet, it is by no means indiſpenſable to our identity, that theſe periſhing materials ſhould riſe with us. In ſhort, when the adverſaries of Chriſtianity pronounce the reſurrection to be impoſſible, becauſe the ſame matter enters into the amplification of different bodies, they paſs their ſentence without duly conſidering the caſe. Locke, Biſhop Newton, and others, ſuppoſe that *this* undefineable ſomewhat, which conſtitutes identy, is the conſciouſneſs which accompanies through every ſtage of life; but conſciouſneſs is an operation of the mind, not of the body, and, of courſe, has nothing to do with the ſubject farther, than as it ſerves to aſcertain myſelf to myſelf; add to which, that conſciouſneſs may be ſuſpended, and even annihilated, while perſonal identity remains; and, laſtly, if conſciouſneſs and identity be one and the ſame, the ſtroke which deprives me of any part of myſelf, ought alſo to deſpoil me of a portion of my conſciouſneſs, conſequently conſciouſneſs cannot conſtitute identity. Individuality is an inexplicable ſomewhat, which, indepen-

but this is contrary to fact. The concluſion then follows that, at leaſt, the *ſeat of this diſeaſe* in the human body, is neither thrown off by perſpiatrion or digeſtion, but continues unaltered for life; and if there be one portion of the human frame which accompanies him through all the changes and viciſſitudes of life, there may be another alſo equally permanent and fixed.

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dent of this waxing and waning flesh, is attached to the body; and if *this* rises from the dust at the last day, the resurrection is complete.

Moreover that the essential particles of which one man is compounded, enter into union with the particles, and form essential parts of another man, is not yet demonstrated. It is by no means clear, that the no longer tenantable body which we number with our fathers, is capable of becoming the nutriment of plants, and, consequently of man; to ascertain this point, many a laborious analysis, and many an accurate experiment are wanting. Experience has shewn, that vegetable life deducts nothing from the specific gravity of the soil on which it flourishes. The earth is but an elaboratory, in which nature prepares food for the cattle and "herb for the service of man," but deducts nothing from the elaboratory itself. For the same reason, when we are committed to the dust, the remnant which affection has bathed with its tears, becomes an elaboratory too *; dissolving,

* What is the process of nutrition? Philosophy has recently discovered, that the combination of impalpable gasses will, sometimes, produce a palpable result; thus *rain* is the product of different gasses clashing in the atmosphere, and it is not improbable that the combination of other gasses may produce other results; in short, that both vegetable and animal matter may be nothing more than different combinations of gas; at least it seems to be the process by which vegetable life is carried on. The absorbent vessels known to be in the roots, appropriate to themselves one species of gas, extricated by putrefaction from perishing substances deposited in the earth; the absorbents which have been detected in the foilage, appropriate to themselves another species of gas, floating in the air; these different gasses coming into contact in the body of the plant, form there the matter of which it is compounded; hence in the leaf where one species of gas preponderates, we find one kind of substance. In the root, where the other species of gas preponderates, we find another kind of substance. In the trunk, where both meet in their proper proportions, the work

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diſſolving, its adventitious matter may ſerve as a flux, menſtruum for the generation of the various gaſſes on which vegetable life ſubſiſts; but the duſt abides the ſame, and knows no other change till the laſt trump ſhall bid it reſume its priſtine form—ſhall bid it riſe! In ſhort, man may, perhaps, be aptly compared to a curious ſyſtem of fibres, amplified by adventitious nutriment; that adventitious nutriment may be common to a thouſand generations, but the ſyſtem of fibres is all his own, it goes down with him to the grave. It remains there unchanged, unappropriated, and riſes again at the general reſtoration day; accordingly when we examine the ſarcophagi in which the remains of thoſe who once trod the ſtage of life have undergone the undiſturbed proceſs of decay, what do we find? A few handfuls of impalpable duſt! A mere mortuum caput, which chemiſtry can ſublime or reduce no farther; all that was changeable is eſcaped, what remains no art can change. This ſuppoſition admitted, the difficulty involved in the reſurrection vaniſhes. This radical principle, which conſtitutes the man, may be infinitely comminuted. It may be ſcattered by the winds; it may be toſſed upon the waves; but he who formed it firſt can collect it together again; however broken down he can rear it up anew!

work of nature is complete—the tranſition from hence is obvious. Matter thus elaborated, paſſing into the animal ſtomach, the component gaſſes are there extricated again by the proceſs of digeſtion, and entering into combination with other gaſſes, extricated from other digeſting ſubſtances, forms that new matter which is properly the nutriment of man; we are, therefore, in fact, but little indebted to animal matter for our ſuſtenance. Strictly ſpeaking, animal matter is that only which is properly and excluſively animals' — what it has received from vegetable life, *we* receive in our turn, reduce *to* its firſt principles, and then appropriate to ourſelves—what is properly animal ſubmits not to this proceſs, of courſe is not appropriated, but paſſes off in the fæces.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY J. MORSE, D. D.

Minister at Charlestown, near Boston, and Author of the American Geography.

THE death of this great man has rendered an account of his life particularly desirable. To a nation whose feelings seem to be absorbed by this most afflicting event, whose attention is chiefly directed to the contemplation of the resplendent virtues of the deceased Father of his country, every circumstance of his life has become interesting.

I have not the vanity to assume to be the biographer of General Washington. This arduous, honourable, and useful task, is probably already assigned, by proper authority, to a man competent to its execution, and who is already, or will be, in possession of all the requisite documents for so important a work. But having heretofore given to the public, in a work * designed for their use, a brief sketch of his life, I hope they will not consider it as presumption in me, if, with a view to satisfy, in some degree, solicitous inquiries on the subject, and as a humble tribute to the memory of the *first of men*, I revise and enlarge this sketch, and in an improved form, at this moment of general feeling, offer it to their perusal.

The late General Washington was born in the parish of Washington, Westmoreland county, in Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was the third son of Mr. Augustine Washington, a planter or farmer of respectable

* New edition of the American Geography, 4to. 1799. Stockdale, London.

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talents, diſtinguiſhed reputation, and large eſtate in Virginia. The anceſtors of this gentleman, about the year 1657, removed from Yorkſhire, in England, to Virginia, and ſettled in King George's County, where, at the commencement of our revolution, the General had three brothers living, viz. Samuel, John, and Charles, all gentlemen of conſiderable landed property, and a ſiſter, the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis *.

The General was the firſt fruit of a ſecond marriage. His early education, conducted by a private tutor, under the direction of his father, was ſuch as favoured the production of an athletic and vigorous body, and the formation of a correct and ſolid mind. Inhaling a pure mountain air, accuſtomed to the healthful occupations of rural life, and to the manly toils of the chaſe, his limbs expanded to an unuſual, robuſt, but well proportioned and graceful ſize, adapted to endure the fatigues of his future life, and to ſuſtain the active energies of his noble ſoul.

By his tutor he was taught the rudiments of the Latin language, Engliſh grammar, and the elements of the mathematicks. At the age of ten years his father died, and the charge of a numerous family devolved on his eldeſt brother, Mr. Lawrence Waſhington. This brother, a young gentleman of moſt promiſing talents, had a captain's command in the colonial troops, employed againſt Carthagena, under Admiral Vernon. On his return from this expedition, he married the daughter of the Honourable William Fairfax, of Belvoir, and ſettled on his patrimonial eſtate, which he called Mount Vernon, in honour of his admiral, from whom he had received many civilities. He was afterwards made adjutant-general of the militia of Virginia,

* See a letter, written at an early period of the American Revolution, by John Bell, Eſq. of Maryland, to a friend in Europe, and publiſhed in the Maſſachuſetts Magazine for March, 1791.

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but did not long ſurvive his appointment. He left one daughter, who dying young, and his ſecond brother alſo having deceaſed without iſſue, the General ſucceeded to the family ſeat, and to a very conſiderable landed eſtate.

It is a circumſtance which ought not to be here omitted, that, at the age of fifteen, he was entered a midſhipman on board a Britiſh ſhip of war, ſtationed on the coaſt of Virginia, and his baggage prepared for embarkation; but his mother, then a widow, expreſſing her reluctance at his engaging in that profeſſion, the plan was abandoned.

The office of adjutant-general, made vacant by the death of his brother, in conſequence of the extenſive limits of the province, was now divided into three diſtricts; and the future hero of America, before he had completed his twentieth year, began his military ſervice by a principal appointment in that department, with the rank of Major.

When he was little more than twenty years of age, an event occurred which called forth his great talents into public notice and exerciſe. In 1753, the French from Canada, aided by the Indians, whom they engaged for the purpoſe, made inroads and encroachments upon the weſtern frontiers, along the Allegany and Ohio rivers. Orders were received from England by the Governor * and Council of Virginia, to repel by force theſe encroachments. It was however thought a prudent preliminary ſtep, to make an effort to prevent open hoſtilities, by friendly and ſpirited remonſtrances to the French, and conciliatory overtures to the Indians. Major Waſhington was deputed to undertake this important and perilous embaſſy. Accordingly he was diſpatched by the Governor, with a letter to the Commander in Chief of the French, on the Ohio, com-

* Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie at this time adminiſtered the government.

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plaining of the infractions of the treaties subsisting between the two crowns; and with instructions and plenary powers to treat with the Six Nations, and other tribes of Western Indians, and to secure their attachment to England. He commenced his journey late in October, with about fifteen attendants, and endured the fatigues, and performed the duties of his mission, with singular fortitude, industry, intelligence, and address. When he returned with Monsieur de St. Pierre's answer, and gave information of his success in his negociations with the Indians, he received the approbation and thanks of his country. His journal * and report to Governor Dinwiddie, which were published at the time, early announced to the world, that strength and correctness of mind, ease and manliness of style, and that judgment, method, and accuracy in doing business, which have since characterized him in conducting more arduous affairs. His journal for many years after, proved of essential service to travellers into that western wilderness.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances made by the government of Virginia, to the French Commander on the Ohio, through Major Washington, hostile operations in that quarter, were still continued, as part of a meditated plan of general attack upon the then British colonies. In this state of things, orders were received from the mother country, for the colonies to unite, and prepare to defend themselves. The assembly of Virginia took the lead; and early in the year 1754, voted a sum of money for the public service, and agreed to raise a regiment of 400 men for the defence of the frontiers of that colony. Mr. Fry, one of the professors of the college of William and Mary, was appointed Colonel of this regiment, and Major Washington, then about

* This Journal was published in the Massachusetts Magazine for June and July 1789, from a copy sent to the writer of this, from his correspondent in Virginia.

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twenty-three years of age, received the commiſſion of Lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Fry died ſhortly after his appointment, and left his regiment and rank to the ſecond in command.

Colonel Waſhington was now indefatigable in his efforts to form his regiment, to eſtabliſh magazines, and open roads ſo as to pre-occupy the advantageous poſt at the confluence of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers (*now Pittſburgh*) which he had recommended for that purpoſe, in his report the preceding year. Impreſſed with the neceſſity of expedition in accompliſhing this important object, without waiting for a detachment of independent regulars, and ſome companies of provincials from the neighbouring colonies, who were expected to join him, he commenced his march in the month of May.

On his way, at a place called Red Stone, he met a ſtrong party of French and Indians, which he engaged and routed, after killing and capturing fifty of the enemy. Among the priſoners was the celebrated Monſ. de la Force, and two other officers, from whom Colonel Waſhington received intelligence, that the French forces on the Ohio, conſiſted of upwards of 1000 regulars, and ſeveral hundred Indians, and that they had already erected a fort at the poſt he had intended to occupy, which they called *Fort du Queſne*. Upon this intelligence, he took his ſtation with his little army, at a place called *Great Meadows*, for the conveniency of forage and ſupplies, where he built a temporary ſtockade to cover his forces, and named it *Fort Neceſſity*. Here he waited the arrival of expected ſuccours from New York and Pennſylvania, but was joined by Captain M'Kay's regulars only, which increaſed his force to about 400 effective men. He remained unmoleſted till July, when he received information from his ſcouts, that a conſiderable party of the enemy was approaching to reconnoitre his poſt; he ſallied and defeated them;

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but in return was attacked by an army of French and Indians, computed to have been 1500 ſtrong, under the command of the Sieur de Villiers. The little garriſon made a gallant defence of ſeveral hours, during which they killed nearly 200 of the enemy, and more than one third of their own number were either killed or wounded. The French commander, diſcouraged by ſuch bold oppoſition, propoſed a parley, which terminated in an honourable capitulation. Colonel Waſhington, at the head of his troops, quitted the fort with the honours of war, agreeable to the articles of capitulation, and carried with him his military ſtores, and baggage; but the French commander, either unable or unwilling, did not reſtrain his Indian auxiliaries from plundering the provincials, and making a conſiderable ſlaughter of men, cattle, and horſes. After this diſaſter, the remains of the Virginia regiment returned to Alexandria to recruit.

The Britiſh ambaſſador at the court of Verſailles, was directed to remonſtrate to the French government againſt the breach of the articles of capitulation above mentioned; and this may be conſidered as the period when the French court began to unmaſk, and to diſcover that the conduct of its governors and officers in America, was in conformity to their orders. After this, warlike preparations on the frontiers were made by the French with redoubled activity, and were continued through the winter of 1754, and the ſpring of 1755.

During this period the government of Virginia raiſed an additional number of troops, who built Fort Cumberland, and Fort Loudon, and formed a camp at Wills Creek, a ſituation convenient for the annoyance of the enemy on the Ohio. In all theſe ſervices, and particularly in the erection of the forts, Colonel Waſhington was actively and principally employed.

At this time, May 1755, General Braddock arrived at

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at Alexandria, from England, with two veteran regiments from Ireland, to which were to be joined the independent and provincial corps of America, and at the head of this army he was to repel the invaders of the colonial frontiers. Upon a royal arrangement of rank, by which "no officer who did not *immediately* derive his commiſſion from the King, could command one who did," Colonel Waſhington reſigned his commiſſion, and as a volunteer and extra Aid-de-camp, joined General Braddock. The army marched directly to Fort du Queſne, by the route of Wills Creek. No perſon was ſo well acquainted with this route as Colonel Waſhington, and no other officer in the colony, at this time, ſuſtained ſo high and well eſtabliſhed a military reputation; and had his counſel been ſufficiently regarded, there is reaſon to believe the misfortunes which followed would have been prevented. In his route, General Braddock unexpectedly, and of conſequence, unpreparedly, met a large body of the enemy. Without detailing minutely the particulars of the hard fought and bloody battle which enſued, and which terminated in the total defeat of Braddock's army, which conſiſted of 2000 regular Britiſh forces, and nearly 800 provincials, I ſhall only ſay, in the words of the reſpectable and correct writer * to whom I am indebted for many of the facts contained in this ſketch, that "it is allowed on all ſides, that the haughty behaviour of General Braddock, his high contempt of the provincial officers and ſoldiers, and his diſdainful obſtinacy in rejecting their advice, were the cauſes of this fatal diſaſter. With what reſolution and ſteadineſs the provincials, and their gallant commander (Colonel Waſhington) behaved on this trying occaſion, and in covering the confuſed retreat of the army † let every Britiſh officer and ſoldier

* John Bell, Eſq.

† See Captain Orme's Letter to Governor Dinwiddie, and alſo the other accounts of that day.

confeſs,

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confeſs, who were reſcued from ſlaughter on that calamitous day by their valour and conduct."

To this information it is proper to add, that Colonel Waſhington was the only officer, whoſe duty obliged him to be on horſeback during the battle, who was not either killed or wounded. Providence ſeemed to reſerve him to ſave from utter deſtruction the wreck of a defeated army. Having ſecured their paſſage over the Ford of the Monongahela, and finding the enemy did not purſue their victory, Colonel Waſhington haſtened to concert meaſures for their further ſecurity, with Colonel Dunbar, who had remained ſome diſtance in the rear, with the ſecond diviſion of the army and the heavy baggage. To effect this, he travelled with two guides, all night, through a dreary wilderneſs, notwithſtanding the fatigues of the preceding day, and the enfeebled ſtate of his health, having but imperfectly recovered from ſickneſs. So exhauſted was he in the morning, that he was obliged to be ſupported with cuſhions on his horſe. The public accounts of this affair, both in England and America, were not parſimonious of applauſe for the eſſential ſervice he had rendered his country on ſo trying an occaſion.

Not long after this time, the regulation of rank, which had been ſo injurious to the Colonial officers, was changed to their ſatisfaction, in conſequence of the diſcontent of the officers, and the remonſtrance of Colonel Waſhington; and the government of Virginia, impreſſed with a due ſenſe of his merits, gave him, in a new and extenſive commiſſion, the command of all the troops raiſed, and to be raiſed in that colony. This commiſſion he held, with ſignal credit to himſelf, and advantage to his country, till 1759, when tranquillity being reſtored on the frontiers of the middle colonies, and his conſtitution having become extremely enfeebled and endangered by an inveterate pulmonary complaint, he reſigned his military appointment. Impartial hiſtorians will do juſtice to his character, in detailing the judicious

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judicious plans he ſuggeſted, and the ſyſtem he purſued for defending the frontiers, and his perſonal hazards, bravery, and achievements previouſly to the period of his reſignation. Nor are authentic documents wanting to ſhew the tender regret which the Virginia line expreſſed at parting with their Commander, and the affectionate regard which he entertained for them.

From this period, till the year 1775, he cultivated the arts of peace. Soon after he reſigned his commiſſion in 1759, his health having been gradually re-eſtabliſhed, he married the preſent Mrs. Waſhington, then Mrs. Martha Cuſtis*, an amiable and beautiful young widow, "with whom he had a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds ſterling in her own right, beſides her dower in one of the principal eſtates in Virginia †," and ſettled as a planter and farmer, at his favourite, delightful ſeat, the far-famed Mount Vernon.

General Waſhington was the largeſt landholder, probably, in the United States. Beſides the large eſtates which came into his poſſeſſion by his marriage, and by the death of Mrs. Waſhington's only daughter (amounting in the whole to thirty thouſand pounds ſterling), he owned large tracts of excellent land in different parts of the ſtate, which, in early life, while he was Surveyor, he had taken up for himſelf, or purchaſed of officers who had lands allotted them for their ſervices. He alſo made large additions to his eſtate at Mount Vernon, which, in 1787, conſiſted of about nine thouſand acres, under his own cultivation. His income from his eſtates was reckoned, in 1776, to amount, at leaſt, to *four thouſand pounds ſterling a year*; and it was then ſuppoſed they would have ſold for more than *one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds* ‡ of the ſame money, equal to upwards of 666,000 dollars. There

* General and Mrs. Waſhington were both born in the ſame year.

† Bell's Letter.

‡ Ibid.

can

can be no doubt, that under his ſuperintendence and admirable management, his property has ſince much increaſed.

General Waſhington was not leſs diſtinguiſhed as a *farmer*, than as a *warrior* and a *ſtateſman*. He undertook every thing on a great ſcale, proportioned to his great and comprehenſive mind; and his exact and exemplary method in tranſacting all his buſineſs, enabled him to accompliſh more, and in a more perfect and advantageous manner, than perhaps any other man of the age. He has raiſed ſeven thouſand buſhels of Wheat, and ten thouſand of Indian corn in one year, on his eſtate at Mount Vernon. In a ſucceeding year he raiſed two hundred lambs, ſowed twenty-ſeven buſhels of flax-ſeed, and planted more than ſeven hundred buſhels of potatoes. At the ſame time he had manufactured under his eye, by his domeſtics, linen and woollen cloth ſufficient for his houſehold, which conſiſted of nearly a thouſand ſouls. His land, deſigned for cultivation, he had encloſed in lots of equal dimenſions, and crops aſſigned to each for many years. On Saturday in the afternoon, every week, he was accuſtomed to receive reports from all his overſeers, (and theſe reports, I have been informed, were received and attended to conſtantly, during the period of his command of our armies and his Preſidency of the United States), which reports were correctly regiſtered in books kept for the purpoſe; ſo that at the end of the year, he was able, accurately, to aſcertain the quantity of labour beſtowed on each of the ſeveral lots, and the amount of the produce. Order and economy were eſtabliſhed in all the departments within and without doors.

Agriculture was his favourite employment, and he purſued it in a manner worthy of himſelf. One great object which he ever kept in view, was to introduce or augment the culture of thoſe articles which he conceived would be the moſt beneficial in their conſequences to his country. Upon this principle, he early gave up planting

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planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming buſineſs. To acquire and communicate practical knowledge, he correſponded with the celebrated Mr. Arthur Young of England, and with many agricultural gentlemen in this country. As improvement was known to be his object, he was in the habit of receiving rare ſeeds, and reſults of new projects from every quarter. He likewiſe made copious notes, relative to his own experiments, the ſtate of the ſeaſons, the nature of ſoils, of which he was an excellent judge, and the effects of different kinds of manure, and ſuch other topics, as tended to the improvement of agriculture.

While he was thus uſefully occupied as a farmer, and giving to all around him, and to poſterity, a noble example of induſtry, economy, and good management, he was, at the ſame time, aſſiduous in ſerving the ſtate. From the time he left the army in 1759, until the year 1774, he was conſtantly a member of aſſembly; he was alſo a magiſtrate of the county in which he lived, and a judge of the court. He was elected a delegate to the firſt Congreſs in 1774, and to that which aſſembled the year following.

It was while he was a member of this aſſembly of the wiſeſt men in America, that he was, on the 15th of June, 1775, by their unanimous vote, appointed Commander in Chief of all the forces raiſed, or to be raiſed for the defence of the then colonies. He accepted his appointment; with what diffidence and diſintereſtedneſs, his reply to the Preſident of the Congreſs, when his appointment was announced to him, witneſſes. "It was a fortunate circumſtance, attending his election, that it was accompanied with no competition, and followed by no envy. That ſame general impulſe on the public mind, which led the coloniſts to agree in many other particulars, pointed to him as the moſt proper perſon for preſiding over the military arrangements of America. Not only Congreſs, but the inhabitants in the

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the eaſt and weſt, in the north and ſouth, as well before as at the time of employing a continental army, were in a great degree unanimous in his favour *." "The very high eſtimation he ſtood in for integrity and honour, his engaging in the cauſe of his country from ſentiment and a conviction of her wrongs, his moderation in politics, his extenſive property, and his approved abilities as a military commander, were motives which obliged the choice of America to fall upon him. †"

We have now arrived at a period in the life of this great man, ſince which, the events of it have been more conſpicuous and more generally intereſting: and it is the leſs neceſſary to particularize them in this place, becauſe they have been often detailed, and are familiar to almoſt every perſon. I will only obſerve, that General Waſhington arrived at the camp in Cambridge, and took the ſupreme command of the American army, July 2, 1775. "He was received with that heart-felt exultation, which ſuperior merit alone can inſpire, after having, in his progreſs through the States, been honoured with every mark of affection and eſteem which they conceived were due to the man, to whom the whole continent looked up for ſafety and freedom ‡."

It is hoped poſterity will be taught, in what manner he transformed an undiſciplined body of peaſantry into a regular army of ſoldiers. Commentaries on his campaigns would undoubtedly be highly intereſting and inſtructive to future generations. The conduct of the firſt campaign, in compelling the Britiſh troops to abandon Boſton by a bloodleſs victory, will merit a minute narration. But a volume would ſcarcely contain the mortifications he experienced, and the hazards to which he was expoſed in 1776 and 1777, in contending againſt the proweſs of Britain, with an inadequate force. His

* Ramſay's Hiſt. Rev. Vol. I. p. 192.
† Bell.
‡ Ibid.

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good deſtiny and conſummate prudence, prevented want of ſucceſs from producing want of confidence on the part of the public; for want of ſucceſs is apt to lead to the adoption of pernicious counſels through the verſatility of the people, or the ambition of demagogues. Shortly after this period, ſprang up the only cabal that ever exiſted during his public life, to rob him of his reputation and command. It proved as impotent in effect, as it was audacious in deſign. In the three ſucceeding years the germ of diſcipline unfolded; and the reſources of America having been called into co-operation with the land and naval forces of France, produced the glorious concluſion of the campaign in 1781. From this time the gloom began to diſappear from our political horizon, and the affairs of the union proceeded in a meliorating train, until a peace was moſt ably negociated by our ambaſſadors in Europe, in 1783.

No perſon, who had not the advantage of being preſent when General Waſhington received the intelligence of peace, and who did not accompany him to his domeſtic retirement, can deſcribe the relief which that joyful event brought to his labouring mind, or the ſupreme ſatisfaction with which he withdrew to private life. From his triumphant entry into New York, upon the evacuation of that city by the Britiſh army, to his arrival at Mount Vernon, after the reſignation of his commiſſion to Congreſs, feſtive crowds impeded his paſſage through all the populous towns, the devotion of a whole people purſued him with prayers to Heaven for bleſſings on his head, while their gratitude ſought the moſt expreſſive language of manifeſting itſelf to him as their common father and benefactor. When he became a private citizen, he had the unuſual felicity to find that his native ſtate was among the moſt zealous to do juſtice to his merits: and that ſtronger demonſtrations of affectionate eſteem (if poſſible) were given by the citizens of his neighbourhood, than by any other deſcription of men on the continent. But he conſtantly

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declined accepting any compenſation for his ſervices or proviſion for the augmented expences incurred in conſequence of his public employment, although propoſals were made in the moſt delicate manner, particularly by the ſtates of Virginia and Pennſylvania.

The virtuous ſimplicity which diſtinguiſhed the private life of General Waſhington, though leſs known than the dazzling ſplendour of his military atchievements, is not leſs edifying in example, or worthy the attention of his countrymen. The conſpicuous character he acted on the theatre of human affairs, the uniform dignity with which he ſuſtained his part amidſt difficulties of the moſt diſcouraging nature, and the glory of having arrived through them at the hour of triumph, made many official and literary perſons, on both ſides of the ocean, ambitious of a correſpondence with him. Theſe correſpondences unavoidably engroſſed a great portion of his time; and the communications contained in them, combined with the numerous periodical publications and newſpapers which he peruſed, rendered him, as it were, the *focus of political intelligence for the New World.* Nor were his converſations with well-informed men leſs conducive to bring him acquainted with the various events which happened in different countries of the globe. Every foreigner of diſtinction, who travelled in America, made it a point to viſit him. Members of Congreſs, and other dignified perſonages, did not paſs his houſe without calling to pay him their reſpects. As another ſource of information, it may be mentioned, that many literary productions were ſent him annually by their authors in Europe; and that there was ſcarcely one work written in America on any art, ſcience, or ſubject, which did not ſeek his protection, or which was not offered to him as a token of gratitude. Mechanical inventions were frequently ſubmitted to him for his approbation, and natural curioſities preſented for his inveſtigation. But the multiplicity of epiſtolary applications, often on the

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the remains of ſome buſineſs which happened when he was commander in chief; ſometimes on ſubjects foreign to his ſituation, frivolous in their nature, and intended merely to gratify the vanity of the writers by drawing anſwers from him, was truly diſtreſſing and almoſt incredible. His benignity in anſwering perhaps increaſed the number. Had he not huſbanded every moment to the beſt advantage, it would not have been in his power to have noticed the vaſt variety of ſubjects that claimed his attention.

In this manner he ſpent his time from the peace of 1783, till he was elected a member of the convention who framed, in Philadelphia, in the ſummer of 1787, the preſent conſtitution of the United States. Of this convention of ſages he was choſen Preſident, and with his name he has ſanctioned the conſtitution of their and his country's choice.

When this conſtitution, adopted by the nation, was to be organized and put in operation, by an election of the proper officers, the United States "ſtedfaſt in their preference, with one voice ſummoned their beloved Waſhington, unpractiſed as he was in the duties of civil adminiſtration," to the chair of government. He heard their voice "with veneration and love*," and with that ſelf diffidence and modeſty which ever accompany pre-eminent merit, he obeyed their ſummons. On the 30th of April 1789, he was inaugurated Preſident of the United States, in the city of New York, amidſt the acclamations of thouſands of ſpectators. "It ſeemed, by the number of witneſſes," ſays one who beheld the intereſting ſcene, "to be a ſolemn appeal to heaven and earth at once. Upon the ſubject of this great and good man I may perhaps be an enthuſiaſt: but I confeſs, I was under an awful and religious perſuaſion, that the gracious Ruler of the Univerſe was

* See his ſpeech at the opening of the firſt Congreſs, quoted p. 38. Note

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looking down at that moment, with peculiar complacency, on an act which, to a part of his creatures, was so very important. Under this impression, when the chancellor pronounced, in a very feeling manner, "*Long live* GEORGE WASHINGTON," my sensibility was wound up to such a pitch, that I could do no more than wave my hat with the rest, without the power of joining in the repeated acclamations which rent the air."

In the autumn after his induction into office, he visited the eastern states; with how much delight and advantage to the people, and satisfaction to his own mind, let the volume of their addresses and his answers testify.

With what dignity, wisdom, firmness, integrity, and high and general approbation, he performed the duties of his most arduous, elevated, and responsible office, during his eight years administration, his eulogists have eloquently announced, and historians will record with pride and admiration. "Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself, as the basis of his political life. He best understood the indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and individual felicity: watching with an equal and comprehensive eye over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy, in the unerring and immutable principles of morality, based on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of free government, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the respect of the world *."

During his administration as our Supreme Execu-

* Major-general Henry Lee's Funeral Oration, p. 12.

tive

tive Magiſtrate, " His talents and his virtues increaſed with his cares. His ſoul ſeemed not to bear the limits of office a moment after the obligations of duty and patriotiſm withdrew their reſtraints from his univerſal love. When the miſguided ſavages of the wilderneſs, after feeling his chaſtiſement, had ſued for peace, he ſeemed to labour for their happineſs as the common repreſentative of mankind. Inſurrection was ſo ſtruck at his countenance that it fled from the ſhock of his arms. Intrigue attempted to entangle him in her poiſonous web, but he burſt it with gigantic ſtrength, and cruſhed her labours. Anarchy looked out from her cavern, and was daſhed into oblivion, as we truſt, for ever. The nations of Europe ſaw the wiſdom of our laws, the vigour of our meaſures, the juſtice of our policy, the firmneſs of our government, and acquieſced in the neutrality of our ſtation *."

Twice elected by the unanimous voice of his country to the Preſidential chair, when the period for a third election arrived, in September 1796, when the ſtate of his country was ſuch that he conſidered it no longer neceſſary for him to ſacrifice his inclination to his duty, he announced to his fellow citizens in an addreſs which will be immortal as his name, his determination to retire, and requeſting them not to conſider him as a candidate for their future ſuffrages; thus preventing " the anxious wiſhes of an affectionate people from adding a third unanimous teſtimonial of their unabated confidence in the man ſo long enthroned in their hearts." Having ſpent *forty-five* years of his life in the ſervice of his country, he conſoled himſelf with the hope that he was now quitting for ever " the boundleſs field of public action, inceſſant trouble, and high reſponſibility, in which he had ſo long acted a principal part; but this fond hope was not realized. He had not yet arrived at the pinnacle of human greatneſs. One aſcending

* Judge Minot's Euology, p. 15.

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ſtep yet remained untaken. From March 1797 to July 1798, he lived in peace, at his beloved retreat, diſcharging the duties of a private citizen, with a condeſcenſion and greatneſs of mind peculiar to himſelf. At the latter period, "when every thing we hold dear and ſacred was ſeriouſly threatened *," the voice of his countrymen was raiſed to him, as the inſtrument, under Providence, for their protection: he heard it, and inſtantly obeyed; and thus advanced the laſt aſcending ſtep in the career of earthly glory! On this high and commanding ground he ſtood, venerable in ſervices as in years, the cement and the bulwark of our nation, till the 14th of December 1799, when he was ſummoned above to join that noble company of the "wiſe, who ſhall ſhine as the brightneſs of the firmament, and as the ſtars, for ever and ever!"

His laſt ſickneſs was ſhort and painful. On Thurſday the 12th he was abroad on one of his plantations. The day was rainy, and he took cold; which, on Friday, produced a violent inflammation in the throat. The following night his diſeaſe became very alarming, and he was urged to ſend to Alexandria for his phyſician. His humanity for his ſervants prevented it till the next morning. At eleven o'clock on Saturday his phyſician arrived. It was too late. The hand of death was already upon him. Though his diſtreſs was extreme, he was calm and reſigned. "He informed his attendants that his affairs were in good order; that he had made his will, and that his public buſineſs was but two days behind hand." A very ſhort time before he died, he ſaid to his phyſician, "*Doctor, what is the clock? How long am I to remain in this ſituation?* The Doctor replied, "*Not long, ſir.*" He then rejoined with the firmeſt countenance, "*I have no fear, Doctor, to die.*" His breathing ſoon grew ſhorter, and preſently after he expired without a ſigh or a groan:"

* General Waſhington's Letter of Acceptance.

"When

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" When keeneſt anguiſh rack'd his mighty mind,
And the fond heart the joys of life reſign'd,
No guilt nor terror ſtretch'd its hard controul,
No doubt obſcur'd the ſunſhine of the ſoul.
Prepar'd for death, his calm and ſteady eye
Look'd fearleſs upward to a peaceful ſky;
While wondering angels point the airy road,
Which leads the Chriſtian to the throne of GOD."

General Waſhington in his perſon was tall, upright, and well made; in his manners eaſy and unaffected. His eyes were of a blueiſh caſt, not prominent, indicative of deep thoughtfulneſs, and when in action, on great occaſions, remarkably lively. His features ſtrong, manly, and commanding; his temper reſerved and ſerious; his countenance grave, compoſed, and ſenſible. There was in his whole appearance an unuſual dignity and gracefulneſs, which at once ſecured for him profound reſpect, and cordial eſteem. He ſeemed born to command his fellow men. In his official capacity he received applicants for favours, and anſwered their requeſts with ſo much eaſe, condeſcenſion, and kindneſs, as that each retired, believing himſelf a favourite of his chief. He had an excellent and well cultivated underſtanding; a correct, diſcerning, and comprehenſive mind; a memory remarkably retentive; energetic paſſions under perfect controul; a judgment ſober, deliberate, and ſound. He was a man of the ſtricteſt honour and honeſty, fair and honourable in his dealings; and punctual to his engagements. His diſpoſition was mild, kind, and generous. Candour, ſincerity, moderation, and ſimplicity, were, in common, prominent features in his character; but when an occaſion called, he was capable of diſplaying the moſt determined bravery, firmneſs, and independence. He was an affectionate huſband, a faithful friend, a humane maſter, and a father to the poor. He lived in the unvarying habits of regularity, temperance, and induſtry. He ſteadily roſe at the dawn of day, and retired to reſt uſually

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uſually at nine o'clock in the evening. The intermediate hours all had their proper buſineſs aſſigned them. In his allotments for the revolving hours, religion was not forgotten. Feeling, what he ſo often publickly acknowledged, his entire dependence on God, he daily, at ſtated ſeaſons, retired to his cloſet, to worſhip at his footſtool, and to aſk his divine bleſſing. He was remarkable for his ſtrict obſervation of the ſabbath, and exemplary in his attendance on public worſhip.

Of his faith in the truth and excellence of the holy ſcriptures, he gave evidence, not only by his excellent and moſt exemplary life, but in his writings, eſpecially when he aſcribes the meliorated condition of mankind, and the increaſed bleſſings of ſociety, "*above all, to the* pure *and benign light of* revelation;" and when he offers to God, his earneſt prayer "that he would moſt graciouſly be pleaſed to diſpoſe us all to do juſtice, to love mercy, and to demean ourſelves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteriſtics of the *Divine Author of our bleſſed religion*; without an humble imitation of whoſe example, in theſe things, we can never hope to be a happy nation *." In an addreſs to him, immediately after he commenced his Preſidency over the United States, from a venerable and reſpectable body of men, who were in the beſt ſituation to know his religious character, and who, no doubt, expreſſed what they knew, is the following teſtimony to his faith in Chriſtianity. "But we derive a preſage," ſay they, "even more flattering from the piety of your character. Public virtue is the moſt certain mean of public felicity; and religion is the ſureſt baſis of virtue. We therefore eſteem it a peculiar happineſs to behold in our Chief Magiſtrate, a *ſteady, uniform, avowed friend of the Chriſtian religion*; who has commenced his adminiſtration in rational and

* See his "Farewell Orders to the Armies of the United States," dated Rocky Hill, near Princeton, Nov. 2, 1783.

exalted

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exalted ſentiments of piety, and who, in his private conduct, *adorns the doctrines of the Goſpel of Chriſt* *." Grounded on thoſe pure and excellent doctrines, to which his life was ſo conformable; copying as he did, with ſuch exemplary ſtrictneſs and uniformity, the precepts of Chriſt, we have ſtrong conſolation and joy in believing, that ere this, he has heard from his God and Saviour, this enrapturing ſentence, *Well done good and faithful ſervant, enter into the joy of your Lord!*

What a bleſſing to the world, what an honour to human nature, is a character thus "throughout ſublime?" What a bright exemplar for kings, for princes, for rulers of every name, for warriors, for farmers, for Chriſtians, for mankind? Thanks be to God for ſo rich a gift! Praiſe to his name for beſtowing it on our nation, and thus diſtinguiſhing it above all others on the globe, and let all the *people of Columbia with one voice, ſay Amen!*

Charleſtown,
January 2, 1800.

* See the "Addreſs of the General Aſſembly of the Preſbyterian Church, to the Preſident of the United States," dated Philadelphia, May 1789.

THE

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

MARCH 11. THIS evening the *Egyptian Feſtival* was performed, a new opera, by *Mr. Franklyn.* The plot conſiſts in the impriſonment of a popular chief, the temporary misfortunes of his family, their final felicity, and the juſt puniſhment of the uſurper. Theſe incidents are rather too much ſpun out; but the light and ſhade, the grave and the gay, are judiciouſly blended. The muſic, ſcenery, dreſſes, and proceſſions, are beautiful and impreſſive. *Madame Mara* was the heroine, and the novelty of the night, ſupported by the entire muſical ſtrength of the houſe. The airs aſſigned to her were exquiſite, particularly her firſt duet with *Mrs. Bland*, whoſe firſt ſong was unrivalled in tenderneſs and delicacy, and loudly encored.

Pizarro, in point of ſpectacle, boaſts nothing ſuperior to the proceſſion and viſit of the Egyptian tyrant to the feſtival. Of the ſcenes, the moſt pleaſing, are the view of the Arab camp, on fire at a diſtance, the Pharos, and the Caſtle, the blowing up of which conſtitutes the concluſion. In fine, we may obſerve, reſpecting this opera, that the colouring is exquiſite; the character is appropriate, and brilliant is the execution.

The houſe was crowded, and *Mr. Charles Kemble* announced, with applauſe, its future repreſentation.

COVENT GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 28. *Speed the Plough*, a new comedy, was

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was acted here this evening, of which the following are the characters:

Farmer Ashfield.....*Mr. Knight*
Sir Philip Blandford.....*Mr. Pope*
Morington.....*Mr. Murray*
Sir Abel Handy.....*Mr. Munden*
Young Handy.....*Mr. Fawcett*
Henry.....*Mr. H. Johnston*
Gerald.....*Mr. Waddy*
Evergreen.....*Mr. Davenport*

Dame Ashfield.....*Mrs. Davenport*
Susan Ashfield.....*Miss Murray*
Lady Handy.....*Mrs. Dibdin*
Emma Blandford.....*Mrs. H. Johnston.*

Sir Philip Blandford having been on the continent, returns to his castle in Hampshire, with his daughter *Emma*, whom he thinks of uniting with *Bob Handy*, the son of *Sir Abel Handy*, who, among other whims, had produced a patent plough. This favourite instrument was tried among the Hampshire farmers, a gold medal being the prize which was won by *Henry*, who lived with *Farmer Ashfield*. *Emma* presented *Henry* with the prize, and a mutual passion is conceived. *Sir Philip* roused by this circumstance, insisted that *Ashfield* should dismiss *Henry*, and, at the same time, represented to *Emma* that she *must*, on some account of money matters, be united to *Young Handy*.

But the interest of the piece arises from the following striking incidents. *Sir Philip* shews his friend, *Young Handy*, the portrait of his brother, in a remote part of the castle, and remarks that his antipathy to *Henry* was connected with the person here represented. This brother, and *Sir Philip*, used to live together in great amity; but the latter falling in love with a young lady, the former excited in him the dreadful passion of jealousy; for, on the day when they were to be married, *Sir*

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Sir Philip, whilſt inſcribing her name on the bark of a tree, ſpied his miſtreſs and Brother careſſing each other, and juſt on the point of going off together. In a paroxyſm of rage and ſorrow, he ſtabbed his brother to the heart. The miſtreſs died in child-birth, ſome time after having brought forth *Henry*, the fruit of this illegitimate connection. All this converſation is overheard by *Henry*, and juſt at this moment *Sir Abel Handy*, the old connoiſſeur, making ſome experiments on gunpowder, ſets fire to the caſtle. In the midſt of this confuſion *Henry* reſcues *Emma* from the flames, and is about to revenge the murder of his father, but *Emma* prevents him. *Morington* ſoon after this appears, ſhews that he is the ſuppoſed *murdered brother*, is reconciled to *Sir Philip*, and the two lovers are happily united.

There is alſo an under plot, reſpecting *Sir Abel*'s marriage with *Nelly*, once the ſervant of *Farmer Aſhfield*, who proves a mere vixen; a former huſband however appearing, ſuppoſed to be dead, *Sir Abel* is delivered from his unpleaſant connection, and, in his joy, conſents to the union of his ſon *Bob*, and the daughter of honeſt *Farmer Aſhfield*.

The language of this comedy is pleaſing, the ſentiment moral, and the tendency favourable to improvement. There is alſo an engaging wit which pervades many ſcenes, and enlivens the attention of the ſpectator.

The ſeveral actors acquitted themſelves with ſingular ability, particularly *Mr. Knight* and *Mrs. Johnſton*, with whoſe exertions we were much entertained.

The comedy was honoured with repeated plaudits of approbation

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MARCH, 1800.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

WHEN the cold hand of winter diſrobes ev'ry tree,
And tempeſts obſcure the ſky;
When the faſt falling ſnow drives over the lea,
And nature benumbed doth lie;

When the ſmooth gliding river no longer doth flow,
Withheld by the keen freezing wind;
When pale ſickneſs and want are attended with woe,
And the wretched no comfort can find;

When the lab'rer returns to his cottage with dread,
Debar'd from his daily employ;
When his children around him are clam'rous for bread,
And deſpair doth his boſom annoy;

Then, ye *rich*, and ye *gay*, who ſumpt'ouſly fare,
And whom independence doth bleſs;
Who never have known the keen anguiſh of care,
Nor felt the ſharp pang of diſtreſs;

Relieve with compaſſion the wants of the *poor*,
Whom fortune has doomed to ſtray;
Nor let the ſad widow, who begs at your door,
With anger be driven away.

14th February, 1800. HENRICUS.

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ODE TO THE ROSE.

CHILD of the ſun, mere beauty of a day,
Born in a ſmile to flouriſh and decay;
Fain would I know from whence thoſe odours ſweet
Which ſo deliciouſly our organs greet;
Say, from what ſingular extraction have they birth,
And how thus chemically analyz'd the earth?
Or doſt thou ſteal from heav'n that roſy dye?
And ope thy infant boſom's glow,
To airs celeſtial as they blow,
Fraught with the breath of angels, wafted from the ſky?

Sweet roſe, and muſt thy evaneſcent bloom,
In the ſame ſmile that bore it, find a tomb?
Yes, thou muſt to the grave thy beauties give,
Retire, and periodically live;
And only rear thy head when ſkies are fair,
Then laviſh all thy odours on the air,
And only live while Sol will deign to ſhine,
And with his ſlow-declining orb decline;
Each wanton breeze that wafts thy ſweets away,
Unnerves thy form, and aids thy ſwift decay,
Deals quick deſtruction to thy race around,
Who, bluſhing, bend their foreheads to the ground,
There joyleſs all in ſweet confuſion lie,
And ſhrouded, on their wither'd beauties die.

Evanid boaſter, offspring of a ſmile,
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd excellence appears awhile,
Waving in air, fantaſtically gay
Its taſſel'd front, the quinteſſence of clay;
Where are thy odours now that balm'd the air,
Thy roſy tints, thy matchleſs verdure, where?
Widely diffus'd o'er nature's varied ſcene,
And now forgot as tho' they ne'er had been.

Like thee, ſequeſter'd in ſome rural dale,
Fain would I ſpend my fleeting hours alone,
Where roſy health, borne on each paſſing gale,
Renders thy moſſy ſeat the happier throne;

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With peace and innocence to reign,
And ſolitude, ſage matron of the grove;
Each day would paſs unchequer'd ſtill with pain,
Each ſwain be virtue, and each nymph be love.

In peace and nature thus to live,
The world I could forget, the world I could forgive,
And tho' like thine, my pleaſures fleet,
Like thine they would be tranſient, like thine they would be ſweet;
With thee I'd only live, while pleaſure's ray
Could gild with peace and innocence each day,
Unknown with thee thus flouriſh, unſeen with thee decay.

Wolverhampton, CIVIS.
Auguſt 5th, 1799.

AN ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

SAY, penſive muſe, does ever genuine worth,
By death's cold hand extended on the bier;
Untimely torn from ev'ry tie on earth,
Claim, juſtly claim, the tribute of a tear?

Does he, whoſe gen'rous undeſigning heart
Ne'er ſtoop'd ſubmiſs to flattery's ſervile ſway;
Who e'er thro' life perform'd an upright part,
Deſerve, poor recompence, a friendly lay?

O muſe beſtow! if claims like theſe are great,
The meed on W———, who in life's fair bloom,
Struck by the wing'd, unerring ſhaft of fate,
Became the tenant of an early tomb.

Hail, bleſſed ſoul! tho' dead to mortal ſight,
Immortal now thou liv'ſt in that bleſs'd place,
Where hoſts of ſaints, with white-rob'd ſons of light,
Chaunt hymns harmonious, at the throne of grace.

Life's ſtorm ſubſided, thou haſt gain'd the ſhore,
Far, far remote from plaintive voice of woe;
Where heart-corroding cares perplex no more,
You taſte thoſe joys the world can never know.

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Peace to thy duſt! much-valu'd friend, farewell!
While life's warm current circles round my frame;
Thy virtues oft ſhall faithful memory tell,
Till memory's ſelf ſuſpends her wonted reign.

R. B. W.

A FRAGMENT.

TO THE ROBIN.

O THOU ſweet harmoniſt! whoſe mellow ſtrain
Is not by any of the feather'd train
Excell'd; whene'er I liſten to thy note,
Swelling melodious from thy ruddy throat,
I feel a ſecret charm within my breaſt;
A charm ſo exquiſite! that to be expreſt,
The poliſh'd periods of the fineſt tongue,
Or graces that to eloquence belong,
Are naught but ſilence. Not muſic can aſpire,
With all its heav'nly raptures, force, and fire,
To thy ſymphonious ſong.

October 24th, 1799. J. M.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

CYNTHIA, empreſs of the night,
Softly wav'ring, calmly bright,
On me thy mildeſt influence ſhed,
And let thy lovely beams play gently round my head.

Thy beams oft tempt me out to roam
Around my dear, my native home;
And while I wander through the mead,
My footſteps flow thy rays in pleaſing ſilence lead.

The pearly dew-drops glittering bright
Strike my all enraptur'd ſight,
While the far off ſounds I hear,
Play gently on and ſooth my all attentive ear.

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With pleaſing wonder and ſurprize,
I view the bright illumin'd ſkies,
And pray no cloud may intervene,
To caſt a gloom ungrateful o'er the beauteous ſcene.

L. H.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.

WRITTEN MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO,

BY THE REV. JOHN BOYDELL.

NOW, young man, thy days and thy glories appear,
Like ſunſhine and bloſſoms—the ſpring of thy year;
Thy vigour of body, thy ſpirits, thy wit,
Are all in perfection, and flouriſhing yet.
Now then, O now then, if ſafety thou love;
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above.

Miſpend not a morning ſo bright and ſo clear;
If happineſs ever be found, it is here;
Thy noontide of life hath but little delight,
And ſorrows on ſorrows will follow at night.
Now then, &c.

That ſtrength, and thoſe beauties which grace thee to-day,
Full ſhortly will periſh, and vaniſh away;
Thy wealth, or thy pleaſures, the friends you now love,
May waſte, or deceive, or perhaps traitors prove.
Now then, &c.

Thy joints are yet pliant, thy ſinews not ſlack;
Of vigour, or ſpirits, thou yet haſt no lack;
Unwaſted by ſickneſs, a ſtranger to pain,
And thy blood with free current now flows through each vein.
Now then, &c.

But truſt me, it will not for ever be ſo,
Thoſe arms that are mighty, ſhall ſoon feeble grow,
And thoſe legs, though ſo firmly ſupporting thee now,
With age and diſeaſes will ſtagger and bow.
Now then, &c.

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Thoſe features ſo lovely, ſo graceful in thee,
Deep plough'd with time's furrows ere long they ſhall be,
And thoſe that admir'd thee, and lov'd thee ſo much,
Shall loathe, and forget thou haſt ever been ſuch.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe treſſes of hair, which thy youth do adorn,
Will look like to meadows in winterly morn;
And where now intermingled appear white and red,
Wan diſeaſe ſhall ere long deadly paleneſs o'erſpread.
Now then, &c.

That forehead imperious, whereon we now view
Such ſmoothneſs and whiteneſs enamell'd with blue,
Will loſe all that dignity youth now maintains,
And change it for hollowneſs, wrinkles, and ſtains.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe ears which ſweet muſic did erſt entertain,
And charm with ſo many a delicate ſtrain,
Will miſs all thoſe pleaſures with which they're now fed,
And never hear ſong more, when youth once is fled.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe eyes which ſo many were wont to admire,
Which with winning allurements enkindled deſire,
Clos'd up in the darkneſs of age muſt remain,
And never—no never ſee mortal again.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe lips where now beauty ſo richly diſcloſes
The colour and fragrance of rubies and roſes,
Inſtead of thoſe charms, will ſuch ghaſtlineſs wear,
That none will believe once ſuch beauty was there.
Now then, &c.

Thy teeth that ſtood firmly, like pearls, in a row,
Shall looſen, decay, and diſorderly grow;
And that mouth, whoſe ſmile once, with ſuch ſweetneſs was fraught,
Will, robb'd of that ſweetneſs, be prized at nought.
Now then, &c.

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Thy gait, and thy geſture, that won thee ſuch grace,
Will turn to a feeble and ſtaggering pace;
And thou, who o'er mountains ran'ſt nimbly to-day,
Will ſtumble at every rub in thy way.
Now then, &c.

All theſe imperfections old age will entail;
Thy marrow, and ſpirits, and ſinews will fail,
And nothing be left thee, when theſe are once ſpent,
To give to thyſelf, or another, content.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe fancies that lull'd thee with dreams of delight,
Will vex and alarm through the comfortleſs night;
And thou, who now ſleepeſt thy ſorrows away,
Wilt hear every cockerel give warning for day.
Now then, &c.

Then thou, who waſt lately to thouſands ſo dear,
Deſpis'd and neglected of all wilt appear,
Which when thou perceiv'ſt, though now pleaſant life be,
It then will be grievous and loathſome to thee.
Now then, &c.

Thoſe deſires which thy youth can ſo hardly reſtrain,
Will leave thee to ſorrow, diſtraction, and pain,
And then in thy folly, no joy thou wilt have,
Nor hope other reſt, than what's found in the grave.
Now then, &c.

At the cloſe of this ſcene of diſeaſe and decay,
Thy breath it ſhall fail, and thy fleſh turn to clay,
And thoſe thou haſt lov'd moſt, who ſhare all thy ſtore,
Will leave, and forget thee, and mind thee no more.
Now then, &c.

But if him thou mind'ſt not, moſt aſſuredly know,
All this is the ſlendereſt part of thy woe,
For thy ſoul to a torture, more fearful ſhall wend,
That never—no never—no never ſhall end.
Now then, O now then, if ſafety thou love,
Mind thou, O mind thou, thy Maker above.

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LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT ASLEEP.

SLEEP ſweetly on, thou gentle child,
From guile thy little dreams are free;
I love to view that face ſo mild,
And look with envy down on thee.

The ſmile that plays upon thy cheek,
With pleaſure and delight I trace;
So pure, ſo innocent, ſo meek,
It well might deck an angel's face!

Whilſt on thy cherub form I gaze,
And penſive watch thy cradle near;
I think upon my infant days,
And drop a ſad, a ſilent tear.

For then unvext by pain or ſtrife,
Sweet were my hours of balmy ſleep;
I dreamt not on the ills of life,
And felt not I was born to weep.

How ſwift, alas! thoſe moments fly,
Juſt like the meteor's dazzling ray;
Which gleams a moment mid the ſky,
And then in darkneſs fades away.

But, lovely babe, thy ſleep enjoy,
I would not break thy calm repoſe;
Thy dream of bliſs I'd not deſtroy,
Nor plant a thorn where blooms the roſe!

And tho' the golden viſion fade,
And thou the ills of life ſhould'ſt ſhare;
May guilt thy boſom ne'er invade,
But virtue hold her dwelling there;

Then ſhall thy ſleep as now be ſweet,
Soft ſhall thy downy pillow be;
In vain the ſtorms of life may beat,
They will not, cannot, injure thee!

SOPHIA.

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THE RAINY DAY.

WHEN clouds the weſtern ſky obſcure,
And veil the radiant lamp of night;
When faſt deſcends the humid ſhow'r,
And fills the landſcape with affright;

Suffus'd the verdant carpet lies,
Each flower reclines its weeping head;
The woods and groves in broken ſighs,
A dirge-like cadence widely ſpread.

The flocks in bleating ſounds deplore
The mournful aſpect of the plains;
The feather'd choir is heard no more
To ſpread around their rapt'rous ſtrains.

The winds deep-moaning beat the air,
To vent their much-impeded force;
And, in the accents of deſpair,
Lag on their deſultory courſe.

Ah then! ſupremely bleſt are they,
Whoſe even minds in calmneſs wait
Till the drear gloom ſhall paſs away,
And nature wear her former ſtate.

Cowes. T.———

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

WHEN from the black abyſs infernal hurl'd,
By Pluto's vengeful ire,
A fury, cloth'd in liquid fire,
With breath bituminous and ſnaky wings,
Hov'ring awhile round this defenceleſs world,
Diſeaſes terrible on trembling mortals flings;
O then the doctor—ſend him, mighty Jove,
And all ye pow'rs below, and pow'rs above,
Ye flying clouds,
Ye rolling floods,
Fountains and ſtreams,
And winds and flames,

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Your force unite,
To urge his flight,
E'er yet the patient's day is clos'd in endleſs night.

Thus each long minute, anxious hope conſumes,
Till (three whole hours elaps'd) Iatron comes;
Then all around,
With awe profound,
As if ſtern fate,
Suſpenſive ſate
On his imperial nod;
Each knee is bent,
Each heart intent,
To pay devouteſt homage to the idol god.

Grim death beholds with baleful eye,
And mocks, unſeen, their ſacrilegious pray'rs;
Then mutt'ring thunder to the ſky,
Thrice his ſhaft the monſter rears;
Waves it thrice amid the ſpheres,
And thrice in accents dreadful, ſwears
"As Minos lives, the ſick ſhall die."

Swifter than light th' empoiſon'd arrow's thrown,
Hark! 'tis the victim's laſt expiring groan;
Ah no! his breath,
Unaw'd by death,
An Æſculapian hand retrieves!
The ſhaft's repell'd, the patient lives!
Diſeaſe departs, by potent ſkill ſubdu'd;
And diſappointed of his ghoſt,
Gall'd death retires in ſullen mood,
To ruminate, alas! his labour loſt!
While by the ſouls of all the dead,
He vows an endleſs flood of vengeance on the Doctor's head!

"O curſt," he cries, "curſt be this dog of hell,
"That thus againſt mine honour dares rebel;
"Preſumes my ſov'reign counſels to withſtand,
"And contradicts whatever I command.
"Minion! whom all the ſons of health deteſt,
"And only by th'exanimate careſs'd,

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" An haraſs'd ſlave eternal, may'ſt thou ſtrive,
" Thy herd of ſqualid vot'ries to revive!
" Still be it thine (for 'tis no eaſy part)
" To guard each avenue around the heart;
" With reſtleſs, ceaſeleſs vigilance to guide,
" Thro' thouſand mazy tubes the crimſon tide;
" 'Mid whelming floods to fan the vital flame,
" And health diffuſe thro' an enervate frame!
" Yet ſtill ſhall envy at thine efforts ſmile,
" And ingrate ſpite repay thy midnight toil;
" Still each pretender to the healing name,
" Shall ſhare thy plaudits and eclipſe thy fame:
" While that fame breaſt thy balmy ſkill reſtor'd,
" Reluctant, half-withdraws a ſcant reward!
" But, when in ſpite of all thy wily craft;
" This arm directs a ſure, a fatal ſhaft;
" When thy curs'd cordials will avail no more,
" And flutt'ring life recedes at every pore!
" When (glorious hour!) the *idol-god* muſt yield,
" While death, triumphant death, aſcends the field;
" Alas! no more thy ſuppliants circling round
" Shall bow, and cringe, and kneel, and kiſs the ground!
" The *god of yeſterday* they ſhall deſpiſe,
" And call his art but perfidy and lies,
" Pronounce him baſe, rapacious, and uncivil,
" A brute, a turk, an atheiſt, and a devil."

Stockwell. R. B.

IMPROMPTU.

THE diſtant eagle ſeems in ſize
A ſparrow—and as tardy flies—
And thus appears a ſparrow but a fly
At equal diſtance—to the human eye
Proportion'd ſpace allow,
The atom to a world will grow.

M.

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AN ADDRESS.

DEAR object of each fond desire,
That love's soft pleasing pains inspire;
Source of each thought my soul can know,
Of all my joy and all my woe;

Dear maid! of ev'ry charm possest,
That wounds the captive gazer's breast;
That o'er my soul soft fetters steals,
And prompts each pang my bosom feels.

For whom, in anxious, doubtful fear,
I heave the sigh and shed the tear;
Who, in this heart thy form might see,
Which pants alone, my love, for thee!

Canst thou, my lovely charmer, say
No feelings in my bosom play?
That cold and dead my passions move,
Averse to thee, unknown to love?

Alas! too wild, without controul,
The passions riot in my soul;
And too, too fondly for its ease,
My heart can feel thy powers to please.

T.

EPIGRAM.

RUDE bards may listen through the live-long night
While Philomel her saddest music plies;
Me other birds, with other songs delight,
Pigeons, and rooks, and birds of paradise.

Then let the warbling choir distend their throats
And with mix'd music charm th' enaptur'd hearer;
But honour'd still be London's charming NOTES,
Dear to the muse—and—"*payable to Bearer.*"

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Literary Review.

Travels through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, during the Years 1795, 1796, *and* 1797. *By Isaac Weld, Jun. Second Edition, illustrated and embellished with Sixteen Plates. In Two Volumes.* Stockdale. 18s.

IN our *Half Yearly Review* we have just noticed this publication, but we wish now to give our idea of its particular nature and tendency. It is a work of merit, and has received no small share of public approbation.

MR. WELD is a resident of Dublin, and visited America with a distant view to emigration. He is, we understand, the grandson of the Reverend Mr. Weld, who succeeded Dr. John Leland, the author of A View of the Deistical Writers, and of other valuable productions in behalf of Christianity. This young traveller has not drawn a very pleasing picture of the Americans. Equally hostile to their opinions and manners, he never wishes again to visit their distant and far-famed country. In this disposition we evidently perceive a degree of prejudice; for the moment he quits the United States and enters on Canada, this querulous temper is exchanged for an almost unqualified approbation. We are far from supposing the Americans perfect, they, no doubt, inherit their proportionate share of the infirmities of mortality. Besides, they have lately suffered by the quarrel between England

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and France, while the yellow fever, in the mean time, has impeded their trade, exciting an univerſal terror and confuſion. Theſe circumſtances ought to be conſidered in the eſtimate we make of America; inſtead of provoking the harſhneſs of criticiſm, they merit, and will receive, from every conſiderate mind, the tenderneſs of ſympathy.

In America, immenſeneſs of territory, the want of culture and civilization, and the preſſing energies of a riſing empire, are obvious to every traveller. On theſe traits MR. WELD often deſcants with ability. He ſpeaks handſomely of the immortal WASHINGTON, and is of opinion "That the city of Waſhington will, at a future day, if the affairs of the United States go on as proſperouſly as they have done, become the grand emporium of the Weſt, and rival in magnitude and ſplendour the cities of the old world."

The inquiſitiveneſs and ſelfiſhneſs of the inhabitants of the United States, are principal grounds of complaint. The badneſs of their roads alſo is often mentioned, and is certainly a conſiderable grievance to any country. But America is at preſent in its infancy, —when it becomes "a MAN, it will put away *childiſh* things."

We ſhall be tempted to make many extracts from this work, becauſe, on the whole, it imparts much information concerning that renowned quarter of the world. The following ſketch of the author's arrival in America, and of the city of Philadelphia on the Delaware, will prove highly intereſting to the generality of our readers:

"The ſhores of the bay and of the river Delaware, for a very conſiderable diſtance upwards, are low; and they are covered, like the coaſt, with one vaſt foreſt, excepting merely in a few places, where extenſive marſhes intervene. Nothing, however, could be more pleaſing than the views with which we were entertained as we ſailed up to Philadelphia. The trees had not yet quite loſt their foliage, and the rich red and yellow

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yellow tints which autumn had suffused over the leaves of the oaks and poplars, appeared beautifully blended with the sombre green of the lofty pines; whilst the river, winding slowly and smoothly along the under banks, reflected in its glassy surface the varied colours of the objects on shore, as well as the images of multitudes of vessels of various sizes, which, as far as the eye could reach, were seen gliding silently along with the tide. As you approach towards Philadelphia, the banks of the river become elevated; and on the left hand side, where they are much cleared, they are interspersed with numberless neat farm-houses, with villages and towns; and are in some parts cultivated down to the very edge of the water. The New Jersey shore, on the right hand side, remains thickly wooded, even as far as the city.

"Vessels very commonly ascend to Philadelphia, when the wind is favourable, in twenty-four hours; but unfortunately, as our ship entered the river, the wind died away, and she had to depend solely upon the tide, which flows at the rate of about three miles only in the hour. Finding that the passage up to the city was likely therefore to become tedious, I would fain have gone on shore far below it; but this the captain would not permit me to do. By the laws of Pensylvania, enacted in consequence of the dreadful pestilence which raged in the capital in the year 1793, the master of any vessel bound for that port is made subject to a very heavy fine, if he suffers any person from on board her, whether mariner or passenger, to go on shore in any part of the state, before his vessel is examined by the health officer; and any person that goes on shore, contrary to the will of the master of the vessel, is liable to be imprisoned for a considerable length of time. In case the existence of this law should not be known on board a vessel bound for a port in Pennsylvania, it is the business of the pilot to furnish the master, and the passengers on board, with copies of it, with which he always comes provided. The health officer, who is a regular bred physician, resides at Mifflin Fort, four miles below the city, where there is a small garrison kept. A boat is always sent on shore for him from the ship. After having been tossed about on the ocean for nine weeks nearly, nothing could be more tantalizing than to be kept thus close to the shore without being permitted to land.

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"Philadelphia, as you approach by the river, is not seen farther off than three miles, a point of land covered with trees concealing it from the view. On weathering this point it suddenly opens upon you, and at that distance it looks extremely well; but on a nearer approach, the city makes a poor appearance, as nothing is visible from the water but confused heaps of wooden storehouses, crowded upon each other, the chief of which are built upon platforms of artificial ground, and wharfs which project a considerable way into the river. The wharfs are of a rectangular form, and built of wood; they jut out in every direction, and are well adapted for the accommodation of shipping, the largest merchant vessels being able to lie close alongside them. Behind these wharfs, and parallel to the river, runs Water-street. This is the first street which you usually enter after landing, and it does not serve to give a stranger a very favourable opinion either of the neatness or commodiousness of the public ways of Philadelphia. It is no more than thirty feet wide; and immediately behind the houses, which stand on the side farthest from the water, a high bank, supposed to be the old bank of the river, rises, which renders the air very confined. Added to this, such stenches at times prevail in it, owing in part to the quantity of filth and dirt that is suffered to remain on the pavement, and in part to what is deposited in waste houses, of which there are several in the street, that it is really dreadful to pass through it. It was here that the malignant yellow fever broke out in the year 1793, which made such terrible ravages; and in the summer season, in general, the street is found extremely unhealthy. That the inhabitants, after suffering so much from the sickness that originated in it, should remain thus inattentive to the cleanliness of Water-street, is truly surprising; more especially so, when it is considered, that the streets in the other parts of the town are as much distinguished for the neatness that prevails throughout them, as this one is for its dirty condition.

"On the level plot of ground on the top of the bank which rises behind Water-street, the city of Philadelphia was originally laid out, and it was intended by the founder that no houses should have been erected at the bottom of it; however, as there was no positive law to this effect, the convenience of the situation soon tempted numbers to build there, and

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and they are now encroaching, annually, on the river, by throwing wharfs farther out into the ſtream. In another reſpect alſo the original plan of the city was not adhered to. The ground allotted for it was in the form of an oblong ſquare, two miles in length, reaching from the river Schuylkill to the Delaware, and one mile in breadth. Purſuant to this ſcheme, the houſes were begun on the Delaware ſide; but inſtead of having been carried on towards the Schuylkill, the current of building has kept entirely on one ſide. The houſes extend for two miles nearly along the Delaware, but, on an average, not more than half a mile towards the Schuylkill: this is to be attributed to the great ſuperiority of the one river over the other. All the houſes built beyond the boundary line of the oblong ſquare are ſaid to be in the "Liberties," as the juriſdiction of the corporation does not extend to that part of the town. Here the ſtreets are very irregularly built, but in the city they all interſect each other at right angles, according to the original plan. The principal ſtreet is one hundred feet wide; the others vary from eighty to fifty. They are all tolerably well paved with pebble ſtones in the middle; and on each ſide, for the convenience of paſſengers, there is a footway paved with red brick.

"The houſes within the limits of the city are for the moſt part built of brick; a few, and a few only, are of wood.

"In the old parts of the town they are in general ſmall, heavy, and inconvenient; but amongſt thoſe which have been lately erected, many are to be found that are light, airy, and commodious. In the whole city, however, there are only two or three houſes that particularly attract the attention, on account of their ſize and architecture, and but little beauty is obſervable in the deſigns of any of theſe. The moſt ſpacious and the moſt remarkable one amongſt them ſtands in Cheſnut-ſtreet, but it is not yet quite finiſhed. At preſent it appears a huge maſs of red brick and pale blue marble, which bids defiance to ſimplicity and elegance. This ſuperb manſion, according to report, has already coſt upwards of fifty thouſand guineas, and ſtands as a monument of the increaſing luxury of the city of Philadelphia.

"As for the public buildings, they are all heavy taſteleſs piles of red brick, ornamented with the ſame ſort of blue marble as that already mentioned, and which but ill accord

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together, unleſs indeed we except the new Bank of the United States, and the Preſbyterian Church in High-ſtreet. The latter building is ornamented with a handſome portico in front, ſupported by ſix pillars in the Corinthian order; but it is ſeen to great diſadvantage on account of the market houſe, which occupies the centre of the ſtreet before it. The buildings next to theſe, that are moſt deſerving of notice, are the State Houſe, the Preſident's Houſe, the Hoſpital, the Bettering Houſe, and the Gaol.

"The State Houſe is ſituated in Cheſnut-ſtreet; and, conſidering that no more than fifty-three years elapſed from the time the firſt cabin was built on the ſpot marked out for the city, until it was erected, the architecture calls forth both our ſurpriſe and admiration. The State Houſe is appropriated to the uſe of the legiſlative bodies of the ſtate. Attached to this edifice are the congreſs and the city-halls. In the former, the congreſs of the United States meets to tranſact buſineſs. The room allotted to the repreſentatives of the Lower Houſe is about ſixty feet in length, and fitted up in the plaineſt manner. At one end of it is a gallery, open to every perſon that chuſes to enter it; the ſtair-caſe leading to which runs directly from the public ſtreet. The Senate Chamber is in the ſtory above this, and it is furniſhed and fitted up in a much ſuperior ſtyle to that of the lower houſe. In the city hall the courts of juſtice are held, the ſupreme court of the United States, as well as that of the ſtate of Pennſylvania, and thoſe of the city.

"The preſident's houſe, as it is called, was erected for the reſidence of the preſident, before the removal of the ſeat of the federal government from Philadelphia was agitated. The original plan of this building was drawn by a private gentleman, reſident in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and was poſſeſſed, it is ſaid, of no ſmall ſhare of merit; but the committee of citizens, that was appointed to take the plan into conſideration, and to direct the building, conceiving that it could be improved upon, reverſed the poſitions of the upper and lower ſtories, placing the latter at top, ſo that the pilaſters, with which it is ornamented, appear ſuſpended in the air. The committee alſo contrived, that the windows of the principal apartments, inſtead of opening into a ſpacious area in front of the houſe, as was deſigned at firſt, ſhould face towards

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wards the confined back yards of the adjoining houſes. This building is not yet finiſhed, and as the removal of the ſeat of government to the federal city of Waſhington is ſo ſhortly to take place, it is moſt probable that it will never be occupied by the preſident. To what purpoſe it will be now applied is yet undetermined. Some imagine, that it will be converted into a city hotel; others, that it will be deſtined for the reſidence of the governor of the ſtate. For the latter purpoſe, it would be unfit in the extreme, the ſalary of the governor being ſo inconſiderable, that it would not enable him to keep up an eſtabliſhment ſuitable to a dwelling of one-fourth part the ſize of it.

"The hoſpital, for its airineſs, for its convenient accommodation of the ſick and infirm, and for the neatneſs exhibited throughout every part of it, cannot be ſurpaſſed by any inſtitution of the kind in the world. The plan of the building is in the form of the letter H. At preſent but one wing and a part of the centre are finiſhed; but the reſt of the building is in a ſtate of forwardneſs. It is two ſtories high, and underneath the whole are cells for lunatics. Perſons labouring under any diſorder of body or mind are received into this hoſpital, excepting ſuch as have diſeaſes that are contagious, and of a malignant nature; ſuch patients, however, have the advice of the attending phyſicians gratis, and are ſupplied with medicine from the hoſpital diſpenſary.

"The productive ſtock of this hoſpital, in the year 1793, was eſtimated 17,065l. currency; beſides which there are eſtates belonging to it that as yet produce nothing. The ſame year, the legiſlature granted 10,000l. for enlarging the building, and adding thereto a Lying-in and Foundling Hoſpital. The annual private donations are very conſiderable. Thoſe that contribute a certain ſum have the power of electing the directors, who are twelve in number, and choſen yearly. The directors appoint ſix of the moſt ſkilful ſurgeons and phyſicians in the city to attend; there is alſo a ſurgeon and apothecary reſident in the houſe. From the year 1756, when it was built, to the year 1793 incluſive, nearly 9,000 patients were admitted into this hoſpital, upwards of 6,000 of whom were relieved or cured. The hoſpital ſtands within the limits of the city, but it is more than a quarter of a mile removed from any of the other buildings. There are ſpacious walks within the inclofure

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inclosure for such of the patients as are in a state of convalescence.

"The Bettering House, which is under the care of the overseers of the poor, stands in the same neighbourhood, somewhat farther removed from the houses of the city. It is a spacious building of brick, with extensive walks and gardens. The poor of the city and neighbourhood are here furnished with employment, and comfortably lodged and dieted. During the severity of the winter season, many aged and reduced persons seek refuge in this place, and leave it again on the return of spring. Whilst they stay there, they are under very little restraint, and go in and out when they please; they must, however, behave orderly. This institution is supported by a tax on the town.

"The Gaol is a spacious building of common stone, one hundred feet in front. It is fitted up with solitary cells, on the new plan, and the apartments are all arched, to prevent the communication of fire. Behind the building are extensive yards, which are secured by lofty walls. This gaol is better regulated, perhaps, than any other on the face of the globe. By the new penal laws of Pennsylvania, lately enacted, no crime is punishable with death, excepting murder of the first degree, by which is meant, murder that is perpetrated by wilful premeditated intention, or in attempts to commit rape, robbery, or the like. Every other offence, according to its enormity, is punished by solitary imprisonment of a determined duration. Objections may be made to this mode of punishment, as not being sufficiently severe on the individual to atone for an atrocious crime; nor capable, because not inflicted in public, of deterring evil-minded persons in the community from the commission of offences which incur the rigour of the law; but on a close examination, it will be found to be very severe; and as far as an opinion can be formed from the trial that has been hitherto made by the state of Pennsylvania, it seems better calculated to restrain the excesses of the people than any other. If any public punishment could strike terror into the lawless part of the multitude, it is as likely that the infliction of death would do it as any whatsoever: but death is divested of many of his terrors, after being often presented to our view; so that we find in countries, for instance in England, where it occurs often as a punishment, the

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the ſalutary effects that might be expected from it are in a great meaſure loſt. The unfortunate wretch, who is doomed to forfeit his life in expiation of the crimes he has committed in numberleſs inſtances, look forward with apparent unconcern to the moment in which he is to be launched into eternity; his, companions around him only condole with him, becauſe his career of iniquity has ſo ſuddenly been impeded by the courſe of juſtice: or, if he is not too much hardened in the paths of vice, but falls a prey to remorſe, and ſees all the horrors of his impending fate, they endeavour to rally his broken ſpirits by the conſoling remembrance, that the pangs he has to endure are but the pangs of a moment, which they illuſtrate by the ſpeedy exit of one whoſe death he was perhaps himſelf witneſs to but a few weeks before. A month doth not paſs over in England without repeated executions; and there is ſcarcely a vagabond to be met with in the country, who has not ſeen a fellow creature ſuſpended from the gallows. We all know what little good effect ſuch ſpectacles produce. But immured in darkneſs and ſolitude, the priſoner ſuffers pangs worſe than death a hundred times in the day: he is left to his own bitter reflections; there is no one thing to divert his attention, and he endeavours in vain to eſcape from the horrors which continually haunt his imagination; in ſuch a ſituation the moſt hardened offender is ſoon reduced to a ſtate of repentance.

"But puniſhment by impriſonment, according to the laws of Pennſylvania, is impoſed not only as an expiation of paſt offences, and an example to the guilty part of ſociety, but for another purpoſe, regarded by few penal codes in the world, the reform of the criminal. The regulations of the gaol, are calculated to promote this effect as ſoon as poſſible, ſo that the building, indeed, deſerves the name of a penitentiary houſe more than that of a gaol. As ſoon as a criminal is committed to the priſon, he is made to waſh; his hair is ſhorn, and if not decently clothed, he is furniſhed with clean apparel; then he is thrown into a ſolitary cell, about nine feet long and four wide, where he remains debarred from the ſight of every living being except his gaoler, whoſe duty it is to attend to the bare neceſſities of his nature, but who is forbidden, on any account, to ſpeak to him without there is abſolute occaſion.

If

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If a prisoner is at all refractory, or if the offence for which he is imprisoned is of a very atrocious nature, he is then confined in a cell secluded even from the light of heaven. This is the worst that can be inflicted upon him.

"The gaol is inspected twice every week by twelve persons appointed for that purpose, who are chosen annually from amongst the citizens of Philadelphia. Nor is it a difficult matter to procure these men, who readily and voluntarily take it upon them to go through the troublesome functions of the office without any fee or emolument whatever. They divide themselves into committees; each of these takes it in turn, for a stated period, to visit every part of the prison; and a report is made to the inspectors at large, who meet together at times regularly appointed. From the report of the committee an opinion is formed by the inspectors, who, with the consent of the judges, regulate the treatment of each individual prisoner during his confinement. This is varied according to his crime, and according to his subsequent repentance. Solitary confinement in a dark cell is looked upon as the severest usage; next, solitary confinement in a cell with the admission of light; next, confinement in a cell where the prisoner is allowed to do some sort of work; lastly, labour in company with others. The prisoners are obliged to bathe twice every week, proper conveniences for that purpose being provided within the walls of the prison, and also to change their linen, with which they are regularly provided. Those in solitary confinement are kept upon bread and water but those who labour are allowed broth, porridge, puddings, and the like: meat is dispensed only in small quantities, twice in the week. Their drink is water; on no pretence is any other beverage suffered to be brought into the prison. This diet is found, by experience, to afford the prisoners strength sufficient to perform the labour that is imposed upon them; whereas a more generous one would only serve to render their minds less humble and submissive. Those who labour, are employed in the particular trade to which they have been accustomed, provided it can be carried on in the prison; if not acquainted with any, something is soon found that they can do. One room is set apart for shoe-makers, another for taylors, a third for carpenters, and so on; and in the yards are stone-cutters, smiths, nailers, &c. &c.

"Excepting

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"Excepting the cells, which are at a remote part of the building, the prison has the appearance of a large manufactory. Good order and decency prevail throughout, and the eye of a spectator is never assailed by the sight of such ghastly and squalid figures as are continually to be met with in our prisons; so far, also, is a visitor from being insulted, that he is scarcely noticed as he passes through the different wards. The prisoners are forbidden to speak to each other without there is necessity; they are also forbidden to laugh, or to sing, or to make the smallest disturbance. An overseer attends continually to see that every one performs his work diligently; and in case of the smallest resistance to any of the regulations, the offender is immediately cast into a solitary cell, to subsist on bread and water till he returns to a proper sense of his behaviour; but the dread all those have of this treatment, who have once experienced it, is such, that it is seldom found necessary to repeat it. The women are kept totally apart from the men, and are employed in a manner suitable to their sex. The labourers all eat together in one large apartment; and regularly, every Sunday, there is divine service, at which all attend. It is the duty of the chaplain to converse at times with the prisoners, and endeavour to reform their minds and principles. The inspectors, when they visit the prison, also do the same; so that when a prisoner is liberated, he goes out, as it were, a new man; he has been habituated to employment, and has received good instructions. The greatest care is also taken to find him employment the moment he quits the place of his confinement. According to the regulations, no person is allowed to visit the prison without permission of the inspectors. The greatest care is also taken to preserve the health of the prisoners, and for those who are sick, there are proper apartments and good advice provided. The longest period of confinement is for a rape, which is not to be less than ten years, but not to exceed twenty-one. For high treason, the length of confinement is not to be less than six nor more than twelve years. There are prisons in every county throughout Pennsylvania, but none as yet are established on the same plan as that which has been described. Criminals are frequently sent from other parts of the state to receive punishment in the prison of Philadelphia.

"So

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"So well is this gaol conducted, that instead of being an expense, it now annually produces a considerable revenue to the state."

We have an other extract to bring forward equally teresting to the curiosity of a well-informed mind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Two Letters addressed to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Landaff, occasioned by the Distinction his Lordship hath made between the Operation of the Holy Spirit in the Primitive Ministers of Christ, and its Operation in Men at this Day, contained in an Address to Young Persons after Confirmation, which Distinction is shewn not to have any Foundation in the New Testament. By William Ashdowne. Johnson. 1s.

THIS important subject is here discussed with ability. The Right Reverend Prelate is treated with respect, and invited to an amicable discussion. Mr. Ashdowne shews an intimate acquaintance with the Sacred Writings, and seems studiously bent on the just interpretation of them. Though he differs from the commonly received opinion on the subject, yet he modestly assigns his reasons for this deviation. The right of private judgment is unquestionable, and the sober use of it in the pamphlet before us, entitles its author to a considerable degree of our approbation. Such a mode of disputation aids the progress of truth and the triumphs of Christianity.

Review

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Review of Poetry, Ancient and Modern, a Poem. By Lady M. Booth. 2s. 6d.

(Concluded from page 216.)

OUR laſt Review announced this publication to our readers, but we were unwilling to diſmiſs it without further notice. The authoreſs has taken a tranſient ſurvey of all the poets both of ancient and modern times.

The poets among the Greeks and Romans, together with the Italian, at the revival of letters, are drawn with fidelity, and occupy the firſt part of the poem. In this catalogue are included Homer, Pindar, Heſiod, Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moſchus, Theocritus, Sophocles, Euripides, Ariſtophanes, Plautus, Terence, Ennius, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Juvenal, Perſius, Statius, Martial, Claudian, Dante, Petrarch, Arioſto and Taſſo. What a group of poets! Add to theſe the *Britiſh* poets, then we have in this poem almoſt *fourſcore* ſons of the muſes paſſing beneath our review, and their traits, diſtinguiſhed with an appropriate ſimplicity.

Our *own* poets are characteriſed with preciſion; we have ventured to tranſcribe this intereſting portion of the poem, and for its length ſhall make no apology:

Leaving now each foreign ſoil,
Turn we to thy *native iſle*;
Genius with a fonder eye
View'd nor Greece nor Italy.
Happy land by nature bleſt,
In her faireſt liv'ry dreſt!
Mild the ſuns and pure the gales
That refreſh her graſſy vales;
Her's are daughters fam'd for charms,
Her's are ſons renown'd for arms;
Not for arms alone: the mind,
By philoſophy refin'd,

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Here has fathom'd truths unknown,
And each ſcience made her own.
But more learned bards muſt name
Bacon's, Newton's, Harvey's fame,
And with unremitting toil
Trace the depth of Locke and Boyle;
While I view with careleſs eye
Fairer ſcenes of poeſy.
As amid the gloom of night,
When no ſtar emits its light,
Swift the meteor's ſudden ray
Gleams a momentary day;
Thus gay *Chaucer*'s mirthful rhymes
Glittered amid barb'rous times.
Next deſcriptive *Spenſer* ſhrouds
Truth in allegory's clouds,
And in Gloriana's name
Sings Eliza's matchleſs fame.
Peerleſs *Shakeſpeare* brightly ſhone
With a ſplendour all his own:
While with eloquence divine
Nature ſpeaks thro' ev'ry line;
Scorning frigid rules of art,
He enchants the yielding heart,
O'er the ſubject paſſion reigns,
Reaſon charms, and judgment chains,
And with unreſiſted ſway,
Steals each captive ſenſe away.
Jonſon's labour'd ſcenes impart
Leſs of genius, more of art.
Join'd with *Beaumont*'s friendly name,
Fletcher gains dramatic fame:
One for brighter wit renown'd,
One for judgment more profound.
Loyal *Cowley*'s virtuous mind
Copious wit to learning join'd.
Denham in more meaſur'd lines
Britiſh poeſy refines,
Teaching in his nervous page
Skill to the ſucceeding age.

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Strong deſcription, thoughts ſublime
Soaring beyond place or time,
Scenes of wonder, terror, pain,
Glow thro' *Milton*'s lofty ſtrain.
Whether his aſpiring flight
Joins the dazzling ſons of light,
Or amid the infernal reign
Meets the fall'n angelic train,
Or in Eden's bliſsful groves
With the firſt of mortals roves,
Awful grandeur ſtill is ſhewn
Unexampled, and alone.
Laviſh wit and humour gay
Crown ſarcaſtic *Butler*'s lay,
Formed to humble and deride
Zealots' hypocritic pride.
Bending with impaſſion'd mien
O'er pathetic *Otway*'s ſcene,
Sympathy with ſtreaming eye
Mourns fictitious miſery;
For ſuch touching woes are ſhown
As each breaſt muſt feel its own.
Courtly *Waller*'s poliſh'd ſtrain
Sachariſſa woo'd in vain;
Nor his genius nor his love
Could the ſcornful beauty move.
High amid the ſons of fame
View exhauſtleſs *Dryden*'s name,
Dryden, whoſe expanſive mind
Strength with harmony combin'd:
But chill poverty's controul
Oft depreſs'd his vigorous ſoul;
And indignant we ſurvey
Adulation ſtain his lay.
Philips in majeſtic ſtrain
Sings Pomona's cultur'd reign.
Wit and learning bluſhing boaſt
Smith, by vile intemp'rance loſt.
Eaſy numbers, ſmooth and gay,
Sweetly flow thro' *Parnel*'s lay.

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Faſcinating beauties glow
In the graceful lines of *Rowe*.
Warmeſt praiſes *Garth* attend,
Poverty's and merit's friend.
Addiſon's enlighten'd page
Charm'd while it reform'd the age;
There philoſophy pourtray'd
Frowns in no forbidding ſhade,
And mid each perplexing care
Virtue ſhines divinely fair.
Prior ſhews how mental worth
Far excels the pride of birth;
For by talents only rais'd,
Courtiers ſought him, monarchs prais'd.
Sparkling wit's inceſſant blaze
Congreve crown'd with early bays.
Penſive *Gay* repin'd to ſee
Human hope's uncertainty;
Hope, whoſe viſions, bright as vain,
Still delude, yet ſtill enchain.
In deſpairing *Hammond*'s lines
With new grace Tibullus ſhines.
Conſtant friendſhip's ſacred flame
Still illumines *Tickell*'s name,
Which thro' life conſpicuous ſhone,
Join'd with taſte and *Addiſon*.
Savage with peculiar fate
Prov'd a barb'rous mother's hate:
From his native honours torn *,
Doom'd to calumny and ſcorn,
Still o'er his devoted head
Want her baneful influence ſhed:
Yet with a reſplendent ray
Genius cheer'd his rugged way,
And when long thro' ſorrows led
Life's indignant ſpirit fled,
Generous pity ſoftening blame,
Gave him to eternal fame.

* The Earldom of Macclesfield.

Bright

Bright was *Swift*'s meridian pride,
Harley's friend, and Ireland's guide:
Horrid o'er his cloſing ſcene
Gloom'd pale frenzy's haggard mien.
Thus like beauty's fragile prime
Stronger wit muſt yield to time.
Where does fleeting bliſs then reſt?
Only in religion's breaſt.—
Brilliant fancy, judgment clear,
Melody beyond compeer,
Quick intelligence of mind,
Reaſon ſtrong, and thought refin'd,
All that genius, all that art
Can of magic force impart,
Varied beauties to diſplay
Meet in *Pope*'s enchanting lay.
Liſtening to the tuneful ſtrain
Livid envy frowns in vain,
While warm admiration pays
Tributes of ecſtatic praiſe.
By luxuriant *Thomſon* led
Fancy climbs the mountain's head;
Wanders by pale Cynthia's light
Mid the polar half-year's night,
Where refulgent meteors glow
O'er perpetual hills of ſnow;
Shuddering from th' impending ſteep
Views th' unfathomable deep:
Or recoiling from the ſight,
Turns where ſofter ſcenes invite:
Mid the foreſt's cool retreat
Shuns the noontide's ſcorching heat;
Or in the tranſlucent wave
Seems the fervid limbs to lave;
Or mid Afric's ſunny vales
Breathes the aromatic gales,
While the dazzld eyes ſurvey
Scenes, exuberantly gay.
Shenſtone mid his lov'd retreat
Sung Alcides' lofty fate;

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How in early youth his mind
Pleaſure's faithleſs lures declin'd,
And by hardy virtue train'd,
Deathleſs bliſs, and glory gain'd.
Sweetly flow the ſolemn ſtrains
When deſponding *Young* complains,
Mourning, midnight's deepeſt gloom,
Fair Narciſſa's early doom:
Young, who erſt ſevere and gay
Shone in ſatire's daring lay.
Akenſide in colours warm
Paints imagination's charm.
Careleſs *Churchill*'s vigorous mind
Pours his ſatire unconfin'd.
Goldſmith's winning lines impart
Soft benevolence of heart.
Where the moon with glimmering ray
Lights the church-yard's lonely way,
By pale contemplation led,
Moral *Gray* delights to tread.
Maſon with inſtructive lay
Warns th' ambitious, fair, and gay,
While o'er beauty's ſable bier
Admiration drops a tear.
Senſe, by ſtudious thought refin'd,
Critic taſte, with candour join'd,
Strong diſcernment, juſt and clear,
Graceful diction, truth ſevere,
Piety's ſeraphic flame
Mark enlighten'd *Johnſon*'s name.

The eaſe and gracefulneſs of theſe lines, together with the information they convey, render this extract peculiarly acceptable to the reader of taſte and ſenſibility. It preſents him with a ſucceſſion of portraits (in all thirty-ſix) which, by their accuracy, charm the imagination and impreſs the heart.

The whole poem concludes with a beautiful eulogium on Sacred Poetry—on account of its brevity and expreſſion it is here added:

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Leaving fancy's tuneful train,
Beauties more ſublime remain,
Where the holy ſeers of yore
Pour prophetic wiſdom's lore,
And to wrapt devotion prove
Heaven's unceaſing truth and love.
Whether glowing hymns reveal
Royal David's fervent zeal,
Or Iſaiah's lofty mind
Threats the ruin of his kind,
Or in ſofter, ſweeter ſtrain,
Jeremiah tells his pain,
While his ſad laments deplore
Sion's priſtine greatneſs o'er,
Peerleſs glories thro' each line
Prove the origin divine.
O may each celeſtial truth
Influence thy tender youth,
Teach thee every vice to ſhun
That has hapleſs man undone,
And thro' error's tenfold night
Lead thee to eternal light!

Columbus, or the Diſcovery of America, as related by a Father to his Children, and deſigned for the Inſtruction of Youth. In Two Volumes. Tranſlated from the German of J. H. Campe, Author of the New Robinſon Cruſoe. By Elizabeth Helme. Law.

THE diſcovery of the Weſtern Continent, by Columbus, was a wonderful exploit, and drew in its train ſome very important conſequences. The incidents that befel this adventurous navigator, are here pleaſingly related, by being thrown into a dialogue, which enlivens the attention and gratifies the imagination. Such a mode of writing ſecures a pleaſing variety. The tranſlator thus ſpeaks for herſelf.

"To

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"To impreſs the minds of the riſing generation with fortitude and patience under misfortune, and to implant a firm reliance on Providence, are the leading features of this work, and which the author illuſtrates not only by the conduct of Columbus, but by his own feelings.

It is then added—"For an endeavour to diſperſe ſentiments like theſe, the tranſlator can make no apology, and can only wiſh that her power equalled her inclination to impreſs them in indelible characters on the minds of the riſing generation."

Inſtructive Rambles extended in London and the adjacent Villages, deſigned to amuſe the Mind and improve the Underſtanding of Youth. By Elizabeth Helme. In Two Volumes. Newbery.

FROM the preface to this little work, we learn that theſe two volumes are a continuation of a former production, which was favourably received by the public. The nature and execution of the plan cannot fail of enſuring approbation.

LONDON is the greateſt and wealthieſt city in the world. Its hiſtory, therefore, involves ſome very curious anecdotes, which are both amuſing and inſtructive. Theſe are collected together by Mrs. Helme, and pleaſingly detailed for the uſe of the riſing generation.

The

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The Chemical Pocket Book, or Memoranda Chemica; arranged in a Compendium of Chemiſtry, according to the lateſt Diſcoveries, with Bergman's Table of Single Elective Attractions, as improved by Dr. G. Pearſon, calculated as well for the Occaſional Reference of the Profeſſional Student, as to ſupply others with a General Knowledge of Chemiſtry. By James Parkinſon. Symonds. 5s.

THE difficult but important ſcience of chemiſtry, receives from the moderns every poſſible degree of cultivation. Characters of the firſt eminence in the republic of letters, have devoted themſelves to its inveſtigation, and their diſcoveries will claim the admiration of poſterity. The indefatigable author of the preſent work, has concentrated *theſe* diſcoveries; and no individual can peruſe the volume, without applauding the induſtry and ingenuity by which its pages are diſtinguiſhed. The acquiſition of this branch of knowledge is here facilitated, and its principles rendered of almoſt univerſal ability.

This epitome embraces an immenſe variety of ſubjects, arranged and illuſtrated with peculiar felicity. Technical phraſes are explained, and the quality of the ſeveral ſubſtances properly detailed. We, ourſelves once attended a courſe of chemical lectures, and the peruſal of this production freſhened the recollection of the many pleaſing experiments we witneſſed. We ſhall only therefore add, that the work is entitled to our recommendation. Its ſtatements are ſcientific and truly beneficial is its tendency.

To ſelect any portion of this Compendium, would be diſturbing the arrangement which has been adopted. We ſhall, therefore, only tranſcribe from the preface the words of its reſpectable author, which fully explain the nature of the publication.

"The

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"The following assemblage of chemical facts was formed with the hope of rendering it an agreeable *pocket companion* for the lovers of chemistry in general, and more particularly so for those who may be just engaging in the study of this most useful and interesting science. To the latter the author hoped it might be more particularly beneficial; like a bird's-eye view to a traveller, furnishing a general view of the relation and connection of the several parts of that region which is soon to become the object of a nearer and closer investigation."

"It is hardly necessary to acknowledge the obligations to the various labours of *Bergman*, *Fourcroy*, *Lavoisier*, *Chaptal*, *Kirwan*, *Pearson*, *Babington*, &c. as they must appear on the face of the work. To the Transactions of the Royal Society; to that excellent periodical account of philosophical and chemical discoveries, the Philosophical Journal of *Mr. Nicholson*; to the Medical and Physical Journal, and to the Philosophical Magazine, he is also indebted; but his acknowledgments would be endless, since he has endeavoured to obtain aid from all around him. Like the *bee*, he has roved freely in search of materials; happy shall he esteem himself, if he shall faintly have imitated its skill in their selection and arrangement."

A Narrative of what passed at Killala, in the County of Mayo, and the Parts adjacent, during the French Invasion in the Summer of 1798. *By an Eye Witness.* Wright.

THIS Narrative is the production of the good Bishop of Killala, who was taken prisoner by the enemy on their first landing, and continued for some time in their possession. Of course, this pamphlet must be very interesting, and it has contributed much to our amusement. The French having been defeated by our troops,

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troops, we may now ſmile at the invaſion; this is the caſe with the Prelate before us, who ſometimes ſuffers his gravity to be diſturbed by the unnatural mixture of the *French* and *Iriſh*, forming a moſt heterogeneous ſubject of contemplation.

We here find a faithful detail of the tranſactions which took place in an obſcure part of Ireland, and which once bore a threatening aſpect towards the government of the country. The Biſhop muſt have been in great jeopardy, and he muſt have received his deliverance with ſenſible emotions of joy. The French and Iriſh, on the whole, behaved to his Lordſhip exceedingly well. At leaſt his ſituation was extremely dangerous, and at times almoſt incompatible with any degree of ſafety. The name of the Biſhop is *Stock*, but the Dean alſo, whoſe name was Thompſon, diſtinguiſhed himſelf on this occaſion. He, however, died at Caſtlebar, of a nervous fever, the next year; and the Prelate has the following beautiful apoſtrophe to his memory:

"Myſterious are the ways of Divine Providence! Unfathomable the depths of that wiſdom which often concedes a boon only to try us afterwards by withdrawing it! Little didſt thou foreſee, amiable and unhappy woman, that the huſband, whoſe eſcape from that peril tranſported thee with ſo much joy and gratitude to heaven, ſhould, in the ſucceeding year, be torn for ever from thee by a fever, contracted in the courſe of his miniſtry, by attendance on a ſick bed! Be comforted, however. His virtues, though in the mid ſeaſon of life, had rendered him full ripe for the great harveſt. Thou haſt it in thy power to earn a ſplendid recompence hereafter, by patience, by attention to thy fatherleſs offspring!"

Rambles

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Rambles through Ireland, by a French Emigrant. In Two Volumes. Tranſlated from the French of Monſieur de Latoinaye. By an Iriſhman. Robinſon.

AFTER the uſual manner of the French, this author ſkims over his ſubject by a few incidental obſervations reſpecting the general condition and appearance of Ireland. A ſlight ſketch is given of its cities and towns, nor do we anywhere meet with much original information. Mr. Twiſs, however, a former peregrinator throught his country, is made the ſubject of many critical remarks, and ſometimes becomes the the occaſion of merriment. Travellers are perpetually contradicting one another, their *topics*, indeed, ſo vary at different times and in different places, that the ſame objects, cameleon-like, ſeldom preſerve an uniformity of appearance. Be this as it may, we ſincerely wiſh diſtracted Ireland every ſpecies of happineſs and proſperity. Her late tumults are abhorrent to the feelings of humanity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines on the *Death of Waſhington*, in our Number for April, and alſo *William of the Dale*, but the other pieces by the ſame hand do not ſuit us.

Brutus ſhall be inſerted, and alſo the *Eſſay on the Deſire of Knowledge*, from a female pen, with which we were much pleaſed. The *Anecdotes* ſhall have a place, though we wiſhed them to poſſeſs a greater degree of novelty. We are obliged to *Sophia* for her valuable communication; the ballad by her and her friend, ſhall appear in the next Number of our MISCELLANY. Pieces of ſuperior merit, either in proſe or poetry, ſhall always receive from us an early attention.

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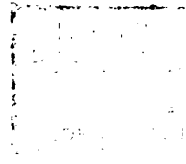

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August von Kotzebue.

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THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1800.

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

THE author of the far-famed PIZARRO, of Drury Lane, has contributed his ſhare to the inſtruction and entertainment of the inhabitants of Britain. They in return, will naturally feel themſelves deſirous of knowing ſomething concerning an individual to whom they ſtand indebted; and, it is our intention, to gratify ſo laudable a curioſity. The merits of KOTZEBUE are great; in ſpite of the malignity of criticiſm, he poſſeſſes the power of captivating the imagination and impreſſing the heart. His characters are drawn from life, his ſentiments are, on the whole, juſt, and the language which he adopts is level to the meaneſt comprehenſion. Indeed he is the *dramatiſt of nature*; though not faultleſs in his pieces, we are always pleaſed with their tendency. Their benevolence and ſimplicity command our approbation.

This celebrated author has written his own life, or rather a *ſketch of his literary undertakings*. It has been

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ably translated by Miss Plumptre, and is just published. To that work we must be indebted for materials in the present account, and our extracts shall illustrate the incidents detailed. The original life is extremely entertaining, being written with uncommon spirit and animation.

KOTZEBUE was born in the year 1761, at *Weimar*, a pleasing town in the Upper Circle of Saxony, in Germany. Losing his father at an early period, his mother took particular care of his education, and left no means unemployed which might serve to bring her son's powers to maturity.

Of his mother he speaks with great affection, and of his tutor Musæus, he expresses himself with rapturous enthusiasm. He seems to be impressed with the truth of an excellent old adage—"To God all-sufficient—to parents and to teachers no equivalent can be rendered." The person who acts indeed on this principle, shews both his good sense and his gratitude.

KOTZEBUE, in his Memoirs, dwells much on little things, persuaded that the fascinating trifles of early childhood serve to determine the complexion of our future lives. Hear his words on this curious subject—"Come forth then, ye enchanting images of youth, though the pictures ye exhibit scarcely seem to bear any resemblance to my present self! Come forth! delude my fancy, ye beloved shadows! Ascend ye sweet hours of infancy, as a thin vapour from the ocean of the past, and float once more before my eyes!—I stand upon the brink of the stream of time, and eagerly watch the current as it bears my flower along upon its surface. Even now I behold it glittering upon the back of a wave, for the last time ere it be plunged into the depths below, and lost for ever to my sight."

From his earliest infancy he was fond of reading; novels and plays were the food he ravenously devoured. *Don Quixote* and *Robinson Crusoe* were the principal favourites; speaking of the former of these works, with

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with reference to the knight and his ſquire, he exclaims—"Ye are excellent companions, and moſt gladly did I receive you as my intimates, till the wonderful adventurous Robinſon Cruſoe thruſt you out. With irreſiſtible force did he, as a magnet, attract me toward him, as he attracts every other boy. To him I clung as to the choiceſt treaſure of my ſoul, and with him, under my arm, have frequently flown along the *Redway*, as it was called, to the threſhold of the ſtable, there, undiſturbed by the noiſe of my play-fellows, to accompany him in his *goat-huntings!* The hour for the evening beaver ſtruck, but I heard it not; the ſun ſet, yet I read on, till my eyes were weary with endeavouring in vain to read longer. O how anxiouſly did I then wiſh that fortune might one day throw me on a deſert iſland! How delicious did I find in idea the bread baked in the earth after Robinſon's faſhion, and the goat's fleſh dreſſed in pots of my own making!"

His love of poetry alſo was exceſſive, and his poetical inſpiration ſoon ſhewed itſelf. "Well do I remember," ſays Kotzebue, "my firſt attempt at writing poetry. I was ſcarcely ſix years old, and uſed to keep my manuſcript behind the looking glaſs with the rod. The poem was to be a deſcription of rural ſcenery, and the images were ranſacked from all the poets with which I was then acquainted. I well remember the two following lines, ſince they particularly delighted me, becauſe they ſkipped ſo prettily:

> The lark, aſcending, ſings;
> The ſheep ſkip upon the mountains!

I was not at all aware, however, that they were dactyls, and indeed they were the only lines of that meaſure in the whole poem. For many days together did I puzzle my brains to make all the other lines dance with equal agility, but in vain. The remainder of the poem was compoſed of heavy ſpondees, which I could not

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alter, neither could I comprehend how it was possible to make verses, either to creep on at a foot's pace, or gallop at pleasure."

This poetical flight was quickly succeeded by an attempt to dramatize, for in the next paragraph he says: "Soon after I ventured on a first essay at dramatic writing. The fable of the Milk Maid, and the two huntsmen, had accidentally fallen into my hands, the favourite little opera on that story was not then in existence, or at least was unknown to me. On this subject I wrote a comedy, which filled a whole octavo page! I was indeed sensible, that to bear any resemblance to a real comedy, it ought to have been immeasureably longer;—But where was I to learn the art of spinning my thread to a proper length?"

The next incident is truly ludicrous, but Kotzebue relates it with an unaffected simplicity. Poets are unaccountable beings—lo! a striking instance of it—"My passion for poetry soon produced its *usual* effect, of rendering my infant heart extremely susceptible of tender impressions. My affections were now ardently fixed upon a very amiable young woman, even then grown up, and who afterwards became my aunt! On my *seventh* birth-day, the 30th of March 1768, I wrote a very passionate letter, addressed to this lady, upon the blank leaf of a drawing-book. I made her many tender reproaches for her cruelty in preferring the uncle to the nephew, vowed an unalterable fidelity to her, and concluded with requesting permission as the greatest of all favours—*to kiss her little delicate white hand!*"

But we must hasten to record circumstances by which the mind of Kotzebue was highly gratified. Theatrical entertainments had long attracted his notice, they were the constant subject of meditation: the period now arrived when he was destined to be the spectator of scenes in which his soul was for a time absorbed. His own words are too remarkable not to be transcribed; for the length of the quotation we make no apology:

"I come

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"I come now to that period of my life when, from the circumſtances into which I was accidentally thrown, my future deſtiny was irrevocably decided, and I was doomed to experience all the pains and pleaſures that inevitably attend the dramatic writer. The deceaſed player, Abbott, came with his ſtrolling company to Weimar, and fitted up the riding-houſe as a theatre. Never within my memory had Weimar been viſited by any players, and my curioſity was excited beyond all bounds. It will eaſily be imagined, then, what tranſports I felt when Muſæus, the admirable Muſæus, who had always honoured me with his particular notice, and who at that time was Governor of the Pages, came one evening, and requeſted my mother to let me accompany him to the play.

"With a ſacred awe did I enter the theatre, an awe the Caſtle Church was never capable of inſpiring. The number of lights, the crowd aſſembled, the guards, the myſterious curtain, altogether raiſed my expectation to an unexampled pitch. The play was Klopſtock's *Death of Adam*. Muſæus let me ſtand upon the bench before him, that I might ſee over the heads of the other ſpectators. The curtain drew up: I was all eyes, all ears. Not a word, a look, or an attitude, eſcaped me. I was impatient if any one of the audience coughed or blew his noſe. I abſolutely ſtamped with my foot upon the bench if a troubleſome neighbour began to talk to Muſæus, who was too complaiſant not to anſwer him. No! alive as my heart has always been to powerful impreſſions, never did I experience any thing equal to the preſent.

"I came home almoſt ſtunned with delight. I was aſked, how I liked the play? Ah, my God! *liked!*—What a feeble word to deſcribe my feelings! I wanted ſome new mode of expreſſion coined on purpoſe to repreſent them: none of the old ones were ſufficiently forcible. Fain would I have painted in the moſt vivid colours all I had ſeen, in hopes to make others feel it as I did, but I was only convinced of the impotence of words to accompliſh my aim. I neither knew where to begin nor to end. I would have aſked no greater bleſſing of fate, than to grant that I might be preſent every night at ſuch a performance. Robinſon Cruſoe's iſland was no longer an object of deſire to me, for on that deſert ſpot there could be no theatre. It was totally incomprehenſible to

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my mind how people could talk of the play with so much compoſure, and go on calmly and quietly with their avocations as uſuſal. According to my ideas, they ought all to have run about the ſtreets, like the citizens of Abdera, crying, "*Oh thou ruler over gods and men! Mighty, mighty* ABBOTT!" Did any one aſk my mother whether ſhe intended to go that evening to the theatre, and ſhe anſwered in the negative, that ſhe was engaged to take a walk, or ſomething of the like kind, "My God!" I thought within myſelf, "how is it poſſible that thoſe who can do as they pleaſe, ſhould prefer a walk to the play!"

"Inexpreſſible, therefore, were my tranſports, when not long after, a regular theatre was inſtituted at Weimar, under the patronage of the Ducheſs Amelia, that favourite of the muſes. The company was undoubtedly one of the beſt at that time in Germany, ſince the family of Seiler, Brandes, Böck, and the immortal Eckhof, were the principal performers.

"Eckhof! thou great and good man, I bleſs thy aſhes! Thou didſt aſſiſt to form my heart and underſtanding, to awaken many a noble feeling in my boſom, and by thy wonderful performances, to enrich my reaſon and fancy with ideas and conceptions that could only have been inſpired through ſuch a medium. Often when I have ſeen thee paſs by our houſe in a morning to rehearſal, dreſſed in a plain coat and an uncombed periwig, with a ſtooping unaſſuming gait, how have I been aſtoniſhed at reflecting that this was the ſame man who, in the evening when he walked the ſtage as a king or general, ſeemed born to command! Thy repreſentations of the human character, at thoſe moments, were to me a ſchool of wiſdom, while by thy conduct of the ſtage thou didſt inſtruct me how to ſeparate real merit from external oſtentation.

"As Richard the Third, Duke Michael, Odoardo, and Father Rode, Eckhof was unrivalled. Plays were performed three nights in the week, and my obtaining permiſſion to be preſent at them depended partly on my general good behaviour, partly on my particular diligence in my ſtudies. A French governeſs was in thoſe days chief arbitreſs of the ſupreme bliſs of my life. With her I uſed to read and tranſlate Madame de Beaumont's works, and every day had a teſtimonial home with me, conſiſting either of *bon*, *mediocre*, or the dreadful word

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word *mal*. If the latter, adieu to all thoughts of the play for that evening, as my mother was never acceſſible to intreaties. How often, therefore, when Madame Louvel's pen was dipped into the ink to write the fatal word *mal*, have I taken her beautiful white hand, kiſſed it, and bathed it with my tears, till I could prevail on her to moderate the ſeverity of my ſentence at leaſt into a *mediocre!*

"My paſſion for the ſtage increaſed every day. As the theatre was entirely ſupported by the court, there was no paying for admiſſion, but a limited number of tickets were regularly given out. Thus, on feſtival days, when a new piece or ſome grand pantomime ballet was to be performed, and the concourſe of company who wiſhed to be preſent was conſequently unuſually great, it often happened that ſo inſignificant a perſonage as myſelf could not procure a ticket. But as my curioſity was on ſuch occaſions more ſtrongly excited than ever, I was obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem for its gratification. Every avenue leading to the theatre, every corner of the houſe, was as well known to me as the inſide of my coat-pocket, even the paſſages under the ſtage were as familiar to me, as to the man that lighted the lamps. When I was hard preſſed for admittance, therefore, I uſed to ſtand at the entrance allotted to the performers, and ſlip in dexterouſly behind the guards. Then, to eſcape purſuit, I crept inſtantly under the ſtage, whence a little door led into the orcheſtra. Through this I got behind the great drum, which being ſomewhat elevated, completely concealed my little perſon, and here I could ſee the performance very commodiouſly.

"Would to heaven I had always ſhewn equal addreſs with reſpect to the great drama of the world! That I had never engaged in conteſts with malice and envy, which ſtand as guards every where, but had only ſtolen in behind them, nor venturing upon the ſtage myſelf, but remaining underneath it, or at leaſt in the orcheſtra, concealed by the great drum. Happy the trimmers of the lamps, who are never clapped or hiſſed, and who perhaps at home, as they repreſent a contented family-ſcene, can exclaim with Greſſet:

Une éternité de glorie,
Vaut-elle un jour de bonheur?

"I may

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"I may venture to assert, that among all the frequenters of the theatre, old or young, I was always the most attentive. I need only adduce in proof of my attention, that I could repeat the whole of Lessing's Emilia Galotti by heart, without ever having seen the book. It must however be observed, and it is much to the honour of the taste then prevalent in Weimar, formed under the influence of an amiable and discerning princess, that Emilia Galotti was performed very frequently, and always to full houses. The part of Odoardo was played by Eckhof, and was undoubtedly his first character. Madame Mecour as Emilia, Böck as the Prince, his wife as Claudia, and above all, Madame Seiler as Orsina, united to do justice to this *chef-d'œuvre* of dramatic poetry. *The Grateful Son*, by Engel, was also in my opinion wonderfully impressive, and my reigning favourite next to Emilia Galotti. I soon persuaded my young companions to engage with me in performing both these pieces at our hours of play, and I alternately undertook every character.

"Nothing could equal the veneration with which I at that time regarded any actor, how moderate soever might be his professional talents. Could I but throw myself in the way of one off the stage, so as to hear him speak, I was transported in no slight degree, but if I could contrive only to speak a single word to him myself, my ecstasy exceeded all bounds, and I thought myself honoured beyond the common lot of mortals. Well do I remember how I used to go every Sunday to a person of the name of Hensel, to learn what plays were to be performed in the ensuing week, for at that time play-bills were not given out as at present. At home I made all things subservient to my theatrical mania. It was not enough for me to perform a pastoral drama occasionally on a birth-day, every new piece that fell in my way must instantly be murdered by myself and my corps. At length I obtained possession of Gerstenberg's Ugolino, an excellent drama, and well deserving of a much higher reputation than it has hitherto obtained. I regarded it as an inestimable treasure, since, as containing but few characters, I thought it admirably adapted to our private performances. It never once occurred to me, that though the characters were few in number, every one, to have justice done it, required an actor at the very head of his profession. I undertook

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dertook the part of Anſelmo, and perorated it with all the fire of my ardent imagination.

"I mentioned above, the grand pantomimical ballets. Theſe were performed in a very ſuperb ſtyle at Weimar. With tranſport do I now recal to remembrance the brilliant repreſentation of Idris and Zenida, Orpheus and Euridice, Incle and Yarico, the Amazonians, and many others. The latter was not the leſs powerfully recommended to me, from the hints for it being furniſhed by Muſæus.

"Theſe ballets had the ſame effect upon my ſenſes, as the regular dramas had upon my feelings, and I ſoon deviſed means for imitating them alſo. I made myſelf a little theatre, firſt of wax, then of paper, and at length of wood. Thoſe among my youthful aſſociates who could paint, were employed upon my ſcenery, and my mother and aunt were ſet to work at patching pieces of ſilk together, to make dreſſes for my puppets. They danced their ſolo's, and pas de-deux by means of wires, and the lightning was made by *ſemen lycopodii* blown through a quill into the candle. Thus was every new ballet preſented to the public by Meſſrs. Koch and Schutz ſpeedily exhibited upon my private ſtage. The taſte for this kind of toy ſoon ſpread among the children at Weimar, and no long period elapſed before almoſt every boy had his Lilliputian theatre, while my vanity was not a little flattered by being conſtantly applied to for inſtruction in the uſe of the diminutive machinery. Oh! condemn me not, ye wiſe, for dwelling ſo long upon theſe childiſh ſports; the powerful influence they had on my future character, is ſurely a ſufficient excuſe for ſuch loquacity."

Theſe rapturous gratifications of our dramatiſt were ſuddenly terminated by a dreadful fire, which laid the theatre of Weimar in aſhes. The company of players were therefore diſmiſſed, and retired to Gotha. "O how many a ſhower of bitter tears," ſays Kotzebue, "did I ſhed at their departure!"

While at ſchool at Weimar, the ardour of emulation glowed in his breaſt. Praiſe elevated him to an unuſual pitch of exultation. Among his ſchool-fellows he was deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf in no ordinary degree. His

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His pieces, however imperfect, were written with ſpirit, and delivered with the fire of genuine oratory.

At the age of *ſixteen* years he became a ſtudent of the great academy at Jena. Here Horace and Terence were carefully ſtudied, and the French language occupied much of his attention. Nor did he forget to frequent a private theatre, where he often acted plays with peculiar animation. Poetry alſo he ſtill cultivated with unremitting induſtry. Upon the marriage of his ſiſter he accompanied her to Duiſburg upon the Rhine; nor did he return for ſome time to Jena. When he came back, he applied to the ſtudy of the law. This place, however, he left for Weimar, in his eighteenth year, where he continued his attention to the law, and having been examined, was admitted as an advocate. "Here," he ſays, "while I was waiting for clients, I continued to be myſelf a zealous client of the muſes."

In 1781 he went to Peterſburgh, being appointed to an office under the Ruſſian government. This ſituation did not oblige him to deſert the muſes; his love for them was not to be thus rudely extinguiſhed. Here a bookſeller perſuaded him to write *Fables for Young Princes*—four ſheets of them were thrown off on the fineſt vellum paper, with a copper plate to each, when the author made a diſcovery that they did not riſe above mediocrity! Accordingly he made the bookſeller a compenſation, and conſigned the work to oblivion. On this procedure he exclaims—"Oh ye! who have ſo often and ſo bitterly reproached me with vanity, now behold I give you the lie. The re-purchaſe of my *Fables* coſt me many hundred roubles; but my ſelf-love never breathed a ſingle ſigh over their deſtruction." Soon after he was appointed Preſident of the High College of Juſtice at Revel, a place, the vicinity of which abounds with foreſts and moraſſes. Alluding to the treatment he has ſince received by a conſpiracy againſt his fame and reputation, he breaks forth into the following eloquent apoſtrophe—

"Ye

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"Ye worthy! ye excellent people among whom I then lived! In your circle I learned that mortal man may be far happier in ſuch a ſpot, though ſurrounded by the growling of bears and the howling of wolves, than in the midſt of poliſhed ſociety, environed by the honied tongues of hypocrites and flatterers. Your foreſts were inhabited by beaſts of prey, but calumny dwelt not in their dens; frogs and toads croaked in your moraſſes, but envy had not reared her altar in the midſt of them. The lime-trees indeed, aſſumed not their lovely verdure, till the ſpring was far advanced, and the roſes were even more tardy in unfolding their ſweets, but innocence and joy were perennial plants in your gardens. The ſoil was ſparing of its fruits, but benevolence needs not abundance! A groſchen * is a rich preſent, when moiſtened with the tear of ſympathy, and a Louis d'or has no value without it. O fleeting time! ſcatter if thou wilt the reſt of theſe pages to the winds of heaven, only let this one—this on which I now inſcribe the beloved names of Frederick and Sophia Helena Roſe—let this one remain untouched! for thou wouldſt ſnatch it from the altar of virtue and affection, on which I place it as an offering of gratitude."

In 1787 our author ſuffered a ſevere fit of illneſs, which was likely to ſettle in a confirmed melancholy. The Pyrmont waters contributed to his reſtoration.

During the year 1790 he loſt a beloved wife, by which cataſtrophe he was almoſt diſtracted. To alleviate his diſtreſs, he inſtantly quitted the place where ſhe died, and fled to Paris. Of this melancholy circumſtance, and of his journey, he has publiſhed an affecting narrative, entitled *My Flight to Paris*. This piece is tranſlated by Miſs Plumptre, and added to his life. It is a beautiful compoſition, and cannot be read without

* A ſmall coin, worth two-pence in Engliſh money.—TRANSLATOR.

exciting

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exciting the tenderest emotions of sympathy. The *Preface* to this work is of so original a cast, and reflects so much honour on the feelings of its celebrated author, that we cannot refrain from introducing it to our readers. It will serve to illustrate the character of the renowned KOTZEBUE, more than any thing which we ourselves can put to paper on the subject.

"Dearest Reader,

"I do not pretend to consider this little work as likely to be useful, perhaps it may not be even entertaining. I write it to sooth the anguish of my soul—I write it in the most wretched moments of my life. The loss of a wife whom I loved inexpressibly, drove me forth into the wide world. I fled the place where my repose was buried for ever—whence angels had claimed a sister's presence among themselves. Ah! the place I could fly, but the image of my Frederica followed me every where, and only in death, when I shall press the original again to my bosom, will it forsake me.

"'Tis become a matter of indispensible necessity to my heart to be always talking or writing of her. The hope of allaying my anguish has placed the pen in my hand—but the form of my beloved wife hovers over the paper; I know not what I shall write, yet I see plainly it will be only of her.

"Ye, who have hearts capable of sympathy!—Ye, who have sometimes dropped a tear at the representation of my dramas! if ever I acquired merit in your eyes, reward it by weeping with me for my beloved Frederica!—Or at least spare your censures if you take this book into your hands, and perhaps do not find in it what you seek. Indulge me with writing of her!—spurn me not if even the remotest object still brings me insensibly to her!—Heaven preserve ye all from experiencing a like affliction! yet if ever a similar fate should be yours, ye shall not intreat my compassion in vain.

"Every husband who at this moment still possesses his beloved wife, who can still clasp her affectionately to his bosom, when he reads this and thanks God for the blessing yet spared him, I ask not tears of him—yet even he may surely pity me! —But ye, whom a similarity of fate draws nearer to me! ye, who have lost a husband or a wife, who are not yet forgotten, let

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let us weep together! we are brethren! To such I make no excuse for writing a book solely for myself and a few friends, a book to relieve a wounded heart.

"I will at some time erect the fairest monument I can to my Frederica, but not here!—At present I am unequal to the task. When my mind is somewhat more composed, I will write the history of our love and of our marriage. What a moment will it be for such a heart as her's when I draw aside the veil that modesty threw over all her virtues—Oh, she was so truly, so inexpressibly good, not from cold reasoning and principle, but from the overflowings of a warm and affectionate heart! Her feelings were always noble, for there was not a place in her bosom that could harbour an ignoble thought. Her heart and hand were ever open to the relief of distress, she gave freely, and always as one human being should give to another, as though it had been to a brother or a sister.

"It was only last spring that on the first of April I indulged myself in a joke, which ended in still farther proving her benevolence. I wrote her an ill-spelt, illiterate letter, as from a poor widow living in a remote part of the town, with two half-naked children, and no bed to lie on, and who, having heard of her goodness, implored her assistance. The day was cold and windy, yet my Frederica ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and looking out some clothes and linen, set off for the place. I had run thither before;—I saw the carriage coming, but as it drew up to a house in the suburbs, I began to be afraid my trick was discovered. Oh no! she only stopped to buy some rolls for the hungry children, and with these, her bundle of linen, and two roubles in her hand, she proceeded to the house pointed out, where I met her. She was less angry at my boyish levity, than concerned that she was disappointed at doing a good action. Yet in the eyes of God it was performed!—Oh never will the first of April return without bringing tears into my eyes!—And this was only one instance out of ten thousand!—Such a wife I have possessed! such a wife I have lost!

"You, my cherished friends and acquaintance! You, to whom I have been able to write nothing but *my wife is dead!* You will receive this book with candour and kindness, since it will tell you what, and where I have been, ever since fate, while it spared my life, robbed me of all that made life va-

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luable!—Alas! I once thought that I had loſt my greateſt treaſure when I loſt my health!—Oh how was I miſtaken! Even in the horrible winter of 1788, when I laboured under ſuch ſevere bodily ſuffering, ſtill with my Frederica by my ſide I taſted the ſoothing conſolation of domeſtic joy, not to be purchaſed by wealth or honours. For my ſake ſhe renounced all company, all diverſions, and conſidered it as no ſacrifice to confine herſelf entirely to my ſick chamber. If then I was but for a few minutes free from anguiſh, how ſerene was my ſoul! how deeply did I feel that all other happineſs is poor and weak when compared with wedded happineſs! One kiſs from my wife, one preſſure of her hand, made even my moſt nauſeous medicines ſweet.

"Thus was ſhe my ſole ſupport, when I was loſt to every thing elſe, and now I could again have enjoyed life with her as formerly, now ſhe is no more!—But ſhe was perhaps only a protecting angel ſent to ſave me—her errand is accompliſhed, and ſhe is returned to her bleſt abode—yet ſhe ſtill hovers inviſibly over me!—we ſhall one day be re-united!—Oh ſweet ſelf-flattery, forſake me not! in this hope alone can I find a balſam for my wounds.

"I know not by what name to call theſe effuſions of my heart. This ſhould be a preface—but what reſemblance does it bear to a preface? No matter! it ſpeaks of Frederica and my boſom is relieved!

"It was my deſign to ſtate to thee, compaſſionate reader, what thou wert to expect in this book. 'Tis a tour to Paris, yet has it no reſemblance to the common maſs of tours, ſince I ſaw nothing but my loſt wife!—ſhe followed me every where!—ſhe then muſt be almoſt my ſole theme!

"Yes, I was for awhile an inhabitant of Paris, but of Paris I knew very little. The principal occurrences during my ſtay there, I have noted down in the form of a journal. This employment has ſoothed my wounded mind, it has enabled me to ſhed tears, when my ſoul wanted ſuch relief. When I thought that beneficent ſource exhauſted, I ſat down to write, and it flowed again. My object is attained! my deſpair has ſubſided into a calm and gentle ſorrow!

"AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

Paris,
Jan. 1, 1791.

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From this period KOTZEBUE was for some time unsettled in his place of abode, but not unoccupied in his favourite engagements.

After quitting the Empress of Russia's service, he was Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna. This province, however, he a few months ago resigned, and now lives at Jena, a town in the Circle of Saxony.

His pieces have been numerous, and most of them well received. They have been translated into various languages, and here in England they have been acted with a few alterations, and honoured by the most flattering tokens of approbation.

LIST OF KOTZEBUE'S PLAYS.

1. Count Benyowski, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka, a Tragi-comedy. Five Acts.
2. The Virgin of the Sun. Five Acts.
3. The Spaniards in Peru, or the Death of Rolla. Five Acts. This is a kind of sequel to the Virgin of the Sun, and altered, constitutes the PIZARRO of Drury Lane.
4. Misanthropy and Repentance. Five Acts.
5. The Natural Son. Five Acts.
6. The Reconciliation, a Comedy. Five Acts.
7. The Force of Calumny. Five Acts.
8. The Happy Family. Five Acts.
9. The Corsicans. Five Acts.
10. Count of Burgundy. Four Acts.
11. Adelaide of Wulfingen. Four Acts.
12. False Pride a Comedy. Four Acts.
13. The Peevish Man, a Comedy. Four Acts.
14. The Negro Slaves. Three Acts.
15. The East Indian, a Comedy. Three Acts.
16. Poverty and Magnanimity. Three Acts.
17. Self Immolation; or the Sacrifice of Love. Three Acts.
18. La Perouse, a Drama. Two Acts.

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19. Noble Lie, a Comedy. One Act.
20. The Widow and Horſe, a Comedy. One Act.

KOTZEBUE has publiſhed, in Six Volumes, a Collection of miſcellaneous pieces, with this ſingular title, *The Youngeſt Offspring of my Fancy.* This is, it ſeems, to be continued; to what length it cannot be aſcertained. Theſe effuſions demonſtrate the wonderful fertility of this great man's mind. He has been denominated the *German Shakeſpeare.* Into the merits of this title we ſhall not ſtay to examine. From what we have laid before our readers in this Sketch of his Life and Writings, it appears that he is a phænomenon, exhibiting at once the union of genius and taſte, which will always excite and command admiration. He complains indeed of the effects of envy attempting to deſtroy his happineſs and blaſt his reputation. This is the common lot attendant on a high degree of proſperity. Providence ſeems to have determined that a tax ſhould be laid on all kinds of diſtinction; hereby the bad are checked in their career of infamy, and the good are taught patience and fortitude—leſſons neceſſary to the formation of their preſent and future felicity.

THE

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THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXXVIII.]

THE UNIVERSE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

BY HENRY BAKER, F. R. S.

Thy works, Eternal *Power*, by whom she sings!
The *Muse* attempts and tunes the sounding strings,
To heav'n and thee her adoration raise,
And form the song devoted to thy praise.

UNIVERSE.

ENDOWED with a capacity of tracing out the existence and perfections of the Deity in the works of creation, we feel a pleasure arising from so elevated a contemplation. Philosophy is occupied in this research, and poetry celebrates her discoveries in rapturous strains. Nature is thus delineated in glowing colours—a passion for her beauties is generated, and we look around us with renewed delight and satisfaction. Hence NEWTON is revered for his profound investigations, and THOMSON is admired for having presented to us lively pictures of the creation in all its endless variety!

MR. BAKER was an ingenious and diligent naturalist, born towards the close of the last century, and died 1774. He married the youngest daughter of the famous Daniel De Foe, who brought him two sons, both of whom he survived. MR. BAKER acquired a fortune by curing stammering, and by teaching deaf and dumb persons to speak. It is, however, to be regretted, that his art died with him, for he enjoined his pupils to inviolable secresy. He was a very studious man, and full of curious speculations. He distinguished himself by papers presented to the Royal Society, from whom he received flattering marks of approbation. His poetical attempts also were various, and enjoyed considerable popularity. The poem before us did him much

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credit. It paſſed through ſeveral editions, and has been admired for its ſcientific caſt and benevolent tendency. Indeed every thing that came from his pen deſerved attention, and reflects an honour on his memory.

The Preface to the poem ſufficiently diſplays the deſign for which it was written. The author reprobates that miſtaken but faſhionable notion, that all things were made for man. "The readieſt way," ſays he, "to check this abſurdity, would be to ſketch out a plan of the univerſe, that by obſerving the grandeur of the whole, man might be made ſenſible of his own littleneſs and inſignificance, except in the *very place* he ſtands." He again remarks—"Mean and ridiculous is that idea of the DEITY which limits his care to *man*. But how muſt the ſoul be filled with amazement, and love, and adoration, that conſiders him as the *impartial Parent* of the *whole univerſe*, and equally extending his beneficence to every one of all his creatures, according to the rank it bears. The primary intent of the Almighty in the exiſtence of *every being*, muſt have been to make it happy, and the relation in which it ſtands to every other creature, is only ſuch as is moſt conducive to the felicity of the whole. Every individual was made principally for its own ſake—the meaneſt inſect, as well as the proudeſt monarch. We *all* are FELLOW CREATURES."

After this explanation of the deſign of the poem, we ſhall preſent the reader with paſſages which will ſhew the manner of its execution.

The SUN and MOON, with their reſpective influences, are thus beautifully deſcribed:

Along the ſkies the SUN obliquely rolls,
Forſakes by turns and viſits both the poles.
Different his track, but conſtant his career,
Divides the times and meaſures out the year.
To climes returns, where freezing winter reigns,
Unbinds the glebe and fructifies the plains;
The crackling ice diſſolves, the rivers flow,
Vines crown the mountain tops, and corn the vales below!

When

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When God appoints, the horned MOON renews
Her waning light, and her whole viſage ſhews,
Fulfills her courſe in circles yet unknown,
And cheers mankind with luſtre not her own.
Pale terror flies before her friendly ray,
The traveller, benighted, finds his way;
Her deſtin'd rule o'er ocean ſhe preſides,
And pours upon the ſhores the lagging tides!

Having thus delineated part of the *ſolar ſyſtem* with fidelity, he then breaks forth with animation:

Come forth, O MAN! yon azure round ſurvey,
And view thoſe lamps which yield eternal day,
Bring forth thy glaſſes—clear thy wondering eyes,
Millions beyond the former millions riſe,
Look farther—millions more—blaze from remoter ſkies?
And canſt thou think, poor worm! theſe orbs of light,
In ſize immenſe—in number infinite,
Were made for *thee* alone, to twinkle to thy ſight?
Preſumptuous mortal! can thy nerves deſcry
How far from each they roll—from thee how high?
With all thy boaſted knowledge, canſt thou ſee
Their various beauty, order, harmony?
If not—then ſure they were not made for thee!

The following addreſs to REASON is peculiarly impreſſive:

Hail ſacred REASON! glorious and divine!
Bulwark eternal of religion's ſhrine!
Truth's firmeſt friend, but ſuperſtition's foe!
To whom our whole of happineſs we owe!
What thou command'ſt, O let me ſtill obey,
And joyous follow—where thou lead'ſt the way!

Then the Poet proceeds to a delineation of the *planetary ſyſtem*, which is too pleaſing to be here omitted:

Obſerve how regular the PLANETS run
In ſtated times, their courſes round the SUN!
Different their bulk, their diſtance, and career,
And different much the compaſs of their year,

Yet

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Yet all the ſame eternal laws obey,
While God's unerring finger points their way!
Firſt MERCURY, amidſt full tides of light,
Rolls next the SUN, thro' his ſmall circle bright;
All that dwell here muſt be refin'd and pure,
Bodies like ours ſuch ardour can't endure;
Our EARTH would blaze beneath ſo fierce a ray,
And all its marble mountains melt away!
Fair VENUS next fulfills her larger round
With ſofter beams and milder glory crown'd;
Friend to mankind, ſhe glitters from afar,
Now the bright ev'ning, now the morning ſtar!
More diſtant ſtill our EARTH comes rolling on,
And forms a wider circle round the ſun;
With her the MOON, companion ever dear!
Her courſe attending through the ſhining year.
See MARS alone runs his appointed race,
And meaſures out exact the deſtin'd ſpace;
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther ſtray,
But finds the point whence firſt he roll'd away!
More yet remote from day's all-cheering ſource,
Vaſt JUPITER performs his conſtant courſe;
Four friendly *moons*, with borrow'd luſtre riſe,
Beſtow their beams benign and light his ſkies!
Fartheſt and laſt, ſcarce warm'd by *Phœbus'* ray,
Through his large orbit SATURN wheels away;
How great the change, could we be wafted there!
How ſlow the ſeaſons! and how long the year!
One *moon* on us reflects its cheering light,
There *five* attendants brighten up the night;
Here the blue firmament bedeck'd with ſtars,
There over-head a *lucid arch* appears:
From hence how large, how ſtrong the SUN's bright ball,
But ſeen from thence, how languid and how ſmall!
When the keen north, with all its fury blows,
Congeals the floods and forms the fleecy ſnows,
'Tis heat intenſe, to what can there be known,
Warmer our poles than is its burning zone.
Who there inhabit muſt have other powers,
Juices, and veins, and ſenſe, and life, than ours;
One moment's cold like theirs would pierce the bone,
Freeze the heart's blood and turn us all to ſtone!

Strange

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Strange and amazing muſt the difference be
'Twixt this dull *planet* and bright *Mercury*;
Yet reaſon ſays, nor can we doubt at all,
Millions of beings dwell on either ball;
With conſtitutions fitted for that ſpot,
Where Providence, all-wiſe, has fix'd their lot.
Wond'rous art *thou*, O GOD, in all thy ways!
Their eyes to *thee* let all thy creatures raiſe,
Adore thy grandeur and thy goodneſs praiſe.
Ye ſons of men! with ſatisfaction know,
God's own right-hand diſpenſes all below;
Nor *good* nor *evil* does by chance befall,
HE reigns ſupreme, and HE directs it all!

This ingenious author then proceeds to conſider the UNIVERSE in its minuter parts. Accordingly the various animals, great and ſmall, are deſcribed—the BUTTERFLY affords a pleaſing ſpecimen—

See, to the ſun the BUTTERFLY diſplays
Its glittering wings, and wantons in his rays;
In life exulting, o'er the meadows flies,
Sips from each flower, and breathes the vernal ſkies,
Its ſplendid plumes in graceful order ſhow
The various glories of the painted bow;
Where love directs, a libertine it roves,
And courts the fair ones of the verdant groves.
How glorious now! chang'd ſince yeſterday?
When on the ground a crawling worm it lay!
Where ev'ry foot might tread its ſoul away.
Who rais'd it thence, and bid it range the ſkies,
Gave its rich plumage and its brilliant dyes?
'Twas GOD: its God and thine O man; and HE
In this thy fellow creature, let's *thee* ſee
The *wondrous change* which is ordain'd for thee!
Thou too ſhalt leave thy reptile form behind,
And mount the ſkies a pure ethereal mind,
There range among the ſtars all bright and unconfin'd.

The examination of the *works of nature* has been thought to be an employ of our future ſtate of being. To that period the ſenſible and pious Poet looks forward with peculiar pleaſure in theſe concluding lines:

O happy

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O happy time! when ſhaking off this clay,
The human ſoul at liberty ſhall ſtray
Thro' all the *works of nature!* ſhall deſcry
Thoſe objects which evade the mortal eye!
No diſtance then ſhall ſtretch beyond its flight,
No ſmallneſs ſcape its penetrating ſight;
But in their real eſſence ſhall be ſhown
Worlds unexplor'd—*creations* yet unknown!

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XL.]

WALLER, THE POET, AND KING JAMES II.

THERE is a ſtory told of Mr. Waller, the poet, which does honour to his ſincerity. King James II. having ordered Mr. Waller to attend him one afternoon; when he came the King carried him into his cloſet, and aſked him how he liked ſuch a picture? "Sir," ſaid Mr. Waller, "My eyes are dim, and I know not whoſe it is;" the King anſwered, "It is the Princeſs of Orange." "I think," ſays Waller, "ſhe is like the greateſt woman in the world;" "Whom do you call ſo?" ſays the King—"Queen Elizabeth," replied the other. "I wonder Mr. Waller," ſays the King, "that you ſhould ſay ſo;" and added, "ſhe owed her greatneſs to her council, which was indeed a wiſe one." "And, ſir," ſays Mr. Waller, "did you ever know a fool chooſe a wife one?"

PENN.

WHEN Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennſylvania, and the moſt conſiderable man amongſt the Quakers, went to court to pay his reſpect to Charles II. That merry monarch, obſerving the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat and ſtood uncovered before Penn; who ſaid, "Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat:

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hat: "No," ſays the King, "Friend Penn, it is uſual for only one man to ſtand covered here."

CREDULITY.

A YOUNG ſtudent ſhewing the Muſæum at Oxford to a ſet of gentlemen and ladies, amongſt other things produced a ruſty ſword; "this," ſays he, "gentlemen, "is the ſword with which Balaam was going to kill his aſs." Upon which one of the company replied, "that he thought Balaam had no ſword, but only wiſhed for one." "You are right," ſays the ſtudent, "and this is the very ſword that he wiſhed for."

ON A TOMB STONE AT WIGAN, IN LANCASHIRE.

WEEP not my friends,
Nor *ſhed your tears*;
I muſt reſt here
Till Chriſt appears.

THE INDUSTRIOUS HUNTSMAN.

THE daily occupations of Mr. Elwes's huntſman, were as various and incongruous, and required as quick tranſitions of attention as any that can well be imagined. "At four o'clock he milked the cows, then got breakfaſt for Mr. Elwes and friends, then ſlipped on a green coat, he hurried into the ſtable, ſaddled the horſes, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting he *refreſhed* himſelf by rubbing down two or three horſes as quickly as he could, then running into the houſe to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; then hurrying again into the ſtable to feed the horſes, diverſified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight hunters to litter down for the night." Mr. Elwes (the Miſer) uſed to call this huntſman an idle dog, who wanted to be paid for doing nothing!

CHARLES

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CHARLES THE TWELFTH,

WHOM the Turks, when incenſed by his diſobedience to the Grand Seignior, called *Head of Iron*, ſhewed early ſymptoms of his headſtrong nature, yet in his childhood, if his preceptor named but *glory*, any thing could be obtained from Charles. He had a great averſion to learning Latin; but when he was told that the Kings of Poland and Denmark underſtood it, he began to ſtudy it in good earneſt.

CHINESE MANDARIN AT PARIS.

THERE is a ſtory told of a Chineſe Mandarin, who paid a viſit to a friend at Paris, at the time when Paris was the ſeat of politeneſs. His well bred hoſt, on the firſt evening of his arrival, gave him a handſome ſupper, lodged him in the beſt bed-chamber, and when he wiſhed him a good night, amongſt other civil things, ſaid he hoped the Mandarin would, during his ſtay at Paris, conſider that houſe *as his own*. Early the next morning the polite Pariſian was awakened by the ſound of loud hammering in the Mandarin's bed-chamber; on entering the room, he found the Mandarin, and ſome maſons hard at work, throwing down the walls of his houſe. "You raſcals, are you mad!" exclaimed the Frenchman, to the maſons. "Not at all, my dear friend," replied the Chineſe man, ſoberly, "I ſet the poor fellows to work; this room was too ſmall for my taſte; you ſee I have loſt no time in availing myſelf of your goodneſs. Did not you deſire me to uſe this houſe *as if it were my own*, during my ſtay in Paris?"

FRIENDSHIP.

A friend ſhould always like a friend indite,
Speak as he *thinks*, and as he *thinks* ſhould *write*;
Searching for *faults*, as he would *beauties* find,
To *friendſhip* true, but not to *juſtice* blind.

A generous

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A generous friendſhip no cold *medium* knows,
Burns with *one love*, with *one reſentment* glows;
One ſhould our *intereſt*, *one* our *paſſions* be,
My friend ſhould ſlight the man that *injures me.*"

H. MORE.

DIRECTING POST.

THERE formerly was a directing poſt on the road near Haſlemere, which perhaps remains there to this day, with theſe words written on it, "*The road to nowhere!*" certainly more adapted to the capacities of the vulgar, than if it had been expreſſed—no thoroughfare.

ON A TOMB-STONE AT HALIFAX, IN YORKSHIRE.

Short was my life,
Yet live I ever;
Death hath his due,
Yet die I never.

THE EDUCATION OF A COW.

A GENTLEMAN riding near his own houſe, in Ireland, ſaw a cow's head and fore feet appear at *the top of a ditch*, through a gap in the hedge by the road's ſide; at the ſame time he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow. The gentleman rode up cloſer to the ſcene of action, and he ſaw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," ſaid he "that's a fine cow." "Oh faith! that ſhe is," replied the boy, "and I'am *teaching* her to get *her own living*, pleaſe your honour." The gentleman did not preciſely underſtand the meaning of the expreſſion, and had he directly aſked for an explanation, would, probably, have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents; ſhe was made to jump acroſs the ditch ſeveral times, and this adroitneſs in breaking through fences, was termed "getting her own living." As ſoon as a cow's *education* is finiſhed, ſhe may be ſent looſe into the world

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to provide for herſelf, turned to graze in the pooreſt paſture, ſhe will be *able and willing* to live upon the fat of the land.

LINES PRINTED ON A BOARD OVER THE CISTERN OF WATER IN THE YARD AT THE BELL INN, KNARESBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

Woh ever dirtys this waetr hear,
Muſt forfit 6d. in money or bear.

PHILOSOPHICAL DELIBERATION.

In a cold winter's evening a philoſopher, in company with ſome gentlemen and ladies, was taking a walk, a froſt ſucceeding a thaw, had rendered it dangerous walking, and the philoſopher, in turning a corner, met with a ſudden fall in the preſence of the ladies, which occaſioned a general laugh. The philoſopher, without the leaſt alteration of countenance, kept his ſeat; and after looking round him with the moſt admirable compoſure, expreſſively exclaimed with the poet, "Oh world, thy ſlippery turns!"

RUSTIC AMBITION.

A COUNTRYMAN, who had long kept a public houſe, well known by the name of the Hop Alehouſe, which derived its name from being formerly known for a dancing houſe, or twopenny hop; on a ſudden becomes the gentleman, and endeavours to thruſt his head into polite ſociety. His houſe was white-waſhed and painted; his rooms papered and hung with bells, and as ſociety civilizes and manners refine, he too muſt ſoar with the ſoaring. The idea of an ale-houſe became abominable; he muſt have a ſign, and deſpiſing the vulgar phraſeology of the country, muſt ſtile it the *Hop Inn*; but his painters not being the moſt correct orthographers in the world, ſpelt it the *Hop In*, ſo that it became a ſentence of invitation to the traveller, literally ſpeaking, pleaſe to *hop in*, gentleman.

THE

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THE

WILL

OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In the name of God, Amen. I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name, to be my last will and testament, revoking all others.

Imprimis—All my debts, of which there are but few, and none of magnitude, are to be punctually and speedily paid; and the legacies hereafter bequeathed are to be discharged as soon as circumstances will permit, and in the manner directed.

Item. To my dearly beloved wife, *Martha Washington*, I give and bequeath the use, profit, and benefit of my whole estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of hereafter. My improved lot in the town of Alexandria, situated in Pitt and Cameron-streets, I give to her and her heirs for ever, as I also do my household and kitchen furniture of every sort and kind, with the liquors and groceries which may be on hand at the time of my decease, to be used and disposed of as she may think proper.

Item. Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves which I hold in *my own right*, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such inseparable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriages with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences from the latter,

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while both deſcriptions are in the occupancy of the ſame proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. *And whereas* among thoſe who will receive freedom according to this demiſe, there may be ſome who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to ſupport themſelves, it is my will and deſire that all who come under the 1ſt and 2d deſcription, ſhall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that ſuch of the latter deſcription as have no parents living, or if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, ſhall be bound by the Court till they ſhall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and in caſes where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be aſcertained, the judgment of the Court, upon its own view of the ſubject, ſhall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound are (by their maſters or miſtreſſes) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to ſome uſeful occupation, agreeable to the laws of the ſaid Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the ſupport of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expreſsly forbid the ſale, or tranſportation out of the ſaid Commonwealth, of any ſlave I may die poſſeſſed of, under any pretence whatever. And I do moreover moſt ſolemnly and moſt pointedly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the ſurvivor of them, to ſee that *this* clauſe reſpecting ſlaves, and every part thereof, be religiouſly fulfilled at the epocha at which it is directed to take place, without evaſion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be in the ground are harveſted, particularly as it reſpects the aged and infirm: ſeeing that a regular and permanent fund be eſtabliſhed for their ſupport as long as there are ſubjects requiring it, not truſting to the uncertain proviſion to be made by individuals.

Item. To the truſtees (governors, or by whatſoever name they may be deſignated) of the academy in the town

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town of Alexandria, I give and bequeath (in truſt) four thouſand dollars, or in other words, twenty of the ſhares which I hold in the Bank of Alexandria, towards the ſupport of a free ſchool, eſtabliſhed at and annexed to the ſaid Academy, for the purpoſe of educating ſuch orphan children, or the children of ſuch other poor and indigent perſons as are unable to accompliſh it with their own means; and who, in the judgment of the truſtees of the ſaid ſeminary are beſt entitled to the benefit of this donation. The aforeſaid twenty ſhares I give and bequeath in perpetuity; the dividends only of which are to be drawn for, and applied by, the ſaid truſtees for the time being, for the uſes above-mentioned: the ſtock to remain entire and untouched, unleſs indications of failure of the ſaid Bank ſhould be ſo apparent, or a diſcontinuance thereof ſhould render the removal of this fund neceſſary. In either of theſe caſes, the amount of the ſtock here deviſed is to be veſted in ſome other bank, or public inſtitution, whereby the intereſt may with regularity and certainty be drawn and applied as above. And to prevent miſconception, my meaning is, and is hereby declared to be, that theſe twenty ſhares are in lieu of, and not in addition to, the twenty thouſand pounds given by a miſſive letter ſome years ago; in conſequence whereof, an annuity of fifty pounds has ſince been paid towards the ſupport of this inſtitution.

Item. Whereas by a law of the Commonwealth of Virginia, enacted in the year 1785, the legiſlature thereof was pleaſed, as an evidence of its approbation of the ſervices I had rendered the public during the revolution, and partly, I believe, in conſideration of my having ſuggeſted the vaſt advantages which the community would derive from the extenſion of its inland navigation, under legiſlative patronage, to preſent me with one hundred ſhares, of one hundred dollars each, in the incorporated company eſtabliſhed for the purpoſe of extending the navigation of James River from

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Tydewater to the mountains; and alſo with fifty ſhares of one hundred pounds ſterling each, in the corporation of another company, likewiſe eſtabliſhed for the ſimilar purpoſe of opening the navigation of the river Potomac, from Tidewater to Fort Cumberland; the acceptance of which, though the offer was highly honourable and grateful to my feelings, was refuſed, as inconſiſtent with a principle which I had adopted, and never departed from, namely, not to receive pecuniary compenſation for any ſervices I could render my country in its arduous ſtruggle with Great Britain, for its rights, and becauſe I had evaded ſimilar propoſitions from other ſtates in the Union. Adding to this refuſal, however, an intimation that if it ſhould be the pleaſure of the legiſlature to permit me to appropriate the ſaid ſhares to *public uſes*, I would receive them on thoſe terms with due ſenſibility; and this it having conſented to in flattering terms, as will appear by a ſubſequent law, and ſundry reſolutions, in the moſt ample and honourable manner; I proceed, after this recital, for the more correct underſtanding of the caſe, to declare, that it has always been a ſource of ſerious regret with me to ſee the youth of theſe United States ſent to foreign countries for the purpoſe of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happineſs of their own, contracting too frequently, not only habits of diſſipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to Republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome. For theſe reaſons it has been my ardent wiſh to ſee a plan deviſed on a liberal ſcale, which would have a tendency to ſpread ſyſtematic ideas through all parts of this riſing empire, thereby to do away local attachments and ſtale prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought, to admit from our national councils. Looking anxiouſly forward to the accompliſhment of ſo deſirable an object as this is (in my eſtimation), my mind has not been

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been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than to establish an UNIVERSITY, in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents, from all parts thereof, might be sent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and (as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment) by associating with each other, and forming friendship in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves, in a proper degree, from those local prejudices, and habitual jealousies, which have just been mentioned; and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant with mischievous consequences to this country: under these impressions so fully dilated,

Item. I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the fifty shares I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforesaid acts of the Legislature of Virginia), towards the endowment of an University, to be established within the limits of the district of Columbia, under the auspices of the general government, if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand towards it; and until such seminary is established, and the funds arising in those shares shall be required for its support, my further WILL and DESIRE is, that the profit accruing therefrom shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the Bank of Columbia, or some other Bank, at the discretion of my executors, or by the Treasurer of the United States, for the time being, under the direction of Congress, provided that honourable body should patronize the measure, and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock are to be vested in more stock, and so on until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained; of which I have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away, even if no aid or

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encouragement be given by legiſlative authority, or from any other ſource.

Item. The hundred ſhares which I hold in the James River Company, I have given, and now confirm in perpetuity, to and for the uſe of Liberty Hall academy, in the county of Rockbridge, in the commonwealth of Virginia.

Item. I releaſe, exonerate, and diſcharge the eſtate of my deceaſed brother *Samuel Waſhington*, from the payment of the money which is due to me for the land I ſold to Philip Pendleton (lying in the county of Berkeley), who aſſigned the ſame to him the ſaid Samuel, and his ſon Thornton Waſhington, the latter became poſſeſſed of the aforeſaid land, without any conveyance having paſſed from me, either to the ſaid Pendleton, the ſaid Samuel, or the ſaid Thornton, and without any conſideration having been made, by which neglect neither the legal nor equitable title has been alienated; it reſts therefore with me to declare my intentions concerning the premiſes; and theſe are to give and bequeath the ſaid land to whomſoever the ſaid Thornton Waſhington (who is alſo dead) deviſed the ſame, or to his heirs for ever, if he died inteſtate; exonerating the eſtate of the ſaid Thornton, equally with that of the ſaid Samuel, from payment of the purchaſe-money, which, with intereſt, agreeably to the original contract with the ſaid P. Pendleton, would amount to more than a thouſand pounds. And whereas two other ſons of my ſaid deceaſed brother Samuel, viz. George Steptoe Waſhington, and Lawrence Auguſtine Waſhington, were, by the deceaſe of thoſe to whoſe care they were committed, brought under my protection, and in conſequence have occaſioned advances on my part for their education at College and other ſchools, for their board, clothing, and other incidental expences, to the amount of near five thouſand dollars, over and above the ſums furniſhed by their eſtate, which ſum it may be

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be inconvenient for them or their father's eſtate to refund; I do, for theſe reaſons, acquit them and the ſaid eſtate from the payment thereof, my intention being that all accounts between them and me, and their father's eſtate and me, ſhall ſtand balanced.

Item. The balance due to me from the eſtate of Bartholomew Dandridge, deceaſed (my wife's brother) and which amounted, on the 1ſt day of October, 1795, to four hundred and twenty-five pounds (as will appear by an account rendered by his deceaſed ſon, John Dandridge, who was the acting executor of his father's will) I releaſe and acquit from the payment thereof; and the negroes (then thirty-three in number) formerly belonging to the ſaid eſtate, who were taken in execution, ſold, and purchaſed in on my account, in the year (*blank*) and ever ſince have remained in the poſſeſſion, and to the uſe of Mary, widow of the ſaid Bartholomew Dandridge, with their increaſe, it is my will and deſire, ſhall continue to be in her poſſeſſion, without paying hire, or making compenſation for the ſame, for the time paſt or to come, during her natural life, at the expiration of which, I direct that all of them, who are forty years old and upwards, ſhall receive their freedom; all under that age, and above ſixteen, ſhall ſerve ſeven years, and no longer; and all under ſixteen years, ſhall ſerve until they are twenty-five years of age, and then to be free; and to avoid diſputes reſpecting the ages of any of theſe negroes, they are to be taken into the court of the county in which they reſide, and the judgment thereof, in this relation, ſhall be final, and record thereof made, which may be adduced as evidence at any time thereafter, if diſputes ſhould ariſe concerning the ſame; and I further direct that the heirs of the ſaid Bartholomew Dandridge ſhall equally ſhare the benefits ariſing from the ſervice of the ſaid negroes, according to the tenor of this deviſe, upon the deceaſe of their mother.

Item.

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Item. If Charles Carter, who intermarried with my niece, Betty Lewis, is not sufficiently secured in the title to the lots he had of me, in the town of Fredericksburg, it is my WILL and DESIRE that my executors shall make such conveyances of them as the law requires, to render it perfect.

Item. To my nephew, William Augustine Washington (if he should conceive them to be objects worth prosecuting), and to his heirs, a lot in the town of Manchester, opposite to Richmond, No. 265, drawn on my sole account, and also the tenth of one or two hundred acre lots, and two or three half-acre lots, in the city and vicinity of Richmond, drawn in partnership with nine others, all in the lottery of the deceased William Byrd, are given; as is also a lot which I purchased of John Hood, conveyed by William Willie and Samuel Gordon, trustees of the said John Hood, numbered 139, in the town of Edinburgh, in the county of Prince George, state of Virginia.

Item. To my nephew, Bushrod Washington, I give and bequeath all the papers in my possession, which relate to my civil and military administration of the affairs of this country—I leave to him also such of my private papers as are worth preserving; and at the decease of my wife, and before, if she is not inclined to retain them, I give and bequeath my library of books and pamphlets of every kind.

Item. To the Earl of Buchan I re-commit "the box made of the oak that sheltered the great Sir William Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk,"—presented to me by his Lordship, in terms too flattering for me to repeat, with a request "to pass it, on the event of my decease, to the man in my country who should appear to merit it best, upon the same conditions that have induced him to send it to me." Whether easy or not to select *the man* who might comport with his Lordship's opinion in this respect, is not for me to say; but conceiving that no disposition of this valuable curiosity can be

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be more eligible than the recommitment of it to his own cabinet, agreeably to the original design of the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh, who presented it to him, and, at his request, consented that it should be transferred to me—I do give and bequeath the same to his Lordship; and, in case of his decease, to his heir, with my grateful thanks for the distinguished honour of presenting it to me, and more especially for the favourable sentiments with which he accompanied it.

Item. To my brother, Charles Washington, I give and bequeath the gold-headed cane left me by Dr. Franklin, in his will. I add nothing to it, because of the ample provision I have made for his issue. To the acquaintances and friends of my juvenile years, Lawrence Washington and Robert Washington, of Chotanck, I give my other two gold headed canes, having my arms engraved on them; and to each (as they will be useful where they live) I leave one of the spy-glasses, which constituted part of my equipage, during the late war. To my compatriot in arms, and old intimate friend, Dr. Craik, I give my bureau; or, as the cabinet-makers call it, tambour secretary, and the circular chair, an appendage to my study. To Dr. D. Stuart, I give my large shaving and dressing-table, and my telescope. To the Reverend, now Bryan Lord Fairfax, I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, presented to me by the Right Rev. Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man.—To General de la Fayette I give a pair of finely-wrought steel pistols, taken from the enemy in the revolutionary war. To my sisters-in-law, Hannah Washington and Mildred Washington, to my friends Eleanor Stuart, Hannah Washington, of Fairfield, and Elizabeth Washington, of Hayfield, I give each a mourning ring, of the value of one hundred dollars. These bequests are not made for the intrinsic value of them, but as mementos of my esteem and regard. To Tobias Lear I give the use of the farm which

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which he now holds, in virtue of a leaſe from me to him and his deceaſed wife (for and during their natural lives), free from rent during his life; at the expiration of which, it is to be diſpoſed of as is hereinafter directed. To Sally B. Haym (a diſtant relation of mine) I give and bequeath three hundred dollars. To Sarah Green, daughter of the deceaſed Thomas Biſhop, and to Ann Walker, daughter of John Alton, alſo deceaſed, I give each one hundred dollars, in conſideration of the attachment of their fathers to me; each of whom having lived nearly forty years in my family. To each of my nephews, William Auguſtine Waſhington, George Lewis, George Septoe Waſhington, Buſhrod Waſhington, and Samuel Waſhington, I give one of the ſwords or cutteaux, of which I may die poſſeſſed; and they are to chooſe in the order they are named. Theſe ſwords are accompanied with an injunction not to unſheath them for the purpoſe of ſhedding blood, except it be for ſelf-defence, or in defence of their country and its rights; and, in the latter caſe, to keep them unſheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquiſhment thereof.

And now having gone through theſe ſpecific devices with explanations for the more correct underſtanding of the meaning and deſign of them, I proceed to the diſtribution of the more important parts of my eſtate in manner following:

Item. To my nephew, Buſhrod Waſhington, and his heirs (partly in conſideration of an intimation to his deceaſed father, while we were bachelors, and he had kindly undertaken to ſuperintend my eſtate during my military ſervices in the former war between Great Britain and France, that if I ſhould fall therein, Mount Vernon (then leſs extenſive in dominion than at preſent, ſhould become his property) I give and bequeath all that part thereof, which is comprehended within the following limits, viz.—Beginning at the Ford of Dogue Run, near my mill, and extending along the road,

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road, and bounded thereby, as it now goes, and ever has gone since my recollection of it, to the Ford of Little Hunting Creek, at the Gum Spring, until it comes to a knowl, oppoſite to an old road which formerly paſſed through the lower field of Muddyhole farm; at which, on the north ſide of the ſaid road, are three red or Spaniſh oaks, marked as a corner, and a ſtone placed: thence by a line of trees to be marked rectangular to the back line or outer boundary of the tract between Thompſon Maſon and myſelf: thence with that line eaſterly (now doubly ditching with a poſt and rail fence thereon) to the run of Little Hunting Creek: thence with that run, which is the boundary between the lands of the late Humphrey Peake and me, to the tide-water of the ſaid creek; thence by that water to Potomac River; thence with the River to the mouth of Dogue Creek; and thence with the ſaid Dogue Creek to the place beginning at the aforeſaid Ford, containing upwards of four thouſand acres, be the ſame more or leſs, together with the manſion-houſe, and all other buildings and improvements thereon.

Second. In conſideration of the conſanguinity between them and my wife, being as nearly related to her as to myſelf, as on account of the affection I had for, and the obligation I was under to their father, when living, who, from his youth, had attached himſelf to my perſon, and followed my fortunes through the viciſſitudes of the late revolution, afterwards devoting his time to the ſuperintendence of my private concerns for many years, whilſt my public employments rendered it impracticable for me to do it myſelf, thereby affording me eſſential ſervices, and always performing them in a manner the moſt filial and reſpectful; for theſe reaſons, I ſay, I give and bequeath to George Fayette Waſhington and Lawrence Auguſtus Waſhington, and their heirs, my eſtate eaſt of little Hunting Creek, lying on

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the River Potomac, including the farm of three hundred and sixty acres, leased to Tobias Lear, as noticed before, and containing in the whole, by deed, two thousand and twenty acres, be it more or less; which said estate it is my will and desire should be equitably and advantageously divided between them, according to quantity, quality, and other circumstances, when the youngest shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years, by three judicious and disinterested men; one to be chosen by each of the brothers, and the third by these two. In the mean time, if the termination of my wife's interest therein should have ceased, the profits arising therefrom are to be applied for their joint uses and benefit.

Third. And whereas it has always been my intention, since my expectation of having issue has ceased, to consider the grand-children of my wife in the same light as I do my own relations, and to act a friendly part by them, more especially by the two whom we have raised from their earliest infancy, namely, Eleanor Park Custis, and George Washington Park Custis; and whereas the former of these hath lately intermarried with Lawrence Lewis, a son of my deceased sister, Betty Lewis, by which union the inducement to provide for them both has been increased:—Wherefore I give and bequeath to the said Lawrence Lewis and Eleanor Park Lewis, his wife, and their heirs, the residue of my Mount Vernon estate, not already devised to my nephew, Bushrod Washington, comprehended within the following description, viz. All the lands North of the road, leading from the Ford of Dogue Run to the Gum Spring, as described in the devise of the other part of the tract, to Bushrod Washington, until it comes to the Stone and three Red or Spanish Oaks on the knowl, thence with the rectangular line to the back line (between Mr. Mason and me); thence with that line westerly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run by the tumbling dam of my mill; thence with the said Run to the Ford aforementioned, to which

I add

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I add all the land I poſſeſs weſt of the ſaid Dogue Run and Dogue Creek, bounded eaſterly and ſoutherly thereby; together with the mill, diſtillery, and all other houſes and improvements on the premiſes, making together about two thouſand acres, be it more or leſs.

Fourth. Actuated by the principle already mentioned, I give and bequeath to George Waſhington Park Cuſtis, the grandſon of my wife, and my ward, and to his heirs, the tract I hold on Four Mile Run, in the vicinity of Alexandria, containing one thouſand two hundred acres, more or leſs, and my entire ſquare, number twenty-one, in the city of Waſhington.

Fifth. All the reſt and reſidue of my eſtate, real and perſonal, not diſpoſed of in manner aforeſaid, in whatſoever conſiſting, whereſoever lying, and whenſoever found, a ſchedule of which, as far as is recollected, with a reaſonable eſtimate of its value, is hereunto annexed, I deſire may be ſold by my executors at ſuch times, in ſuch manner, and on ſuch credits (if an equal, valid, and ſatisfactory diſtribution of the ſpecific property cannot be made without) as in their judgment ſhall be moſt conducive to the intereſt of the parties concerned, and the monies ariſing therefrom to be divided into twenty-three equal parts, and applied as follows, viz. To William Auguſtine Waſhington, Elizabeth Spotwood, Jane Thornton, and the heirs of Ann Aſhton, ſon and daughters of my deceaſed brother Auguſtine Waſhington, I give and bequeath four parts, that is, one part to each of them: To Fielding Lewis, George Lewis, Robert Lewis, Howell Lewis, and Betty Carter, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed ſiſter Betty Lewis, I give and bequeath five other parts, one to each of them: To George Steptoe Waſhington, Lawrence Auguſtine Waſhington, Harriet Parks, and the heirs of Thornton Waſhington, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed brother Samuel Waſhington, I give and bequeath the other four parts, one part to each of them: To Corbin Waſhington, and the heirs of Jane Waſhington, ſon and daughter of my de-

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ceaſed brother John Auguſtine Waſhington, I give and bequeath two parts, one part to each of them: To Samuel Waſhington, Francis Ball, and Mildred Hammond, ſon and daughter of my brother Charles Waſhington, I give and bequeath three parts, one part to each of them; and to George Fayette Waſhington, Charles Auguſtine Waſhington, and Maria Waſhington, ſons and daughter of my deceaſed nephew George Auguſtine Waſhington, I give one other part, that is, to each a third of that part: To Elizabeth Park Law, Martha Park Peter, and Eleanor Park Lewis, I give and bequeath three other parts, that is, a part to each of them; and to my nephew Buſhrod Waſhington and Lawrence Lewis, and to my ward, the grandſon of my wife, I give and bequeath one other part, that is, a third thereof to each of them. And if it ſhould ſo happen, that any of the perſons whoſe names are here enumerated (unknown to me) ſhould now be dead, or ſhould die before me, that in either of theſe caſes, the heirs of ſuch deceaſed perſons ſhall, notwithſtanding, deviſe all the benefits of the bequeſt, in the ſame manner as if he or ſhe was actually living at the time; and by way of advice I recommend it to my executors not to be precipitate of diſpoſing of the landed property (therein directed to be ſold) if from temporary cauſes the ſale thereof ſhould be dull; experience having fully evinced that the price of land (eſpecially above the falls of the rivers and on the weſtern waters) have been progreſſively riſing, and cannot be long checked in its encreaſing value. And I particularly recommend it to ſuch of the legatees (under the clauſe of my will) as can make it convenient, to take each a ſhare of my ſtock in the Potomac Company, in preference to the amount of what it might ſell for, being thoroughly convinced myſelf, that no uſes to which the money can be applied, will be ſo productive as the tolls ariſing from this navigation when in full operation (and this from the nature of things

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things it muſt be ere long) and more eſpecially if that of the Shenandoah is added thereto.

The family vault at Mount Vernon, requiring repairs, and being improperly ſituated beſides, I deſire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger ſcale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard Incloſure, on the ground which is marked out; in which my remains, with thoſe of my deceaſed relations (now in the old vault) and ſuch others of my family as may chuſe to be entombed there, may be depoſited. And it is my expreſs deſire that my corps may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration.

Laſtly, I conſtitute and appoint my dearly beloved wife Martha Waſhington, my nephews William Auguſtine Waſhington, Buſhrod Waſhington, George Steptoe Waſhington, Samuel Waſhington, and Lawrence Lewis, and my ward George Waſhington Park Cuſtis (when he ſhall have arrived at the age of twenty years) executrix and executors of this WILL and TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS of all and of each of the things herein contained, I have ſet my hand and ſeal, this ninth day of July, in the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety—— * and of the independence of the United States the twenty-fourth.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. (Seal)

* It appears the teſtator omitted the word *nine*.

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ON THE

BAD EFFECTS OF RICHES.

PROFUSION deluging a ſtate with luſts
Of groſſeſt nature and of worſt effects,
Prepares it for its ruin.

COWPER.

THE wiſer part of mankind ſeem to agree that real happineſs is only to be found where the affections are always accompanied by a ſerene tranquillity. It hence follows that thoſe who employ their exiſtence in queſt of diſſipated joys meet with the greateſt proportion of pains, diſappointments, and diſguſts.

One of our eminent Poets ſays, that virtue is "the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul," a charming ſimile, and ſuch a one as offers a pleaſing field for comment; but we ſhall only infer that it is virtue which is the only ſolid proſperity, and the comfort and ſhield of adverſity. Having ſo done, we ſhall aſk, "*What are riches?*" and endeavour to define their effects.

Riches are only a vain ſomething, that claims the admiration of avaricious minds, a gaudy deception, unworthy of man's attention, and a falſely ſuppoſed deſirable poſſeſſion. Inſignificant as are riches, there are beings who degrade the human underſtanding by an unquenchable thirſt after pelf, acquired by guilt and baſeneſs. Ancient philoſophers have, in general, condemned riches as unneceſſary evils. Is it not evident that ſuperfluity exceeds the dictates of wiſdom and of nature? Not that adverſity is of itſelf deſirable, no! for it is a real affliction; yet reflect on the nature of adverſity, and you will perceive that this affliction is invariably the attendant on vice; indeed it may be found otherwiſe, according to the opinion of the world; but the world's opinion is falſe, "for the poor man that is grateful would be benevolent were he rich," conſequently

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consequently the heart is the standard to judge by.—Who so poor as the miser?

Prosperity tends to make us vain, arrogant, and self-sufficient; yea, it not unfrequently happens, that the mind is so contaminated by wealth, as to render the possessor a sort of overbearing wretch, devoid of every finer feeling, callous to every charitable, generous, and noble principle. Worldly possessions are not requisite to constitute a good or happy man.

The immortal Milton has, in the following lines, so forcibly depicted the cause and effects of riches, that we need only lay them before our readers, without the least illustration:

——————Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven, for even in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd,
In visions beatific; by him first,
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

An inordinate desire for riches, banishes every exalted determination, which is the supporter of true liberty.

Still it cannot be denied that riches may be possessed with safety, and tend to the happiness of the possessor. But alas! we seldom find that people in affluent circumstances are actuated by a truly charitable disposition. Where are the pleasures arising from motives of ostentation?—Have not the opulent employments to intrigue for, and obligations to discharge? are they not obliged to perform duties of useless ceremony, and compelled to a continual

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a continual reſtraint in their dreſs, action, and words, and to endure the inſupportable preſſure of idleneſs, the nurſe of diſcontent? In ſhort, there is no ſort of ſlavery by which they are not burthened; even their entertainments, ſumptuous as they may appear, are enjoyed with leſs ſatisfaction than the repaſts of the rural ſwain, who gratefully takes what nature gives, and in reality enjoys.

Country ſcenes abound with an elegant ſimplicity; grandeur! unknown to the miſerable great, who ſteal through life betwixt luxury and guilt. It is content that diffuſeth a charm that choaks the thorns of life. In the peaſant's hut we may find a calm ſerenity, a firmneſs of ſoul, and a ſweet compoſure of mind, unknown to thoſe in exalted ſtations—his daily toil becomes a delight; with cheerfulneſs he riſes at morn to reſume his peaceful labour, and returns at night to his happy cot; there finds his loved partner, his ſmiling children, a ſparkling fire, and the food of innocence. Theſe are joys ſuperior to the floating grandeur of a court, which is too often a cloak to cover wretchedneſs.

It is wealth that enables the community to gratify their inclinations—were it not ſo, we would hear fewer accuſations from the moraliſt, who juſtly ſtyles this an age of infatuation. The virtuous precepts of an Addiſon, a Johnſon, a Blair, &c. are peruſed with ſecret admiration; but alas! their noble admonitions are no ſooner read than forgotten.

Again, the conduct of the gay licentious proud is rarely influenced by prudent conſideration. Where then are the pleaſures of riches? or where that happineſs to counterbalance the black jealouſy and gloomy anxiety of the miſer, whoſe ſoul is ever racked with conſcious remorſe. A miſer is a ſort of groveling monſter, held in deteſtation. We might make a voluminous ſelection of incidents, which elucidate the deplora-

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ble influence of riches; but why enumerate occurrences from hiſtory to prove their immoral and diſcordant tendency, when the preſent day preſents a ſerious field for obſervation. We leave it to the diſcerning politician to trace the various revolutions which have ſucceſſively plunged neighbouring ſtates into the horrors of war; let them aſcertain why the chain of ſociety becomes ſtained with *blood* and ruſted by corruption.

It is too melancholy a truth, that the proſpect of ſelf-advantage incites to actions unworthy of man's dignity. Why are Europeans ſo prone to cultivate inhumanity in the weſtern hemiſphere? and why do Britons arrogantly trample on that ineſtimable jewel which they ſo proudly boaſt of themſelves? The beſt families are apt to be contaminated by too frequent habitude to ſcenes of cruelty. In like manner do virtuous principles die away, when too much expoſed to the wiles of temptation; hence the baneful tendency of gambling, a gulph no leſs hideous than ſhamefully pernicious. Proſperity introduces luxury, and luxury a poiſon that ſaps the very eſſence of good government, and inevitably hurls vengeance on a nation. We are miſerably deceived, when we preſume that riches alone will conſtitute happineſs; whence ſo many glaring inſtances of conjugal infidelity? Little elſe can be expected, when the parties unite with ſentiments derogatory to every principle of genuine and pure eſteem. Alas! matches of convenience are too prevalent; indeed we are almoſt diſpoſed to accuſe Cupid for allowing his empire to be ſo much encumbered by gold. Cruelty is the conſtant attendant of a narrow groveling mind. How often is generous love ill requited, and why? Becauſe parents aim rather at intereſted *matches*, than ſuch as nature and love dictate.

Ye favoured ſons of Britain's iſle! why ſo different from your manly anceſtors? why the advice of diſſolute companions more attended to than that of experience? Think and act with noble ardour, and permit not vi-

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cious communication to quench this generous flame. We need not be ſurprized at finding ſo many unfortunate females, when we conſider that the ſons of idleneſs, vulture like, are ever upon the watch to ſeduce the imprudent fair. Can that affection, which graſps at ſenſual enjoyment, be love? No! it is at once ſordid and tranſient. Pure love can only ariſe from the interchange of ſoul with ſoul, and is rendered delightful by mutual confidence and complacency.

Riches diſſeminate the moſt vicious and diſcommendable principles; they tend not only to corrupt the poſſeſſor, but to influence the conduct of the community. When money becomes the means of promotion to honours, every other is ſoon neglected; the ſole ambition of the people is to accumulate riches, and the government ſtrongly inclines to an oligarchy. Money withers honour to the root; as nothing tends more to corrupt the manners of a people, than the greedineſs of gain. But it is not by prohibitive laws that the fortunes of individuals can be held in an equilibrium; a ſpirit of diſintereſtedneſs is the only barrier againſt ſuch innovation. This it is that makes us emulous to contribute to the tranquillity and happineſs of our country. Falſe is that reaſoning which ſaith, "Were it not that there was a lucrative ſtimulus, men would degenerate into inactivity, and the world would at once be a den of idleneſs and theft." Let ſuch reaſoners recollect that the bees have no ſelfiſhneſs in their polity, yet a greater harmony cannot ſubſiſt than in their humble common wealth. We know that modern politicians do not coincide with thoſe who inveigh againſt the encreaſe of luxuries; for of late it has been conſidered as one of the greateſt national advantages. It muſt however be admitted, that the ancients judged wiſely on this head, becauſe the portions of luxury diffuſe an invidious joy that ultimately deſtroys every true pleaſure; hence that hideous mole, ambition, which delights in ſcenes of cruelty; hence the various miſeries attributed to the ſcorns of fortune; and

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and hence envy, pride, and many other baneful paſſions.

The juſtly celebrated Goldſmith, in his apoſtrophe to the muſe, drops theſe energetic and beautiful obſervations:

Aid ſlighted truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain,
Teach him that ſtates, of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Tho' very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the laboured mole away,
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky!

Socrates ſaid that "we ought ever to prefer poverty with juſtice, to injuſtice and ignominy; and ought never to make a diſtinction betwixt that which is juſt and that which is uſeful." Ignorance of wealth is the very beſt of riches, as an immoderate deſire of riches is a poiſon lodged in the ſoul, which deſtroys every thing that is good in it.

From our miſconceptions of the nature of true riches, many, ah! many complicated evils ſpring—riches were never intended for man in his primitive ſtate; every ſympathetic ſoul ſhudders at the wretchedneſs of thoſe poor beings who, weeping, labour in the mines. Nay, the calamities attending the acquirement of gold, and other falſely eſteemed metals, are innumerable, and at once evince that nature intended them not for man's uſe.—Why do the miſtaken notions of honour, prerogative, and power, lead their votaries, and ſerve as pretexts to exerciſe every ſpecies of cruelty?

It is, in fact, needleſs to expatiate further on this ſubject. We ſhall conclude by obſerving, that it is from the volume of human life we may every day draw obſervations which elucidate the immoral tendency of riches. It muſt however be confeſſed that happineſs is centered in ourſelves, as we chiefly make or find our own felicity.

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May theſe remarks ſtrengthen this inconteſtible truth, that riches are of themſelves dangerous, and cannot enſure happineſs! May they prove, that the greateſt felicity we enjoy here below flows from a conſciouſneſs of having done our duty to our Creator, to our neighbour, and to our country!

J. C.

A

SKETCH

OF

ENGLAND IN GENERAL.

[From Aikin's England Delineated.]

ENGLAND, including *Wales*, is the largeſt and moſt ſouthern part of the iſland of *Great Britain*, which is itſelf the principal of the European iſlands. It is every where ſurrounded by the ſea, except on that part where it joins with a narrow neck to Scotland. Its general figure is triangular, with one point to the north, another to the eaſt, and another to the weſt. Of its three ſides, the weſtern is the longeſt and moſt irregular, being broken and interſected by various points of land, and arms of the ſea. If a ſtraight line be drawn from Berwick upon Tweed to the Land's End in Cornwall, it will give, for the weſtern ſide, four hundred and twenty-five ſtatute miles. The ſame, drawn from Berwick to the South Foreland in Kent, will give, for the eaſtern ſide, three hundred and forty-five miles: and the triangle, completed by a line from the South Foreland to the Land's End, will have a ſouthern ſide of three hundred and forty miles. But theſe meaſurements would amount to a great deal more if we were to follow all the windings of the ſea-coaſt.

The face of the country in England affords all that beautiful variety which can be found in the moſt extenſive

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tenſive tracts of the globe. In ſome parts, verdant plains extend far as the eye can reach, watered by copious ſtreams, and covered with innumerable cattle. In others, the pleaſing viciſſitudes of gently-riſing hills and bending vales, fertile in corn, waving with wood, and interſperſed with meadows, offer the moſt delightful landſcapes of rural opulence and beauty. Some tracts abound with proſpects of the more romantic kind; lofty mountains, craggy rocks, deep narrow dells, and tumbling torrents: nor are there wanting, as a contraſt to ſo many agreeable ſcenes, the gloomy features of black barren moors and wide uncultivated heaths. On the whole, however, few countries have a ſmaller proportion of land abſolutely ſteril and incapable of culture.

The richeſt parts of the country are, in general, the midland and ſouthern. Towards the north it partakes of the barrenneſs of the neighbouring Scotland. The eaſtern coaſt is in many parts ſandy and marſhy. To the weſt, the whole country of Wales is a mountainous tract, intermixed indeed with vales of great fertility. Another range of rude and elevated land, ſometimes riſing into lofty mountains, extends from the borders of Scotland to the very heart of England, running perpendicularly from north to ſouth, and forming a natural diviſion between the eaſtern and weſtern ſides of the kingdom, during its courſe. The county of Cornwall too, which, like a great promontory, juts into the Atlantic Ocean, is a rough and hilly tract; and a ſimilar character prevails in parts of the adjacent counties. Theſe mountainous regions, however, contribute greatly to the wealth and advantage of the whole, by the mineral treaſures with which they are amply furniſhed.

The rivers of England are numerous; but the extent of the country will not admit of ſuch a length of courſe as would allow them to vie in greatneſs with the rivers of the continent. Thoſe of the northern parts,

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arising from the middle ridge of hills, have but a short run each way to the sea. In the midland districts, the *Trent* and *Ouse* find room for a moderate length of course. The *Severn*, in the west, springing near the sea, and taking a large semicircular sweep to reach the same sea again, flows over a space which entitles it to rank at least as the second river of England. The *Thames*, taking its rise not far from the western side, and running across to the eastern sea, gains a greater distance from its source to its mouth than any of the rest.

The lakes of England are few and inconsiderable for extent. The principal of them lie in the north-western counties.

Various bays, creeks, and inlets of the sea, are formed all round the coast. On the eastern side, the most considerable are, the *Humber*, an arm of the sea into which many rivers pour their streams. Then the *Wash*, a broad but much shallower inlet, the sands of which are for the most part bare at low water. The mouth of the *Thames* next opens into a sort of funnel, produced by the retiring coast of Essex on the one hand, and Kent on the other. Then succeed the *Straits of Dover*, where this island so nearly approaches the continent. The *Isle of Wight*, the harbour of *Portsmouth*, and the creek running up to *Southampton*, break the regularity of the southern coast; which afterwards makes several bays and semicircular sweeps in its progress to the *Land's-end*. On turning to the western side, the most remarkable of all the inlets, the spacious *St. George's*, or *Bristol Channel*, appears, which, with the wide mouth of the Severn, cuts deeply into the broadest part of the island. The opposite *Welsh* coast is broken by various bays and indentations; and beyond the next turn of the land succeeds the large and deep *Bay of Cardigan*. Then the *Isle of Anglesea* repels the waters of the the Irish sea, and gives a new direction to the coast, which, running inwards, forms a kind of vast

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vaſt bay with the *Lancaſhire* and *Cumberland* coaſts, into which ſeveral broad and ſhallow mouths of rivers enter, and which is protected to the ſeaward by the *Iſle of Man*. *Solway Frith* terminates the Engliſh coaſt, and forms a natural boundary on part of the Scotch border, which the *Cheviot-hills* and the *Tweed* nearly complete.

With reſpect to *climate*, England is ſituated in the northern part of the temperate zone, ſo that it enjoys but a ſcanty ſhare of the genial influence of the ſun. Its atmoſphere is inclined to chillneſs and moiſture, ſubject to frequent and ſudden changes; and is more favourable to the growth, than to the ripening, of the products of the earth. No country is cloathed with a more beautiful and laſting verdure; but the harveſts, eſpecially in the northern parts, frequently ſuffer from unſeaſonable rains; and the fruits often fall ſhort of their perfect maturity. The rigours of winter, however, as well as the parching heats of ſummer, are felt here in a much leſs degree than in parallel climates on the continent; a circumſtance common to all iſlands. While the ſea-ports in Holland and Germany are every winter locked up with ice, thoſe of England, and even of Scotland, are never known to ſuffer this inconvenience. The weſtern ſide of the kingdom, receiving firſt the great clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, which are afterwards intercepted in their paſſage by the middle ridge of hills, is conſiderably more expoſed to rain than the eaſtern; but the latter is more frequently involved in fogs and miſts. The whole country, ſome particular ſpots excepted, is ſufficiently healthy; and the natural longevity of its inhabitants is equal to that of almoſt any region.

All the moſt valuable productions, both animal and vegetable, of this country, have been imported from the continent, and have been kept up and improved by conſtant attention. Originally, this great iſland ſeems

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to have been, like the wilds of America, almoſt entirely over-run with wood, and peopled only by the inhabitants of the foreſt. Here formerly roamed the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar, now totally extirpated. Large herds of ſtags ranged through the woods, roe-bucks bounded over the hills, and wild bulls grazed in the marſhy paſtures. By degrees, the woods were deſtroyed, in order to make way for cultivation; the marſhes were drained; and the wild animals, invaded in their retreats, gradually diſappeared, and their places were ſupplied by the domeſtic kinds. England now poſſeſſes no other wild quadrupeds than ſome of the ſmaller kinds; ſuch as the fox, the wild cat, the badger, the martin, and others of the weaſel kind; the otter, the hedgehog, the hare and rabbit; the ſquirrel, dormouſe, mole, and ſeveral ſpecies of the rat and mouſe. On the other hand, every kind of domeſtic animal, imported from abroad, has here been reared to the greateſt degree of perfection. The horſe has been trained up for all the various purpoſes of ſtrength and ſwiftneſs, ſo as to excel in thoſe qualities the ſame animal in every other country. The horned cattle have been brought to the largeſt ſize and greateſt juſtneſs of ſhape. The different races of ſheep in England are variouſly diſtinguiſhed, either for uncommon ſize, goodneſs of fleſh, and plenty or fineneſs of wool. The deer of our parks, which are originally a foreign breed, are ſuperior in beauty of ſkin and delicacy of fleſh to thoſe of moſt countries. Even the ſeveral kinds of dogs have been trained to degrees of courage, ſtrength, and ſagacity, rarely to be met with elſewhere.

The improvement in the vegetable products of this iſland is not leſs ſtriking than in the animal. Nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almoſt all the variety of vegetable food which our woods could boaſt. To foreign countries, and to the efforts of culture, we are indebted for our bread, the roots and greens

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greens of our tables, and all our garden fruits. The barley and hops for our malt liquors, the apples for our cyder, are equally the gifts of other lands. The meaneſt labourer now is fed with more wholeſome and delicate aliments than the petty kings of the country could obtain in its ſavage and uncultivated ſtate!

The rivers and ſeas of England are ſtocked with a great variety of fiſh, which yield a plentiful article of proviſion. The river fiſh, indeed, from the populouſneſs of the country, and the number of fiſhers, are in many parts much diminiſhed. But the ſea is an inexhauſtible ſource; and every exertion of induſtry, to procure food from thence, is amply repaid. The fiſheries are at preſent a great object of attention; and the whole ſea-coaſt is enlivened by numerous inhabitants, who gain their chief ſubſiſtence from the deep.

Such, in general, is the country which we inhabit; ſufficiently favoured by nature, yet greatly indebted alſo to induſtry; for, if this powerful ſpring were to ſlacken, the wild wood, the tangled thicket, and the pathleſs moraſs, would again cover the land, and it would become a fit reſidence only for the ſavage beaſts, and the hunter not leſs ſavage!

PROVINCIAL LIFE AND ANECDOTES OF *JOHN WILKES.*

[From the Annual Hampſhire Repoſitory.]

AT the cloſe of the year 1797, died John Wilkes, the once celebrated patriot, and late chamberlain of the city of London; who, from the circumſtance of having made Sandham Cottage, in the Iſle of Wight, his ſummer reſidence, is entitled to a place in the Hampſhire Repoſitory. To inveſtigate the true characters of men, we muſt not ſo much contemplate

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their public as their private demeanour, in which the mind, unbiaſſed by external objects, moves in its natural channel, and attaches itſelf to its moſt congenial purſuits. Such is meant to be the following ſketch of John Wilkes; not to give his picture on the ſtage where he played the ſenator, or the city magiſtrate, but his likeneſs behind the ſcenes, *in his inſular life*, neither courting the plaudits, nor deprecating the cenſures of a public, whom it was his invariable as ſucceſsful ſyſtem to dupe with his pretended principles, in order to attain, as he did, his real intereſt, in the diſcharge of his debts, and appointment to his office.

Wilkes's firſt viſits, and conſequent attachment, to the Iſle of Wight, may be dated from the time he was quartered at Wincheſter, as Colonel of the Buckinghamſhire militia, in the courſe of the ſeven years war; when he firſt occaſionally viſited it, from his profeſſional reſidence at Longwood, which he hired and lived at as conveniently near his regiment; where he found literary leiſure to contemplate and execute his political plan, which he actually began by compoſing there the North Briton, as famous for the public effects it actually produced, as infamous for the private ends it ſolely had in view; which had not even the little excuſe of party principles to follow, but ſolely perſonal objects to attain, and thoſe of the meaneſt kind, low intereſtedneſs, not of the certainly more venial, lofty ambition. There was a time when this diſtinction might have ſeemed ſlander; but notorious ſubſequent detection, and even ſelf confeſſion, though not till after conviction, therefore with all its diſgrace, but without any of its credit, have ſince incontrovertibly proclaimed the truth of it. Even at that period he attracted more notice than is generally beſtowed upon the maſs of ſummer viſitors, who either take lodgings, or run over the iſland unobſerving and unobſerved. Whether a natural ſon, of the name of John Smith, was the fruit of an amorous connexion Wilkes was known to have there made with an obſcure

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obſcure young woman of great beauty, is uncertain, but highly probable. This probability is ſtrengthened by the enthuſiaſtic praiſes Wilkes always beſtowed on the native charms of the lower claſs of Vectenſian females; and in his hours of levity with the companions of his gallantries, he always diſtinguiſhed it by the name of Cyprus. This fair daughter of an humble cottager alluded to, was known to be pregnant, but ſhe has long been dead, and herſelf and her ſtory nearly forgotten.

When Wilkes, for good reaſons, retired to Paris, he took Smith, then at a very tender age, with him, and there formed a plan of education all his own, very different from that generally adopted, and from which he formed the moſt ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs. He thought it poſſible to ſubſtitute the embelliſhed manners of the world for the rougher exterior attendant upon our public ſeminaries, without any ſacrifice of the more ſolid information they communicate, and this in the ſame period of education. Paris was the alma mater deſtined to produce this extraordinary character, and in that metropolis Smith was placed *en penſion* in a ſeminary of note, at the annual expence of 100 guineas, and attended by maſters of the firſt reputation. After having attained the age of 14, in the year 1773, Smith was recalled to London, and fixed with Angelo to be farther inſtructed in his exerciſes. He likewiſe attended the academy in Soho-ſquare, in order to regain his native language, which he had completely forgotten, and to improve himſelf in claſſical learning, in which at Paris he had made a very deſpicable progreſs. By this new ſituation, the improvement of this diſtinguiſhed favourite by no means kept pace with the opportunities afforded, nor with the zeal and intereſt Wilkes felt in every thing that concerned him; ſave in the branch of horſemanſhip, in which he excelled, he did no credit to himſelf or his inſtructors. What Paris and London could not give, was expected from Hamburgh, to which place Smith experienced another removal, and was there placed

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placed under the care of the celebrated Profeſſor Buſching; but this laſt effort was attended with no better ſucceſs. Yet it by no means appears but that Smith poſſeſſed a tolerable capacity, and would in any of the uſual modes of education have paſſed muſter. The fault was in the plan; by aiming at every thing, nothing was attained; the attempt to raiſe him to a height above the level of his abilities, abſolutely ſunk him below it. Wilkes had, finally, the mortification to ſee, that, from the perpetual change of ſituation, Smith poſſeſſed neither the real character of an Engliſhman nor of a Frenchman: that as in acquiring French, he had loſt his Engliſh, ſo in attempting to regain his native tongue, he became leſs perfect in the foreign one: thus in manners, language, and appearance, he ſettled into a ſtrange compound of the two nations. Diſappointed and diſpleaſed with his own management, Wilkes ſent this ſingular, inſtead of accompliſhed, young man, a cadet to the Eaſt Indies, where he ſtill remains, as in his laſt will, John Smith, in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, is mentioned with only a legacy of 100l.

This miſcarriage of Wilkes in a buſineſs he had ſo much at heart, may be compared with that experienced by Lord Cheſterfield, under circumſtances ſomewhat ſimilar: they both of them ſaw in idea the picture they wiſhed to exhibit, and well knew how to appreciate; but in their eager partiality, conſidered not the numerous fortunate combinations that muſt unite to form ſo rare a production as that of an accompliſhed man. Alike in both inſtances, by aiming at an exceſſive and higher finiſh than the ſubject would bear, they ſpoiled the piece, and degraded it below that ſtandard of mediocrity which it might otherwiſe have eaſily attained.

On his return from the continent, at a time he moſt attracted the notice of the public, and was at the very height of his popularity, Wilkes reſumed the habit of paying occaſional ſummer viſits in the Iſle of Wight.

At

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At the house of the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, which often during that season of the year was the resort of public men and men of genius, Wilkes was highly distinguished in the circle of festive wit. Here he shone with decided superiority in repartee and anecdote over Hawkesworth and Garrick, who were guests of the same house; and it is a circumstance well known, that wherever they chanced to meet, Wilkes was in the constant habit of attacking and humiliating the latter, and in these rencontres carried his sarcasms to a degree bordering on rudeness, which Garrick felt, and often complained of. Wilkes used to say, that he did this on purpose, and contrary to his general custom, through regard to Garrick, whose inordinate vanity it was doing him a service to mortify, as it hindered him from exposing himself. Of no period of his life was Wilkes wont to speak with more satisfaction than of this; he was then in the full vigour of his faculties, and his fame and popularity gave him hopes of arriving at the lucrative distinction he alone aimed at. To learn the different opinions that different men entertained of his moral and political merits, gave him great amusement. Anecdotes of this sort he was fond of relating—In one of his rambles in the island, not being able to procure such accommodation for the night as he liked, he requested a bed at a neighbouring farm-house; the name of Wilkes was a sufficient passport, and the master, mistress, and the whole family were highly gratified by the sight of so celebrated a personage. On retiring to rest he desired a boot-jack might be brought to him. After waiting a long time for this necessary piece of furniture, he again went down stairs, doubting whether the house contained one: there he found that the cause of the delay originated in his own character; for he found the mistress and the maid at high words, the latter declaring that no consideration upon earth should induce her to trust herself in the same room with so dangerous a man as Mr. Wilkes!

On

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On another occaſion, having engaged lodgings at a farm-houſe, where he always found himſelf comfortable, he was one morning ſurpriſed by a notice from the farmer to quit the houſe, as the landlord was in a violent rage that ſuch a lodger as Wilkes ſhould be received into any houſe that belonged to him. At the very moment when the portmanteau was packing up, a meſſage of a very different nature was received from a gentleman of oppoſite politics, who congratulated the country on the arrival of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot, and requeſted the champion of liberty would do him the honour to make his houſe his home.

This Wilkes ſaid he found to be the caſe in all his political career; and that, politically ſpeaking, he never made an enemy without, at the ſame time, gaining a friend, or loſt an old friend without gaining by the ſame action a new one. In proof of the ſentiment, that public men have in fact neither friends nor enemies, Wilkes uſed to ſay, that "the very ſame gentleman who turned me out of his farmer's houſe for being a *liberty-boy*, when afterwards I became a *good-boy*, and was made Chamberlain of London, was the firſt perſon to pay his reſpects, and offer me his compliments.

It does not appear that from the time of his mayoralty, and during his repeated unſucceſsful conteſts for the office of Chamberlain, Wilkes either reſorted to the Iſle of Wight, or maintained a correſpondence with any perſon in it. But no ſooner was the cloud that obſcured him during this period diſperſed, and returning fortune more than ever favoured him, than his ancient predilection for the inſular ſcenes he had enjoyed in his more youthful days revived. From that time he reſolved to make his favourite iſle the retreat of his calmer days and declining age; and, in conſequence, in the year 1788, took a long term of Sandham Cottage, in the pariſh of Brading. From this æra may be dated the inſular life of Wilkes; in contraſt to his former caſual viſits,

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visits, amidst embarrassments of various kinds, and under the *necessity* of receiving pecuniary aid from the dregs of his party, which he is known to have been even in the Isle of Wight. He is now to be contemplated in a novel point of view. Henceforth we are to consider him as Chamberlain, in affluent circumstances, free from party entanglements, in the retirement of his choice, possessed of leisure and ability to pursue such business and amusement as his natural bent and inclination might point out. The embellishment of his cottage and adjoining ground of about four acres was his first and favourite project. To this he gave incessant attention, with all the ardour that novelty, and an occupation so universally pleasing could inspire. Even his favourite Horace was obliged to yield a temporary preference to Evelyn's Sylva and Miller's Dictionary. The situation was beautiful, and he was determined to add every improvement that the hand of art could give.

After finishing and furnishing the original cottage, which commands an extensive and beautiful sea view, and Culver-cliff to the east, he erected detached pavilions of the Knightsbridge floor-cloth manufactory in the most advantageous points of view; and in the background raised numerous fanciful structures, for the purpose of rearing poultry, and keeping various kinds of birds, of which he was exceedingly fond; nay his kindness to the feathered tribe extended so far, that he fastened open boxes filled with corn upon the stems of trees, to feed the sparrows and other small birds, and always provided them with an additional allowance for winter. Thus he seemed more attentive to the lives and happiness of every other animal, than of *mankind*.

In the disposition of his shrubbery and garden, he disclaimed the introduction of exotic plants of difficult culture; but was profuse of the common flowering shrubs, the most easily reared fruits and vegetables. To his

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his friend Churchill he erected a memorial with a Latin inſcription on a Doric pillar, after a model of Virgil's tomb at Naples, and gave it the name of Churchill's tomb; on which he uſed to remark, that he could not make a more grateful oblation to, or better propitiate the manes of Churchill, than by filling the cavity with a ſtore of the choiceſt wines; to which uſe he actually applied it as a cellar.

This his villakin, as he called it, contrary to the uſual fate of far prouder manſions, rather from the celebrity of its *owner* than its *own*, became one of thoſe fancy-places which the ſummer viſitors of the Iſle of Wight ſeldom omitted in their excurſions; a circumſtance highly acceptable to its maſter, who refuſed admiſſion to none, and to particular people willingly did the honours himſelf with the greateſt affability, and many pleaſant remarks and anecdotes applicable to the place and its improvements.

Whatever part he acted in former life, or with whatever vices and immoralities the world, right or wrong, might have branded him, here our retired alderman, at his villakin, ſpent his time in as rational, quiet, and blameleſs a manner, as any of his graver brethren, the dulleſt citizens, at their larger and more coſtly villas in the vicinity of the metropolis. His hours were regular, and he roſe early, for the purpoſe, as he more jocoſely than creditably obſerved he had ever done, "of worſhipping the riſing ſun." His mornings were divided between the inſpection of his workmen and improvements, and his ſtudy, to which he always dedicated ſome part of the day. Thoſe who viſited him he received in the moſt hoſpitable manner, and his acts of benevolence were neither ſparing nor ill applied. The tradeſmen whom he employed in his improvements he would occaſionally entertain at his own table, and ply them with the moſt generous and expenſive wines, and with their elated ſpirits and curious remarks, under circumſtances

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ſtances to them ſo unuſual, he was greatly amuſed. Wilkes poſſeſſed a happy talent, by no means common to men in the decline of life; he always had the appearance of being pleaſed with himſelf, inceſſantly labouring to impart the ſame good humour to others, and in this he was ſo ſucceſsful that ſurly and phlegmatic indeed muſt have been the perſon, who could with any degree of ſpleen quit him and his houſe.

However bad, if any, his moral or religious principles were, Wilkes certainly poſſeſſed his mind in ſerenity; which inclines us in charity to hope, that bad as that is, he had more of the cool indifferent in *himſelf* only towards thoſe uſually moſt animating concerns, than of the rancorous enemy againſt them in *others*; that he was, as to religion, rather the light, heedleſs infidel for the *want* of thought, than the deep, contemplative atheiſt, from the ancient ſceptical *exceſs*, or the worſe modern philoſophical *refinement*, of it; the little benefit of which diſtinction we wiſh to allow him, if ever to be admitted as it has been, between the negative infidel, as barely a patient *unbeliever*, and the poſitive atheiſt as an active *diſbeliever*; which former, though equally injurious with the latter in its conduct, is perhaps not equally criminal in its cauſe. As to his political principles, independent of the ſtorms he raiſed for the purpoſes of private gratification or emolument, he was undoubtedly firmly attached to the ancient and original ſpirit of the conſtitution, he admired and loved the revolution, and was, as his tombſtone declares, "A friend to liberty." The hours he ſpent in his ſtudy, which he ſuffered no perſon to enter, were, by his own account, dedicated chiefly to the reviſal and making additions to what he uſed to call *the work*, and which was meant for poſthumous publication, under the title of "The Life and Opinions of John Wilkes." From this he would often read extracts to his more intimate friends, and to ſome of them he promiſed a place in the

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book. What has been the fate of this manuſcript, which was neatly bound in a great number of volumes, it does not yet appear. Upon the merits of this work, he gave it to be underſtood, was to reſt his character with poſterity; but in his laſt viſit to the Iſle of Wight, in the ſummer of 1797, he told a clergyman, his neighbour, that this labour of ſo many years ſhould be committed to the flames.

In his dreſs and figure Wilkes at his cottage, or in the ſtreets of London, was preciſely the ſame; the bag, the blue and gold, or the full ſuit of ſcarlet, compoſed his conſtant and unalterable drapery. Theſe cut in the faſhion of his youthful days, with the ſingle, rural, and not well according addition of boots, made the exterior truly unique. At an early hour he was made up for the day, and ready to ſee company, which he willingly entertained with anecdotes and characters he had met with in his private and political walks through life. In theſe converſations he never failed to introduce ſome eulogy on the manners of the French, as they were at the time of his reſidence among them, and as ſeldom refrained from his uſual ſarcaſms on North Britons. The habit of repeating the ſame ſet of ſtories was the only ſymptom of ſenility that Wilkes exhibited in his laſt ſtage of life; his ſpirits and vivacity experienced little, if any viſible decay; the taſte ſhewn by him in ornamenting his rooms and grounds, bore a great affinity to that diſplayed in his perſon. Every thing in that line was exactly of a piece with the old blue and gold, and the ſcarlet, with gold knee bands; all was overdone and gaudy, the very reverſe of chaſte ſimplicity.

In his laſt viſit to his cottage, Wilkes ſeemed to be aware that his vital thread was ſpun out to nearly its length, but this cauſed no abatement of his good humour and feſtive manners. His glaſs of Champagne loſt neither its reliſh nor its effect, and the "life to the laſt

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laſt enjoyed" of his friend Churchill, was as applicable to him as to its author.

The laſt time he croſſed the water he had a very long and tedious paſſage, owing to a total failure of wind. So circumſtanced, he jocoſely remarked, that if this was the caſe, he ſhould never again reviſit the Iſle of Wight, as in every period of his life nothing was ſo hoſtile to his exiſtence as *a dead calm*. This prediction was verified; he returned no more to the iſland; but, as is well known, died at the houſe of his daughter, in Groſvernor-ſquare, on the 28th of December following.

This "picture in little" of Wilkes at his cottage, there living to himſelf, and in his own confined way, will not perhaps be conſidered as the leaſt intereſting in the life of that extraordinary man. When the frail ornaments of Sandham ſhall have mouldered away, and its inſcriptions ſhall have ceaſed to be legible, themſelves requiring inſtead of giving explanation, the mind that knows how to reſpect wit and talents in themſelves, however abuſed in their application, will muſe over the ſpot, and ſtill hail as at leaſt minor claſſic ground, *the villakin of John Wilkes!*

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THE

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 259.)

The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind abates their pain though it cannot heal them.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE ſun aroſe in his wonted beauty the next morning to the eyes of STEINFORT, who awoke to a renewed proſpect of life and happineſs, which though ſhaded by a few difficulties, imparted more lively pleaſures than it is in the power of ſullen and retired philoſophy to beſtow. He aroſe and adjuſted his dreſs more to the taſte of the world, and threw off the rough and uncourtly manners of the philoſopher for the more gentle and reſpectful demeanour of the lover. His rural hoſt and hoſteſs, with whom he reſided, were rather ſurprized at this alteration in his appearance, but as their enquiries had been checked, they preſumed not to aſk any queſtions. They knew nothing of his circumſtances, and were ſeldom troubled with his company, except when he was induced to make ſome idle experiment, or in his moments of relaxation he amuſed them with his eccentricities.

Having loitered about with impatience till the former part of the morning had paſſed away, he departed to viſit his ELIZA. The ſun ſhone delightfully on the ſurrounding landſcape as he walked along, the plumed muſicians of the air caroled their ſweeteſt notes, and all nature ſeemed to breathe forth a harmony well ſuited to the ſoft emotions of his ſoul. On his arrival he was introduced into a parlour, where he found ELIZA ſetting

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ting alone. She received him with a familiar eaſe, unaccompanied with any other confuſion, ſave what tinted her cheek.

After a few general comments and explanations relative to paſt events, they touched upon more intereſting topics, and STEINFORT was not a little gratified at finding in the perſon he loved a mind congenial with his own, that could accompany him in the flights of fancy, and the wanderings of imagination.

The time flew ſwiftly away, and nothing remained to damp the happineſs of our lovers but the oppoſition of friends. They had to encounter and ſubdue the pertinacity of a prejudiced father, and to brave the taunts of a cenſorious world; a taſk, however difficult to perform for an individual lopped off from ſociety, without any one to love or truſt, is ſtill more difficult to undertake with fortitude, when we ſee thoſe we love ſubjected to the ſame calamity; and though we have the additional *pleaſure* of mutual conſolation, we have likewiſe the additional *pain* of ſeeing each other ſuffer, from the ſame cauſe, with the ſame deſpair of redreſs. Theſe ideas ſerved but to ſtrengthen the cord that bound them together, and they ſeparated with deſires ſanctioned by virtue, and hopes that could not eaſily be depreſſed.

STEINFORT daily continued his viſits, and every evening returned with brighter proſpects of happineſs, barred with new difficulties of acceſs. A week being elapſed in removing obſtructions and obviating objections, without any deciſive meaſures being adopted, they met to determine on ſome mode of conduct, and agree either to act independent of friends, or forego each other's company till circumſtances were more favourable to their union. Clandeſtine means were canvaſſed, and diſmiſſed with this remark; "that, though they ſometimes conferred ſecurity, they did not infallibly ſecure happineſs; for thoſe who adopted them, muſt ever offend the judicious and experienced part of

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mankind, the good opinion of which is so necessary to public approbation, and public approbation best consolidates private enjoyment." "Well," observed ELIZA, as she tendered STEINFORT her hand, "*this* the world may prevent me making a present of for a time, but shall never prevail upon me to give it to another." STEINFORT pressed it to his lips. At that instant the parlour door opened, and Mr. Dalton appeared. STEINFORT felt a little confused at first at this singular intrusion; but, unconscious of any impropriety, he avoided, by any awkward evasions, to create the appearance of one. ELIZA, when she saw her father, shrunk for a moment from herself, and as she expected to encounter offended honour on his brow, and every feature alive with revenge, was not a little surprized, when, after gazing on them for a moment with doubtful surprize, he familiarly stepped forward, and shaking hands with STEINFORT, hoped he found him well.

An appearance so unexpected, and conduct so mysterious, filled them both with astonishment, and was mistaken at first for some low cunning of insult. Mr. Dalton soon undeceived them, by making suitable concessions to STEINFORT for the injury he had done his character, and briefly informing him that his seclusion from the world had given rise to an enquiry into his character and circumstances; and it too plainly appeared that his actions had been aggravated, and the pursuits of virtue tortured into those of vice. He likewise informed him, that having heard from his friends of the amendment of his daughter's health, he had been induced to fetch her home to assist him in concerting measures to seek out his retirement, and make him what reparation was left in his power. That on his arrival, he was informed of the perilous situation from which his daughter had been snatched by the signal bravery and interposition of a young man, who was then with her in the parlour; and that thus he had, without any apology, intruded upon them, but expected not

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not to find in the deliverer of his daughter, one whom he had given ſufficient provocation to convert into the deadlieſt foe. STEINFORT and ELIZA heard his narrative with looks expreſſive of the ſatisfaction they felt; and, after a moment's pauſe, STEINFORT obſerved, "that as a link in the chain of mortality, and ſubject with his fellow beings to all the errors and weakneſſes of humanity, he had no juſt claims to diſtinction from the reſt of mankind; that when extenuation was the buſineſs of the world, after its revenge had been glutted, and the object of its diſpleaſure removed, virtue was magnified in its turn as much as vice had been, and applauſe was as frequently injudiciouſly beſtowed as cenſure." "Well, well," replied Mr. Dalton, that may be as you pleaſe, but you ſhall not moralize me out of the notion that I am under great obligations to you, and therefore I hope you will conſider of ſome method by which I may repay them." "On the ſuppoſition that you are obligated to me," anſwered STEINFORT, "I know but of one favour you can grant me, in the refuſal of which you deny me every thing I deſire, but in conferring it, you give me every thing I want; and that is," continued he, "the hand of this lady," taking hold of ELIZA. "How now," retorted Mr. Dalton, "you are contriving to get me deeper in debt, by taking the trouble off my hands of ſeeking her a ſuitable huſband; but ſince you are reſolved to be generous, I will not be left behind; therefore if you have her, it muſt be only on this condition, that you permit me to entail upon her a fortune of 5000l." His ready conſent, together with his generoſity, rather ſurprized STEINFORT; but it is often obſerved, that thoſe who are warm and haſty in their reſentments, are, on conviction of having done wrong, equally zealous, and eager to make all poſſible amends. STEINFORT paying him a compliment on his liberality, obſerved, that as propoſals of that nature were ſo ſeldom rejected, he would

not

not be so affectedly singular as to hesitate on the conditions, "Well then," said Mr. Dalton, taking hold of ELIZA's hand, and attempting to give it to STEINFORT, "I——" "Hold," cried ELIZA, "is my consent then entirely out of the question?"—"Your eyes have told me you have not been an indifferent spectator," replied Mr. Dalton—ELIZA reddened—"Nay, those cheeks confirm it," added he, "colouring as it were for the frailty of your eyes; come, come, he who was brave enough to oppose individual force against such odds, to rescue you, is no common hero, and will make no common husband." "You are convinced then," replied ELIZA, "that he is not infallibly a coward, who refuses to countenance the practice of duelling." "I am convinced," replied Mr. Dalton, "that *he is the greatest hero who has courage to do right*; therefore I hope you will permit me to present your hand to STEINFORT." "Suppose I object," observed ELIZA. "Do you object?" asked Mr. Dalton. "Yes!" answered ELIZA. "Your reason," continued he. "That I may have the pleasure of presenting it to him myself," added ELIZA, giving her hand to STEINFORT. Mr. Dalton, laughing, observed, "that he hoped her philosophical lover would teach her something of *gravity*." STEINFORT observed, that he had no claim to the title of philosopher. "What but philosophy has enabled you to endure the evils of life with patience?" asked Mr. Dalton. "That I am afraid has not been the case," replied STEINFORT; "but I have a still more difficult task before me," continued he, "to enjoy the pleasures of life with *temperance*."

The evening was spent in a reciprocation of civilities, and after some entreaty on the side of Mr. Dalton, and solicitation on STEINFORT, the nuptials were agreed to be solemnized on the approaching Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Dalton. Having spent the remaining part

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part of the week among their friends in the country, a coach was procured early on Sunday morning, that bore them away to the altar of connubial felicity!

Wolverhampton,
April 9, 1800. CIVIS.

TOM CORYATE,

AN ORIGINAL BRITISH TRAVELLER.

[*From Pennant's Indoſtan.*]

I MUST not quit this place without dropping a tear over the grave of poor *Tom Coryate*, the moſt ſingular traveller Britain, or perhaps any other country, ever ſent forth. He lies on the banks of the ſhore near *Swalley*, where he finiſhed his long peregrinations in December 1617. Tom was born in 1577 at Odcombe, in Somerſetſhire. After publiſhing in 1611 his moſt laughable travels, ſtyled *Coryate's Crudities*, prefaced by above forty copies of verſes by the waggiſh wits of the time (amongſt which is one in the ancient Britiſh language) he ſet out on his greater travels.

In his European travels he tells us, that he walked 1975 miles in one pair of ſhoes, and had occaſion to mend them only once. On his return to Odcombe, he hung them in the church as a *donarium* for their bringing him ſafely home to his natal ſoil.

Encouraged by Sir Paul Pindar, whom he met with at Conſtantinople in 1612, he ſailed to the Levant, viſited Greece, Troy, Smyrna, and Egypt; made his pilgrimage to Jeruſalem, had his arm tattooed with the mark of the croſs, ſaw the Dead Sea, from there got to Alexandrette, from thence to Aleppo, arrived at Nineveh and Babylon, reached Iſpahan. From thence he proceeded to Candabar, Lahor, and Agra—there he entertained the *Great Mogul* with an eloquent oration in the Perſian language, ſo much to the content of that monarch,

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monarch, that he beſtowed on him a *hundred rupees*. Having a wonderful facility in languages, he had a trial of ſkill with our Ambaſſador's laundreſs, the greateſt *ſcold* in all Agra! Tom attacked her in her own tongue, the *Hindoo*, at ſun-riſe, and ſilenced her by eight o'clock in the morning! He now haſtened to the concluſion of all his travels; he deſcended to Surat, where he was ſeized with a flux, that was increaſed by a treat of ſack, given him by ſome Engliſh merchants. He was a very temperate man, but could not reſiſt a favourite liquor ſo unexpectedly falling in his way. More of him may be ſeen in Mr. Terry's Voyage, printed in 1655, a book of much entertainment. But here poor Tom fell in 1617, and here he lies beneath an Indian ſoil.

ANECDOTE,

RELATED BY KOTZEBUE, IN HIS FLIGHT TO PARIS.

ON the twenty-ninth the Royal Agricultural Society held their public ſitting. Among the prizes they awarded, was a ſilver medal of a hundred livres to Madame Rattier, the wife of a car-driver. The occaſion for which it was given, affected the whole Aſſembly with a pleaſing emotion.

A child was, five years before, confided to the care of this admirable woman, of whoſe parents ſhe has never ſince heard. She has four children of her own, and an income of not more than fifty dollars, which her huſband earns by the ſweat of his brow. Often has ſhe been adviſed to ſend her little charge to the Foundling Hoſpital, but never would forſake her; and though the conſtant riſing of all the neceſſaries of life, has reduced her to great ſhifts and want, ſhe has uniformly continued to do the ſame for this poor orphan as for her own children.

THE

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THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN;

APRL 3d, PRODUCED an after piece under the title of ST. DAVID'S DAY, with new ſcenes and decorations. It is what the title ſuggeſts, a kind of good humoured ſatire upon the Ancient Britons. The Welſh are here exhibited with their laughable peculiarities; and the incidents, though neither new nor particularly intereſting, are well arranged for the purpoſes of amuſement.

During the courſe of this laſt month, both theatres have been barren of new performances; they, however, announce ſomething in hand, which, upon their appearance, ſhall be detailed with our accuſtomed fidelity.

SADLER'S WELLS.

APRIL 14, being Eaſter Monday, opened with its uſual ſpirit and animation. The pieces were ſplendid, various, and full of humour. *Richer* danced on the rope and played on the tambourine at the ſame time. The houſe, which was crowded, greatly admired the novelty.

NEW

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NEW ROYAL CIRCUS

Alſo preſented its ſummer amuſements. The interior is highly improved in appearance, and the new Ballet Dance was received with loud applauſes. A ſplendid ſpectacle likewiſe was produced, called THE MINE, or the BLACK FOREST OF ISTRIA, which excels in picturesque ſcenery, rich dreſſes, and decorations. Many valuable performers have been added to the company. The comic Pantomime was pleaſing, and the humorous abilities of *Mr. Montgomery*, the clown, kept the houſe in a continued roar of laughter and applauſe.

AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

Commenced with a full company of ſpectators, who were delighted with the performances of the evening. *Miſs Gray*, *Mr. Gray*, and that Proteus of nature, *Laurent*, made their appearance, together with *Johannot* and the celebrated *Smith*, *Handy*, and *Croſsman*, now, without exception, the only horſemen in the world.

Mr. Aſtley, *Junior*, has exerted himſelf for the entertainment of the public, and every one muſt be amuſed with his ſurpriſing feats of activity.

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THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR ARRIL, 1800.

A BALLAD.

THE clouds of night flew ſwift away,
In crimſon dreſt appear'd the morning,
Up roſe the glorious orb of day,
With gold the eaſtern ſhores adorning.

Far to the regions of the north
Winter had fled with frozen boſom,
And genial ſpring again call'd forth
The tender bud, the fragrant bloſſom.

The lambs on every verdant hill,
In many a playful gambol bounded,
And "through the high wood echoing ſhrill"
The huntſman's merry horn reſounded.

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the deep
The zephyrs now were gently blowing,
Its waves of ſilver ſeem'd to ſleep,
In ſilent murmurs ſoftly flowing.

While meadows ſmile in verdure clad,
And nature all around rejoices,
And feather'd ſongſters blythe and glad
Amidſt the groves attune their voices;

Is there a heart which does not glow
With rapture as the morn advances?
Is there an eye ſo ſunk in woe
Where not one ray of pleaſure glances?

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Lo! on yon rugged half worn stone,
Full often dash'd by many a billow,
The hapless Anna sits alone,
Her snowy arm her only pillow.

Unmov'd, the feather'd choir she hears,
Unheeding views the scene surrounding,
Her eyes bedew'd with bitter tears,
Her heart with grief's keen pangs abounding

Her cheeks which late the rose's glow
In all its blushing grace did borrow,
Appear'd like lilies fading low,
Which droop their heads in silent sorrow.

Five times had Spring renew'd the ground,
And Summer beam'd in brilliant glory,
And Autumn scatter'd fruits around,
And Winter frown'd with visage hoary;

Since from his love and native home
Edward had brav'd full many a danger,
Still doom'd in foreign climes to roam,
His sad, sad heart to peace a stranger.

Thrice had distill'd the summer rain
When rumour thro' the village sounded,
That Edward on the hóstile plain
Had sunk expiring, pale, and wounded.

But Anna's sufferings to pourtray
With all the muses aid were folly,
The grief which made her mind its prey,
The deep, the pining melancholy.

Then maniac frenzy fir'd her soul,
Her eyes with frantic wildness beaming,
Far from her native home she stole,
Her tresses in the zephyr streaming.

Two tedious years had pass'd away,
No ray of joy dispell'd her sorrow,
For weary, weary, was the day,
And no sweet hope to cheer the morrow.

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She daily wander'd on the ſhore,
And ſadly gaz'd acroſs the ocean,
Tho' reaſon ſway'd her mind no more,
Her breaſt ſtill felt each ſoft emotion.

But hark! ſhe ſings; the gentle ſtrain
Upon the ear is ſoftly ſtealing,
Like Philomel in eve's ſtill reign
By the pale moon her grief revealing.

"Blow ſoftly, gentle gales,
To waft my lover here,
Where Anna ſtill bewails,
Still drops the bitter tear.

Ye waves that ſmoothly flow,
Oh bear him to the ſhore,
Then farewell all my woe,
We'll meet to part no more.

Ah me! poor hapleſs maid,
Beyond yon weſtern wave
Thy Edward low is laid
Within the ſilent grave:

I'll ſing him to repoſe,
I'll wander ſadly nigh,
I'll ſtrew the pink and roſe
Where Edward's aſhes lie.

In peace my lover ſleep,
Here ling'ring night and day,
Thy Anna ſtill will weep,
Still guard thy much lov'd clay.

But ſee, through yonder vale,
My Edward ſwiftly glide,
Why look'ſt thou love ſo pale?
Why ſtreams that purple tide?

Oh ſtay my love for me,
One moment, Edward ſtay,
Soon from this earth with thee,
I'll ſwiftly fly away.

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Thro' yon vaſt cloud of white,
On airy wings will ſoar,
There beams that heavenly light
Which darkneſs hides no more."

And who is he whoſe faded form
Along the lonely beach is roving?
Sav'd from the overwhelming ſtorm,
Some hapleſs mariner is roving.

Why does he ſtart with wild amaze
When he beholds the maid advancing?
Why does he ſadly, ſadly gaze,
Upon her eyes with madneſs glancing?

Oh, 'tis her early only love,
'Tis Edward whoſe fond arms enfold her,
But oh, what pangs his heart muſt prove,
A wandering maniac to behold her!

Eſcap'd from battle's fierce alarms,
To all his former joys returning,
Young Edward's heart gay fancy warms,
But ah, that joy is chang'd to mourning.

In vain he tries each tender care,
Whilſt her pale form on him is leaning;
She chills him with a vacant ſtare,
And wounds him with a ſmile unmeaning.

To a lone cottage on the ſhore
His trembling footſteps ſwiftly bore her,
And hoping reaſon's dawn once more,
He ſtill with ceaſeleſs care watch'd o'er her.

Haſt thou not ſeen ſome lovely flower
Droop in the ſun's meridian fervour?
Soft fall the dews at eve's ſtill hour;
They cool her boſom and preſerve her.

Haſt thou not ſeen in winter's night,
From dark ſome clouds a ſtar faint gleaming?
Soon it broke forth with cheering light,
And ſhone in heavenly ſplendor beaming:

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So did this lovely flower ariſe,
The ſilent tears its bloom renewing,
So reaſon beam'd from Anna's eyes,
The tumult of her ſoul ſubduing.

Bright roſe the ſun from eaſtern wave,
That morn no added joy could borrow,
Which to her love his Anna gave,
And baniſh'd every trace of ſorrow.

In Virtue's paths they ever trode
Her ſmiles the frowns of fate diſpelling,
And calm content and peace abode,
Within their humble happy dwelling.

SOPHIA AND ST. CLAIR.

ON THE

DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

SURGE AD JUDICIUM!

WHAT ſolemn, funeral dirge aſſaults my ear?
Whence is this melancholy martial band?
Following in tears ſome much lamented bier,
With ſlow and ſolemn ſteps along the ſtrand.

Alas! this penſive, wretched train are come
To weep great Waſhington's lamented death;
To pay their laſt ſad duties to his tomb,
Who ſerv'd his country with his lateſt breath.

In him each noble virtue was combin'd,
He was indeed the guardian of his land;
Nature her gifts of body and of mind
On him had ſcatter'd with a liberal hand.

The Chriſtian, parent, hero, and the ſage,
All, all in him with chief reſplendence ſhone,
His virtues ſtrike the hearts of ev'ry age,
With power ſuperior to the noon-day ſun.

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In fight his excellence he clearly prov'd,
Valiant though cool, and without rashness brave;
He, as a parent by each man was lov'd,
To all alike his gen'rous aid he gave.

But when no more the cause of freedom mov'd
The hero's arm, nor call'd to deeds of war,
He shar'd his virtues with the wife he lov'd,
And rear'd his people with the tend'rest care.

In him the poor a benefactor knew;
Rever'd, respected, by the old and young:
He to religion's cause was ever true,
Her glorious doctrines oft employ'd his tongue.

Oh! for immortal Gray's melodious lyre,
To paint the hero's much lamented end,
To attend with throbbing heart his fun'ral bier,
And with his soul to realms of light ascend.

But no; such themes as these ill suit my strain,
A hero's end requires a nobler lay;
He died with hope of Heaven's eternal gain,
In the bright prospect of a reck'ning day.

Then shall his virtues all divine appear,
There shall he shine the favorite of his Lord,
And the bright excellence which mark'd him here,
Meet with a full, an infinite reward.

F. N.

BRUTUS.

WHEN Brutus, champion in fair freedom's cause,
Saw Rome declining beneath Cæsar's laws,
With gen'rous ardour for his country's weal
His hand uprais'd the patriotic steel,
And plung'd it deep into the tyrant's side,
From whence in torrents flow'd life's purple tide!
(The *Ides of March*, O let them sacred be!
Gave death to Cæsar, and all Rome was free.)

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His country ſerv'd, which was his grand deſign,
His love return'd, which made him nobler ſhine:
Oft times wou'd he on Cæſar's virtues dwell,
And mourn the cauſe for which he juſtly fell.
May ev'ry ruler, in whatever ſtate,
Who'd act like Cæſar, meet with Cæſar's fate;
And ev'ry nation, panting to be free,
A Brutus find, to give them liberty!

J. C. L.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO J. B***K, ESQ.

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Occaſioned by a Friend of the Author's informing him of the Gentleman's Marriage to whom this is addreſſed, and requeſting he would write ſomething juſt *and* complimentary *on the Occaſion.*

SAY, ſhall my muſe unnotic'd paſs the day,
When *wiſdom* bended at th' hymeneal ſhrine;
Shall I forget the well deſerved lay,
That's due to *talents* and to *worth* like thine?

Ah! no, for while the liſt'ning world admire,
The child of *genius*, whoſe *enlighten'd* mind
Doth to the nobleſt deeds of *art* aſpire,
And lives to *ſtudy*, and *improve* mankind!

So long ſhalt *thou* maintain the envied ſeat,
That *merit* claimeth in the porch of fame;
Thy *uſeful* life ſhall heart-felt plaudits meet,
And unborn ages ſtill revere thy name!

'Tis all a puff—for thou wilt e'er be B***k,
The *child of folly*, and a *ſenſeleſs block*.

Barnard's Inn.

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LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DECEASE OF AN EXCELLENT PARENT.

SUCH is life! I exclaim'd with a ſigh,
As I bade a lov'd father adieu,
When dull ſorrow be-clouded that eye,
Which to mine ſpoke in ſympathy true.

Yet though ſad was the day, it was cheer'd
By the hope—that ere long I ſhould meet
A dear parent, ſo juſtly rever'd,
And again enjoy intercourſe ſweet.

But 'tis paſt, and death's cold cruel hand,
Has bereft me of life's brighteſt ray;
The reflection a tear will demand,
Though kind faith forbids ſorrow to ſtay.

She points to the regions on high,
Where no anguiſh nor heart-rending care
Can intrude—but ſerene is the ſky,
And the proſpect's unclouded and fair!

EMMA.

MORNING.

AS night her duſky veil withdraws,
And the mix'd dawn of light and ſhade
In juſt libration * ſeems to pauſe—
That to advance—or this to fade,

How pleaſing to th' unſhackled mind
At that ſolemn hour abroad to ſtray;
Who can in contemplation find
A purer light than gilds the day.

* Twilight.

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Full oft he ſtops—a voice he hears,
Not ſuch as duns guilt's fearful race;
Whom never-dying conſcience bears,
And makes an hell of ev'ry place.

No—'twas the voice of grateful praiſe,
Whoſe pure effuſion rent the ſky
From the fond hind, whoſe artleſs lays,
Enamour'd groves and ſtreams reply.

Oh ſcene of peace! of pure delight,
Which ſouls unhackney'd ever prize;
A theme—which as I vainly write,
Heaves my fond heart and dims my eyes.

Now the ſhrill harbinger * makes known
The new-born day; and mounting high,
The lark ſurveys the beaming zone †,
And ſpreads the tidings through the ſky.

Prompt at the ſound, from ev'ry ſpray
Harmonious riſe the warbling train;
One ſpirit ſwells th' enraptur'd lay,
And rends the hill, the dale, and plain.

Now full confeſs'd, the ſun around
Spreads the bright fervor of his beams;
With ſtreams of gold and azure crown'd,
Each diſtant mount and object gleams.

Far, far the faſt retiring haze,
Down to the realms of chaos ſpeed;
While ſparkling in refracted rays,
As gems the glitt'ring dews diſplay'd.

So 'fore fair truth dark error flies,
That, the pure light of heav'nly kind,
This, as the fogs which veil the ſkies,
The night and darkneſs of the mind.

Weſt Cowes, T——.
September 17, 1799.

* The cock. † The eaſtern horizon.

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LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, IN ANSWER TO SOME WHICH HE SENT ME, DISSUADING ME FROM STUDY.

WHY ſhould I ceaſe, fond youth, to ſeek a name,
Why ſpurn indignant from my eager mind
The ſteep aſcent, the toilſome hill of fame,
Where only I true genuine bliſs can find?

Each fond purſuit for that alone I yield,
Each joy of life, progreſſive in its courſe;
Willing I range the fair and ample field,
Where learning courts me with reſiſtleſs force.

What are to me the pleaſures of the day,
The weak enjoyments of the mad and vain;
Why ſhould I wander from my road aſtray,
To tread in footſteps followed quick by pain?

When God ſhall call me from my preſent ſtate,
And death at me ſhall aim his fatal dart;
I'll bow, ſubmiſſive to my certain fate,
And give to heaven my pure immortal part.

But why, my friend, ſhould I unnotic'd live,
And glide unknown adown the ſtream of life,
To keep my ſilent way, nor neither give
Nor cauſe one moment's happineſs or ſtrife?

'Tis true, in learning's devious path we meet,
(Unleſs by fortune ſunn'd we haply are)
With envious ſtorms, that all our aims defeat,
And wound our breaſts with many a ſhameful ſcar.

Need I poor Otway's tender woes revive,
Or Butler's, names to genius ever dear;
Ah! no, for you're too feelingly alive,
And ſilent drop to miſery the tear.

But look around and view this latter age,
Think on a Pope, a Congreve, and a Gay!
How they have deckt and ſwoln the letter'd page,
Yet baſk'd in fortune's animating ray.

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But Chatterton! Ah! there again I pauſe!
He was a martyr to the love of fame;
Nobly he ſuffer'd in fair learning's cauſe,
And ſunk in death with nothing but a name.

Born with a genius lofty and ſublime,
His ſoul poetic every fetter burſt;
The ſhame, and aye, the glory of his time,
Which will by ages yet unborn be curſt.

And Collins! Savage! they too ſwell the liſt,
Britannia's ſhame! and reſignation's pride!
The former meekly ſmil'd, and bending, kiſs'd
The ſacred book of God, and died.

More could I add, more tender ſcenes yet ſhow!
But that enough already I have ſaid;
I can but paint the miſery and woe,
Of Genius, ſlumbering with the peaceful dead.

W. MUDFORD.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

TUNE—"*The Dead of the Night.*"

YOUNG Cupid in ſorrow one day had thrown by
His quiver and darts, and did nothing but cry;
While Venus, his mother, endeavour'd in vain
To diſcover the cure for, or ſource of his pain.

A council was call'd in the chambers above,
To conſider the cauſe of dame Venus and love;
The urchin was ſummon'd, but none could tell why,
Thus the grief in his features, the tear in his eye.

By the deities all thus in public aſſail'd,
The frowns of the gods o'er the godling prevail'd,
Who bluſhing, confeſs'd that his power was loſt,
And all his late ſchemes by phyſicians were croſt.

That his beſt levell'd arrows were fruitleſs and vain,
For the faculty now could preſcribe for the pain,
And grew rich in proportion as he had grown poor,
For as oft as he wounded the doctors would cure.

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Old roſy-fac'd Bacchus, in accents divine,
Adviſ'd him to dip all his arrows in wine;
But Momus reply'd that 'twere better to ſteep
All his darts in ſome drugs that would lay them to ſleep.

Apollo rejoin'd, "Thoſe may ſport with his woes,
Who only exiſt, or to drink or to doze;
But the only reſource to regain his loſt fame,
Is a few of his darts at the doctors to aim."

Elate with the thought, Cupid quickly withdrew,
His pow'r to regain, his new plan to purſue,
And wond'rous to tell, that unaided by fees,
He brought the proud doctors all down on their knees.

There deſpairing, he kept them in anguiſh awhile,
Would now kill with a frown, and now cure with a ſmile;
And made them confeſs, after making them feel,
That the heart which love wounded, love only could heal.

Wolverhampton, CIVIS.
Auguſt 7, 1799.

SONNET.

OH! happy time, when o'er the dewy lawn,
I trac'd the orient crimſon of the morn,
And ſtray'd in peace where health and pleaſure roves,
O'er woodland mountain, and ſequeſter'd groves;

Till led by hope's deluſive ſmiles along,
Far from my happy home, with plenty crown'd,
To where the giddy, gay, licentious throng,
Dance thro' the path of vice in one eternal round.

So the pure rivulet ſerenely ſpreads
Where ſounds of diſcord never pour'd alarms;
Where amaranthine bowers, and daiſied meads,
Breathe all their ſweets, and mingle all their charms;

Till wildly wandering, negligent of home,
It joins the roaring main, where daſhing waters foam.

York. E. GILL.

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Literary Review.

Sketch of the Life and Literary Career of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, with the Journal of his Tour to Paris, at the cloſe of the Year 1790. *Written by Himſelf. Tranſlated from the German by Anne Plumtre. To which is ſubjoined an Appendix, including a general Abſtract of Kotzebue's Works.* Symonds. 7s. in boards.

A MORE entertaining work we have never peruſed. We believe it to be a faithful tranſcript of the original; indeed Miſs Plumtre has, on other occaſions, afforded indiſputable proofs of ability. The tranſlation of this work is executed with an uncommon degree of animation.

Of this *ſketch* we have made free uſe in our memoirs for the preſent Number; but we can aſſure our readers that much is ſtill left, calculated to inſtruct and gratify an inquiſitive mind. The work is far from being impoveriſhed by the extracts we have given to our readers. Kotzebue is an extraordinary man—his Pizarro has echoed through every part of Britain, and a curioſity is excited reſpecting his hiſtory. We ſhall only add, that it is written with ſpirit and intereſt. No lovers of the drama will repent the purchaſe and peruſal of this moſt intereſting publication.

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Travels through the States of North America, and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, during the Years 1795, 1796, *and* 1797. *By Iſaac Weld, Jun. Second Edition, illuſtrated and embelliſhed with Sixteen Plates. In Two Volumes.* Stockdale. 18s.

(Concluded from page 312.*)*

IN our laſt Review we gave this author's ſketch of PHILADELPHIA, from which the reader might form a good idea of the metropolis of the United States. We now intend to bring forward his delineation of the city of WASHINGTON, which, towards the concluſion of the preſent year, is to become the ſeat of the American government. It was ſo called after the late illuſtrious Preſident, *George Waſhington*, in grateful remembrance of his ſervices during their hard but ſucceſsful conteſt with Great Britain. MR. WELD viſited it in November 1795; and the following account of it is well worthy of attention.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

"The City of Waſhington, or the Federal City, as it is indiſcriminately called, was laid out in the year 1792, and is expreſsly deſigned for being the metropolis of the United States, and the ſeat of the federal government. In the year 1800 the congreſs is to meet there for the firſt time. As the foundation of this city has attracted the attention of ſo many people in Europe, and as ſuch very different opinions are entertained about it, I ſhall, in the following pages, give you a brief account of its riſe and progreſs.

"Shortly after the cloſe of the American war, conſiderable numbers of the Penſylvanian line, or of the militia, with arms in their hands, ſurrounded the hall in which the congreſs was aſſembled at Philadelphia, and with vehement menaces inſiſted upon immediate appropriations of money being made to diſcharge the large arrears due to them for their paſt ſervices. The members, alarmed at ſuch an outrage, reſolved to quit a ſtate in which they met with inſult inſtead of protection,

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tection, and quickly adjourned to New York, where the ſeſſion was terminated. A ſhort time afterwards, the propriety was ſtrongly urged in congreſs, of fixing upon ſome place for the meeting of the legiſlature, and for the ſeat of the general government, which ſhould be ſubject to the laws and regulations of the congreſs alone, in order that the members, in future, might not have to depend for their perſonal ſafety, and for their freedom of deliberation, upon the good or bad police of any individual ſtate. This idea of making the place, which ſhould be choſen for the meeting of the legiſlature, independent of the particular ſtate to which it might belong, was further corroborated by the following argument: That as the ſeveral ſtates in the union were in ſome meaſure rivals to each other, although connected together by certain ties, if any one of them was fixed upon for the ſeat of the general government in preference, and thus raiſed to a ſtate of pre-eminence, it might perhaps be the occaſion of great jealouſy amongſt the others. Every perſon was convinced of the expediency of preſerving the union of the ſtates entire; it was apparent, therefore, that the greateſt precautions ought to be taken to remove every ſource of jealouſy from amongſt them, which might tend, though remotely, to produce a ſeparation. In fine, it was abſolutely neceſſary that the ſeat of government ſhould be made permanent, as the removal of the public offices and the archives from place to place could not but be attended with many and very great inconveniencies.

"However, notwithſtanding this meaſure appeared to be beneficial to the intereſt of the union at large, it was not until after the revolution, by which the preſent federal conſtitution was eſtabliſhed, that it was acceded to on the part of all the ſtates. Pennſylvania, in particular, conſcious of her being a principal and central ſtate, and therefore likely to be made the ſeat of government if this new project was not carried into execution, was foremoſt in the oppoſition. At laſt ſhe complied; but it was only on condition that the congreſs ſhould meet at Philadelphia until the new city was ready for its reception, flattering herſelf that there would be ſo many objections afterwards to the removal of the ſeat of government, and ſo many difficulties in putting the project into execution, that it would finally be relinquiſhed. To the diſcriminating judgment of General Waſhington, then preſident, it was left to

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determine upon the ſpot beſt calculated for the federal city After mature deliberation he fixed upon a ſituation on the banks of the Patowmac River, a ſituation which ſeems to be marked out by nature, not only for a large city, but expreſsly for the ſeat of the metropolis of the United States.

"In the choice of the ſpot there were two principal conſiderations; Firſt, that it ſhould be as central as poſſible in reſpect to every ſtate in the union; ſecondly, that it ſhould be advantageouſly ſituated for commerce, without which it could not be expected that the city would ever be diſtinguiſhed for ſize or for ſplendour; and it was to be ſuppoſed, that the people of the United States would be deſirous of having the metropolis of the country as magnificent as it poſſibly could be. Theſe two eſſential points are moſt happily combined in the ſpot which has been choſen.

"The northern and ſouthern extremities of the United States are in 46° and 31° north latitude. The latitude of the new city is 38° 53′ north; ſo that it is within twenty-three minutes of being exactly between the two extremities. In no part of North America either is there a port ſituated ſo far up the country to the weſtward, excepting what belongs to Great Britain on the river St. Lawrence, its diſtance from the ocean being no leſs than two hundred and eighty miles. A more central ſituation could certainly have been fixed upon, by going further to the weſtward; but had this been done, it muſt have been an inland one, which would have been very unfavourable for trade. The ſize of all towns in America has hitherto been proportionate to their trade, and particularly to that carried on with the back ſettlements. This trade conſiſts in ſupplying the people of the weſtern parts of the United States, or the back ſettlements, with certain articles of foreign manufacture, which they do not find any intereſt in fabricating for themſelves at preſent; nor is it to be ſuppoſed that they will, for many years to come, while land remains cheap, and theſe articles can be imported and ſent to them on reaſonable terms. The articles chiefly in demand conſiſt of hardware, woollen cloths, figured cottons, hoſiery, haberdaſhery, earthen ware, &c. &c. from England; coffee, rum, ſugar *,

* Sugar is not ſent very far back into the country, as it is procured at much leſs expence from the maple tree.

from

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from the Weſt Indies; tea, coarſe muſlins, and calicoes, from the Eaſt Indies. In return for theſe articles the people of the back ſettlements ſend down for exportation the various kinds of produce which the country affords: wheat and flour, furs, ſkins, rice, indigo, tobacco, pitch, tar, &c. &c. It is very evident, therefore, that the beſt ſituation for a trading town muſt be upon a long navigable river, ſo that the town may be open to the ſea, and thus enabled to carry on a foreign trade, and at the ſame time be enabled, by means of an extenſive water communication in an oppoſite direction, to trade with the diſtant parts of the country. None of the inland towns have as yet increaſed to a great ſize. Lancaſter, which is the largeſt in all America, contains only nine hundred houſes, and it is nearly double the ſize of any other inland one. Neither do the ſea-port towns flouriſh, which are not well ſituated for carrying on an inland trade at the ſame time. The truth of this poſition muſt appear obvious on taking a ſurvey of the principal towns in the United States.

"Conſidering the vaſtneſs of the territory which is opened to the federal city by means of a water communication; conſidering that it is capable, from the fertility of its ſoil, of maintaining three times the number of inhabitants that are to be found at preſent in all the United States; and that it is advancing at the preſent time more rapidly in population than any other part of the whole continent; there is a good foundation for thinking that the federal city, as ſoon as the navigation is perfected, will increaſe moſt rapidly; and that at a future day, if the affairs of the United States go on as proſperouſly as they have done, it will become the grand emporium of the weſt, and rival in magnitude and ſplendor the cities of the old world.

"The city is laid out on a neck of land between the forks formed by the eaſtern and weſtern or main branch of Patowmac River. This neck of land, together with an adjacent territory, which is in the whole ten miles ſquare, was ceded to congreſs by the ſtates of Maryland and Virginia. The ground on which the city immediately ſtands was the property of private individuals, who readily relinquiſhed their claim to one half of it, in favour of congreſs, conſcious that the value of what was left to them would increaſe, and amply compenſate them for their loſs. The profits ariſing from the

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ſale of that part which has thus been ceded to congreſs will be ſufficient, it is expected, to pay for the public buildings, for the watering of the city, and alſo for paving and lighting of the ſtreets. The plan of the city was drawn by a Frenchman of the name of L'Enfant, and is on a ſcale well ſuited to the extent of the country, one thouſand two hundred miles in length, and one thouſand in breadth, of which it is to be the metropolis; for the ground already marked out for it is no leſs than fourteen miles in circumference. The ſtreets run north, ſouth, eaſt, and weſt; but to prevent that ſameneſs neceſſarily enſuing from the ſtreets all croſſing each other at right angles, a number of avenues are laid out in different parts of the city, which run tranſverſely; and in ſeveral places, where theſe avenues interſect each other, are to be hollow ſquares. The ſtreets, which croſs each other at right angles, are from ninety to one hundred feet wide, the avenues one hundred and ſixty feet. One of theſe is named after each ſtate, and a hollow ſquare alſo allotted to each, as a ſuitable place for ſtatues, columns, &c. which, at a future period, the people of any one of theſe ſtates may wiſh to erect to the memory of great men that may appear in the country. On a ſmall eminence, due weſt of the capitol, is to be an equeſtrian ſtatue of General Waſhington.

"The capitol is now building upon the moſt elevated ſpot of ground in the city, which happens to be in a very central ſituation. From this ſpot there is a complete view of every part of the city, and alſo of the adjacent country. In the capitol are to be ſpacious apartments for the accommodation of congreſs; in it alſo are to be the principal public offices in the executive department of the government, together with the courts of juſtice. The plan on which this building is begun is grand and extenſive; the expenſe of building it is eſtimated at a million of dollars, equal to two hundred and twenty-five thouſand pounds ſterling.

"The houſe for the reſidence of the preſident ſtands north-weſt of the capitol, at the diſtance of about one mile and a half. It is ſituated upon a riſing ground not far from the Patowmac, and commands a moſt beautiful proſpect of the river, and of the rich country beyond it. One hundred acres of ground, towards the river, are left adjoining to the houſe for pleaſure grounds. South of this there is to be a large park or

mall,

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mall, which is to run in an eaſterly direction from the river to the capitol. The buildings on either ſide of this mall are all to be elegant in their kind; amongſt the number it is propoſed to have houſes built at the public expenſe for the accommodation of the foreign miniſters, &c. On the eaſtern branch a large ſpot is laid out for a marine hoſpital and gardens. Various other parts are appointed for churches, theatres, colleges, &c. The ground in general, within the limits of the city, is agreeably undulated; but none of the riſings are ſo great as to become objects of inconvenience in a town. The ſoil is chiefly of a yellowiſh clay mixed with gravel. There are numbers of excellent ſprings in the city, and water is readily had in moſt places by digging wells. Here are two ſtreams likewiſe, which run through the city, Reedy Branch and Tiber Creek *. The perpendicular height of the ſource of the latter, above the level of the tide, is two hundred and thirty-ſix feet.

"By the regulations publiſhed, it was ſettled that all the houſes ſhould be built of brick or ſtone; the walls to be thirty feet high, and to be built parallel to the line of the ſtreet, but either upon it or withdrawn from it, as ſuited the taſte of the builder. However, numbers of wooden habitations have been built; but the different owners have all been cautioned againſt conſidering them as permanent. They are to be allowed for a certain term only, and then deſtroyed. Three commiſſioners, who reſide on the ſpot, are appointed by the preſident, with a ſalary, for the purpoſe of ſuperintending the public and other buildings, and regulating every thing pertaining to the city.

"The only public buildings carrying on as yet, are the preſident's houſe, the capitol, and a large hotel. The preſident's

* Upon the granting poſſeſſion of waſte lands to any perſon, commonly called the *location* of lands, it is uſual to give particular names to different ſpots, and alſo to the creeks and rivers. On the original location of the ground now allotted for the ſeat of the federal city, this creek received the name of Tiber Creek, and the identical ſpot of ground on which the capitol now ſtands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognoſtic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a ſecond Rome.

houſe,

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houſe, which is nearly completed on the outſide, is two ſtories high, and built of free ſtone. The principal room in it is of an oval form. This is undoubtedly the handſomeſt building in the country, and the architecture of it is much extolled by the people, who have never ſeen any thing ſuperior; but it will not bear a critical examination. Many perſons find fault with it, as being too large and too ſplendid for the reſidence of any one perſon in a republican country; and certainly it is a ridiculous habitation for a man who receives a ſalary that amounts to no more than 5,625l. ſterling per annum, and in a country where the expences of living are far greater than they are even in London.

"The hotel is a large building of brick, ornamented with ſtone; it ſtands between the preſident's houſe and the capitol. In the begining of the year 1796, when I laſt ſaw it, it was roofed in, and every exertion making to have it finiſhed with the utmoſt expedition. It is any thing but beautiful. The capitol, at the ſame period, was raiſed only a very little way above the foundation.

"The ſtone, which the preſident's houſe is built with, and ſuch as will be uſed for all the public buildings, is very ſimilar in appearance to that found at Portland in England; but I was informed by one of the ſculptors, who had frequently worked the Portland ſtone in England, that it is of a much ſuperior quality, as it will bear to be cut as fine as marble, and is not liable to be injured by rain or froſt. On the banks of the Patowmac they have inexhauſtible quarries of this ſtone; good ſpecimens of common marble have alſo been found; and there is in various parts of the river abundance of excellent ſlate, paving ſtone, and lime ſtone. Good coal may alſo be had.

"The private houſes are all plain buildings; moſt of them have been built on ſpeculation, and ſtill remain empty. The greateſt number, at any one place, is at Green Leafs Point, on the main river, juſt above the entrance of the eaſtern branch. This ſpot has been looked upon by many as the moſt convenient one for trade; but others prefer the ſhore of the eaſtern branch, on account of the ſuperiority of the harbour, and the great depth of the water near the ſhore. There are ſeveral other favourite ſituations, the choice of any one of which is a mere matter of ſpeculation at preſent. Some build near the capitol, as the moſt convenient place for the reſidence of members

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bers of congreſs, ſome near the preſident's houſe; others again prefer the weſt end of the city, in the neighbourhood of George Town, thinking that as trade is already eſtabliſhed in that place, it muſt be from thence that it will extend into the city. Were the houſes that have been built ſituated in one place altogether, they would make a very reſpectable appearance, but ſcattered about as they are, a ſpectator can ſcarcely perceive any thing like a town. Excepting the ſtreets and avenues, and a ſmall part of the ground adjoining public buildings, the whole place is covered with trees. To be under the neceſſity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to ſee a next door neighbour, and in the ſame city, is a curious, and, I believe, a novel circumſtance. The number of inhabitants in the city, in the ſpring of 1796, amounted to about five thouſand, including artificers, who formed by far the largeſt part of that number. Numbers of ſtrangers are continually paſſing and repaſſing through a place which affords ſuch an extenſive field for ſpeculation.

"In addition to what has already been ſaid upon the ſubject, I have only to obſerve, that notwithſtanding all that has been done at the city, and the large ſums of money which have been expended, there are numbers of people in the United States, living to the north of the Patowmac, particularly in Philadelphia, who are ſtill very averſe to the removal of the ſeat of government thither, and are doing all in their power to check the progreſs of the buildings in the city, and to prevent the congreſs from meeting there at the appointed time. In the ſpring of 1796, when I was laſt on the ſpot, the building of the capitol was abſolutely at a ſtand for want of money; the public lots were at a very low price, and the commiſſioners were unwilling to diſpoſe of them; in conſequence they made an application to congreſs, praying the houſe to guarantee a loan of three hundred thouſand dollars, without which they could not go on with the public buildings, except they diſpoſed of the lots to great diſadvantage, and to the ultimate injury of the city; ſo ſtrong, however, was the oppoſition, that the petition was ſuffered to lie on the table unattended to for many weeks! nor was the prayer of it complied with until a number of gentlemen, that were deeply intereſted in the improvement of the city, went round to the different members,

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bers, and made intereſt with them in perſon to give their aſſent to the meaſure. Theſe people, who are oppoſed to the building of the city of Waſhington, maintain, that it can never become a town of any importance, and that all ſuch as think to the contrary have been led aſtray by the repreſentations of a few enthuſiaſtic perſons; they go ſo far even as to aſſert, that the people to the eaſtward will never ſubmit to ſee the ſeat of government removed ſo far from them, and the congreſs aſſembled in a place little better than a foreſt, where it will be impoſſible to procure information upon commercial points; finally, they inſiſt, that if the removal from Philadelphia ſhould take place, a ſeparation of the ſtates will inevitably follow. This is the language held forth; but their oppoſition in reality ariſes from that jealouſy which narrow minded people in trade are but too apt to entertain of each other when their intereſts claſh together. Theſe people wiſh to cruſh the city of Waſhington while it is yet in its infancy, becauſe they know, that if the ſeat of government is transferred thither, the place will thrive, and enjoy a conſiderable portion of that trade which is centered at preſent in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. It is idle, however, to imagine that this will injure their different towns; on the contrary, although a portion of that trade which they enjoy at preſent ſhould be drawn from them, yet the increaſe of population in that part of the country, which they muſt naturally ſupply, will be ſuch, that their trade on the whole will, in all probability, be found far more extenſive after the federal city is eſtabliſhed than it ever was before.

"A large majority, however, of the people in the United States is deſirous that the removal of the ſeat of government ſhould take place; and there is little doubt that it will take place at the appointed time. The diſcontents indeed, which an oppoſite meaſure would give riſe to in the ſouth could not but be alarming, and if they did not occaſion a total ſeparation of the ſouthern from the northern ſtates, yet they would certainly materially deſtroy that harmony which has hitherto exiſted between them."

This account is extremely intereſting—the *new metropolis* of a RISING EMPIRE! the politician and merchant

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merchant will be disposed to indulge visions of bliss on so sublime a subject. Congress, it seems, has requested that the mortal remains of their *great and beloved Washington* should be removed from the family vault at Mount Vernon, and deposited in the capitol. To this request *Mrs. Washington* has consented, but the time of the removal has not yet been determined. Thus even his ashes will become a memorial to future generations!

A Prayer and Sermon delivered at Charlestown, December 31, 1799, on the Death of George Washington, late President, and Commander in Chief of the Armies, of the United States of America, who departed this life at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, on the 14th of the same Month, in the Sixty-ninth Year of his Age. With an Additional Sketch of his Life. By Jedidiah Morse, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Charlestown; to which is prefixed an Account of the Proceedings of the Town on the melancholy Occasion, written by Josiah Bartlett, Esq. Stockdale. 2s.

THE passage of scripture, which forms the basis of this sermon, is Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 7, 8. *So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the Children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days.* The discourse contains a well drawn parallel between Moses and Washington; the particulars in each character, both as *general* and *lawgiver*, are traced in various particulars with judgment and ability. To an American audience such an address from the pulpit must have been peculiarly impressive. The account of the proceedings of the town is also extremely interesting. "The society of the Free Masons, accompanied by the officers of the town, the church, the parish, and a number of the reverend clergy, returned in procession to

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to *Warren Hall*, where funeral ceremonies were performed in memory of the moſt diſtinguiſhed *uninſpired* member of the fraternity, of which ſacred or prophane hiſtory can boaſt. The walls, the pedeſtal, the tables, and the regalia of the lodge, were ſhrouded. In the eaſt was a ſtriking portrait of the late GEORGE WASHINGTON, ſurrounded by a diſplay of bright rays in every direction. In the north ſtood the figure of a large eagle, mantled in black, with its eyes directed to the picture, and from its bill was ſuſpended a label, with the following inſcription:—*All Judea, and the inhabitants of Jeruſalem, did him honour at his death.* In the ſouth was a portrait in mourning of the Preſident of the United States. The light of the room was no more than ſufficient to diſplay theſe *affecting* objects; and the hall was viſited in the evening by every deſcription of the inhabitants, whoſe grave deportment and propriety of behaviour, denoted a juſt eſtimation of the tranſactions of the day."

The maſterly ſketch of *Waſhington's Life*, was inſerted in the laſt number of our Miſcellany.

An Appeal to the Britiſh Hop Planters. By S. F. Waddington. Croſby and Letterman. 1s.

AS every *Britiſh ſubject* is, by the law of the land, deemed *innocent* till his conviction, ſo we ought not to prejudge the caſe of the gentleman before us. The Appeal is written with ſpirit, and is deſerving of an attentive peruſal by all thoſe who wiſh not to incur the charge of partiality. The diſtribution of juſtice ſhould be the prime object both of individuals and of the community.

The

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The Beauties of Kotzebue; containing the moſt intereſting Scenes, Sentiments, Speeches, &c. in all his admired Dramas, freely tranſlated, connected and digeſted under appropriate Heads, alphabetically, arranged; with Biographical Anecdotes of the Author, a Summary of his Dramatic Fables, and Curſory Remarks. By Walley Chamberlain Oulton. Croſby and Letterman. 4s. 6d.

A Judicious ſelection of paſſages from any popular author is deſirable, and the age indeed abounds with ſuch pretenſions. Kotzebue is certainly an ingenious dramatiſt, and his productions have excited great attention.

"Wild is the garden, but the ſoil is good,"

is the appropriate motto of this publication. They are the author's own words, and are certainly characteriſtic of the genius he has diſplayed in his numerous productions.

Of this ſelection we may ſafely ſay, that it is well executed, and may be uſeful in ſchools, where the recital of dialogues is employed for the improvement of oratory. A plot of the ſeveral dramas is prefixed, which ſerves as a guide to the extracts or beauties, which are detached portions of the reſpective plays.

Some perſons are prejudiced againſt this mode of *gutting* works, under the impoſing appellation of *beauties*; there is rather an unfairneſs in the buſineſs—but peruſed with care, and as introductory to the works themſelves, theſe beauties may, in ſeveral reſpects, prove ſerviceable to the riſing generation.

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Speed the Plough; *a Comedy, in Five Acts, as performed with univerſal Applauſe at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Thomas Morton, Eſq.* Longman and Rees. Price 2s.

IN our laſt Miſcellany we laid before our readers the plot of this much admired comedy; and having ſince peruſed it, we can ſpeak with more confidence of its contents. The character of *Aſhfield* is extremely well delineated, both for its wit and amuſement. The character of *Henry* is more tragical, the language more elegant, and more to be admired. The play is well drawn up, the characters ingeniouſly depicted, the moral ſentimental, and the whole adapted to amuſe and inſtruct the mind—

"To wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius and to mend the heart."

As the general nature of this play has been already explained in our Dramatic Regiſter, any thing more on the ſubject would be uſeleſs. We ſhall, however, make a few extracts.

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Caſtle.*

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *diſcovered.* MISS BLANDFORD *reading.*

"*Miſs Blandford.* Shall I proceed to the next eſſay?
"*Sir Philip.* What does it treat of?
"*Miſs Blandford.* Love and friendſhip.
"*Sir Philip.* A ſatire?
"*Miſs Blandford.* No, father—an eulogy.
"*Sir Philip.* Thus do we find in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts. Lay it by *(a knocking at the door.)* Come in.

Enter

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Enter EVERGREEN.

" *Evergreen.* My dear maſter, I am a petitioner to you.

" *Sir Philip.* *(riſes)* None poſſeſſes a better claim to my favour—aſk and receive.

" *Evergreen.* I thank you, ſir. The unhappy Henry!

" *Miſs Blandford.* What of him?——

" *Sir Philip.* Emma—go to your apartment.

" *Miſs Blandford.* Poor Henry! [*Exit.*

" *Sir Philip.* Imprudent man!——

" *Evergreen.* (SIR PHILIP *turns from him with reſentment*) Nay, be not angry, he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

" *Sir Philip.* I cannot, will not again behold him.

" *Evergreen.* I am ſorry you refuſe me, as it compels me to repeat his words. " If," ſaid he, " Sir Philip denies my humble requeſt, tell him I demand to ſee him."

" *Sir Philip.* Demand to ſee me! Well, his *high* command ſhall be obeyed then *(ſarcaſtically)*; bid him approach.

[*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter HENRY.

" *Sir Philip.* By what title, ſir, do you thus intrude on me?

" *Henry.* By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

" *Sir Philip.* I *your* debtor!

" *Henry.* Yes; for you owe me juſtice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the ineſtimable treaſure of a parent's bleſſing.

" *Sir Philip.* *(impatiently)* To the buſineſs that brought you hither.

" *Henry.* Thus then—I believe this is your ſignature *(producing a bond.)*

" *Sir Philip.* Ah! *(recovering himſelf)* it is——

" *Henry.* Affixed to a bond of 1000l. which by aſſignment is mine. By virtue of this I diſcharge the debt of your worthy tenant Aſhfield; who, it ſeems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leiſure.

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"*Sir Philip.* No; that muſt not be.

"*Henry.* Oh, ſir, why thus oppreſs an innocent man?—why ſpurn from you a heart that pants to ſerve you?—No anſwer, farewell *(going)*.

"*Sir Philip.* Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to aſk it *(aſide)*, how came you poſſeſſed of this bond?

"*Henry.* A ſtranger, whoſe kind benevolence ſtept in, and ſaved———

"*Sir Philip.* His name?

"*Henry.* Morrington.

"*Sir Philip.* Friend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have ſeen this Morrington?

"*Henry.* Yes.

"*Sir Philip.* Did he ſpeak of me?

"*Henry.* He did—and of your daughter. "Conjure him," ſaid he, "not to ſacrifice the lovely Emma by a marriage her heart revolts at." Tell him the life and fortune of a parent are not his own. He holds them but in truſt for his offſpring. Bid him reflect, that while his daughter merits the brighteſt rewards a father can beſtow, ſhe is by that father doomed to the harſheſt fate tyranny can inflict.

"*Sir Philip* Torture! *(with vehemence)*. Did he ſay who cauſed this ſacrifice?

"*Henry.* He told me you had been duped of your fortune by ſharpers.

"*Sir Philip.* Aye; he knows that well. Young man, mark me—This Morrington, whoſe precepts wear the face of virtue, and whoſe practice ſeems benevolence, was the chief of the helliſh banditti that ruined me.

"*Henry.* Is it poſſible?

"*Sir Philip.* That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

"*Henry.* Confuſion!

"*Sir Philip.* Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, ſtakes life againſt life, but by that moſt cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reaſon ſleeps and paſſion is roufed, draws his ſnares around you, and hugs you to ruin, then fattening on the ſpoil, inſults the victim he has made.

"*Henry.* On your ſoul is Morrington that man?

"*Sir Philip.* On my ſoul he is.

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" *Henry.* Thus then I annihilate the deteſted act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendſhip *(tearing the bond).*

" *Sir Philip.* Raſh boy! What have you done?

" *Henry.* An act of juſtice to Sir Philip Blandford.

" *Sir Philip.* For which you claim my thanks?

" *Henry.* Sir, I am thanked already—here *(pointing to his heart.)* Curſe on ſuch wealth; compared with its poſſeſſion poverty is ſplendour. Fear not for me—I ſhall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man whoſe heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—my food ſhall be what few of the pampered ſons of greatneſs can boaſt of, the luſcious bread of independence; and the opiate that brings me ſleep, will be the recollection of the day paſſed in innocence.

" *Sir Philip.* Noble boy! Oh! Blandford!

" *Henry.* Ah!

" *Sir Philip.* What have I ſaid?

" *Henry.* You called me Blandford.

" *Sir Philip.* 'Twas error—'Twas madneſs.

" *Henry.* Blandford! a thouſand hopes and fears ruſh on my heart. Diſcloſe to me my birth—be what it may, I am your ſlave for ever; refuſe me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

" *Sir Philip.* Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguiſh the ſpark of pity my breaſt is warmed with.

" *Henry.* I will not. Oh, forgive me.

" *Sir Philip.* Yes, on one condition—leave me. Ah! ſome one approaches. Begone, I inſiſt—I entreat.

" *Henry.* That word has charmed me. I obey, Sir Philip—you may hate, but you ſhall reſpect me." [*Exit.*

We will gratify our readers with tranſcribing a little of the witty language of Aſhfield.

Enter ASHFIELD.

" *Sir Philip.* Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine?

" *Aſhfield.* Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

" *Sir Philip.* I hope a profitable one?

" *Aſhfield.* Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a

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tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

"*Sir Philip.* "It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt.

"*Ashfield.* Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

"*Sir Philip.* How much?

"*Ashfield.* Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

"*Sir Philip.* Which you can't pay.

"*Ashfield.* Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

"*Sir Philip.* Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

"*Ashfield.* Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not indeed, zur.

"*Sir Philip,* Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition——

"*Ashfield.* Ees, zur.

"*Sir Philip.* On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

"*Ashfield.* Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

"*Sir Philip.* I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

"*Ashfield.* Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't knaw how to zet about it—I should not indeed, zur.

"*Sir Philip.* You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it.

[*Exit.*

"*Ashfield.* Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. *(Makes the motion of turning out)*—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it vor zartain—however, I'll put the case.—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I sees Henry zitting by my wife,

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wife, mixing up ſomeit to comfort the the wold zool, and take away the pain of her rheumatics.—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—"Varmer, the horſes be fed, the ſheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, ſmoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! *(becomes affected)*. Then I zays—"Henry, you be poor and friendleſs, zo you muſt turn out of my houze directly." Very well! then my wife ſtares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of agúiſh ſhake, and getting up, ſighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect you as you have me.—Farewell! I go." Then I ſays, "If thee doez I'll be domn'd" *(with great energy)*. Hollo! you Miſter Sir Philip! you may come in.

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo can't.

"*Sir Philip.* Can't! abſurd!

"*Aſhfield.* Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

"*Sir Philip.* Indeed!

"*Aſhfield.* No, zur, I won't—I'd zee myſelf hang'd firſt, and you too, zur—I wou'd indeed *(bowing)*.

"*Sir Philip.* You refuſe then to obey.

"*Aſhfield.* I do zur—at your zarvice *(bowing)*.

"*Sir Philip* Then the law muſt take its courſe.

"*Aſhfield.* I be zorry for that too—I be indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poiſon'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

"*Sir Philip.* Oh! *(ſighing deeply)*.

"*Aſhfield.* It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world, becauſe he be pooriſh a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand againſt here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide will jump againſt it with pleaſure *(bowing)*. I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do indeed, zur; and if you thou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, zur.

"*Sir*

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" *Sir Philip.* Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit.*
" *Aſhfield.* Thank ye, zur—good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and ſo I'll go whoam.
[*Exit.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pieces by *Carolus*—by *J. F. of Hackney*—by *Reg. Juvenis*—and the *Addreſs to the Moon*, ſhall receive inſertion. The laſt particularly meets our approbation, and we ſhall be glad to receive from the ſame quarter ſimilar contributions. We wiſh our Correſpondents in general to pay greater attention to their poetical communications. The wooer of the muſes ſhould recollect that *rhyming* is not poetry.

Lines on a Diamond—to Miſs Y. ſhall have admiſſion; but *On ſeeing the Fields in Spring*, is too imperfect for inſertion. The talents of its author, however, are deſerving of cultivation. The *Explanation of the Calendar* ſhall have a place in our MISCELLANY.

The requeſt of Y. Z. ſhall be complied with reſpecting the *Annual Necrology*. We ſhall thank J. C. for a ſketch of the *General*, and alſo for his likeneſs, which ſhall be taken due care of and ſpeedily returned. The manuſcript *Tour* has been left long ago at No. 20, Paternoſter Row.

We hope that both *Emma* and *Sophia*, will favour us with more of their communications.

We have the pleaſure to inform our Readers, that the next Volume commences with a *New Type*, caſt by CASLON: in *this*, as well as in other inſtances, we are ſtudious of their gratification. We are happy indeed in ſaying, that the increaſing ſale of the VISITOR puts it in our power thus to augment the means of their entertainment.

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NINTH VOLMUE.

The Letter *P.* fignifies that the Piece, to which it is annexed, is to be found in the *Poetry*; and the Letter *R.* intimates that it is an Article in our *Review*.

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